

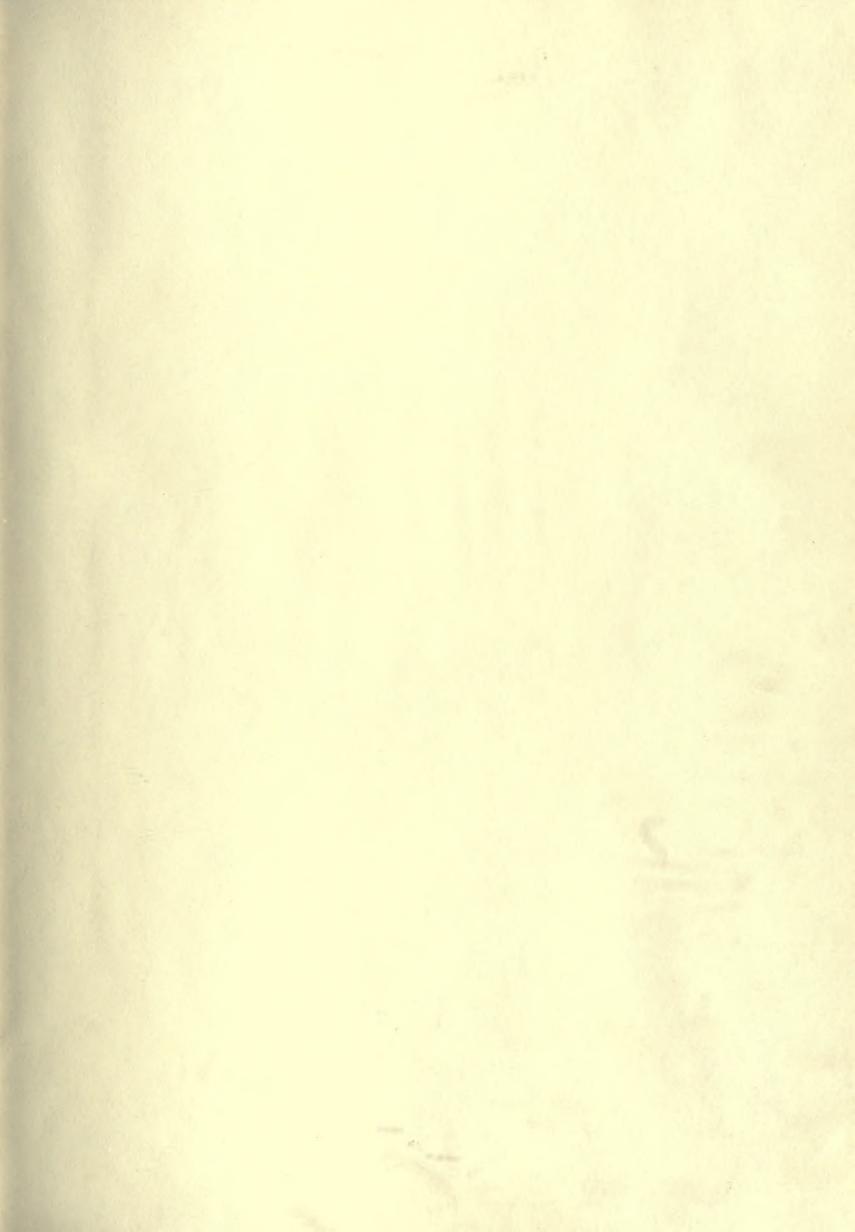


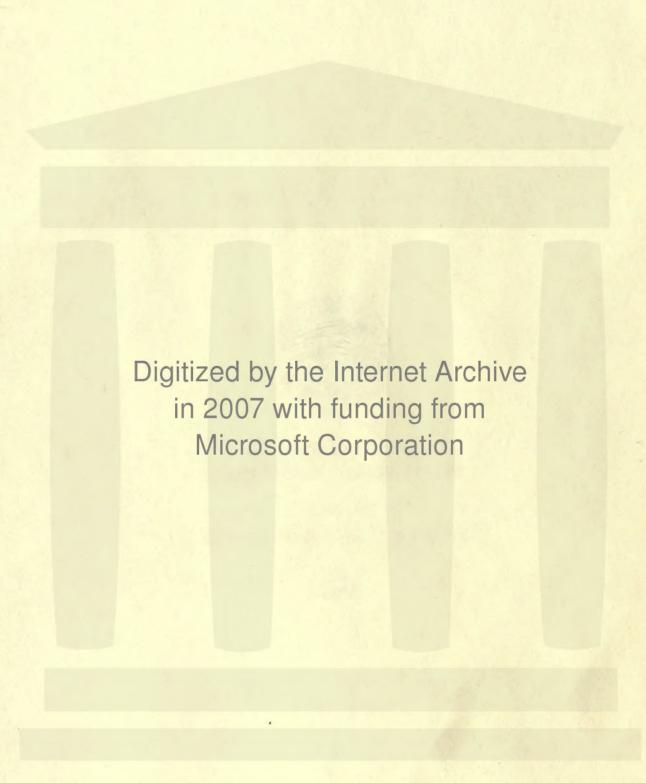
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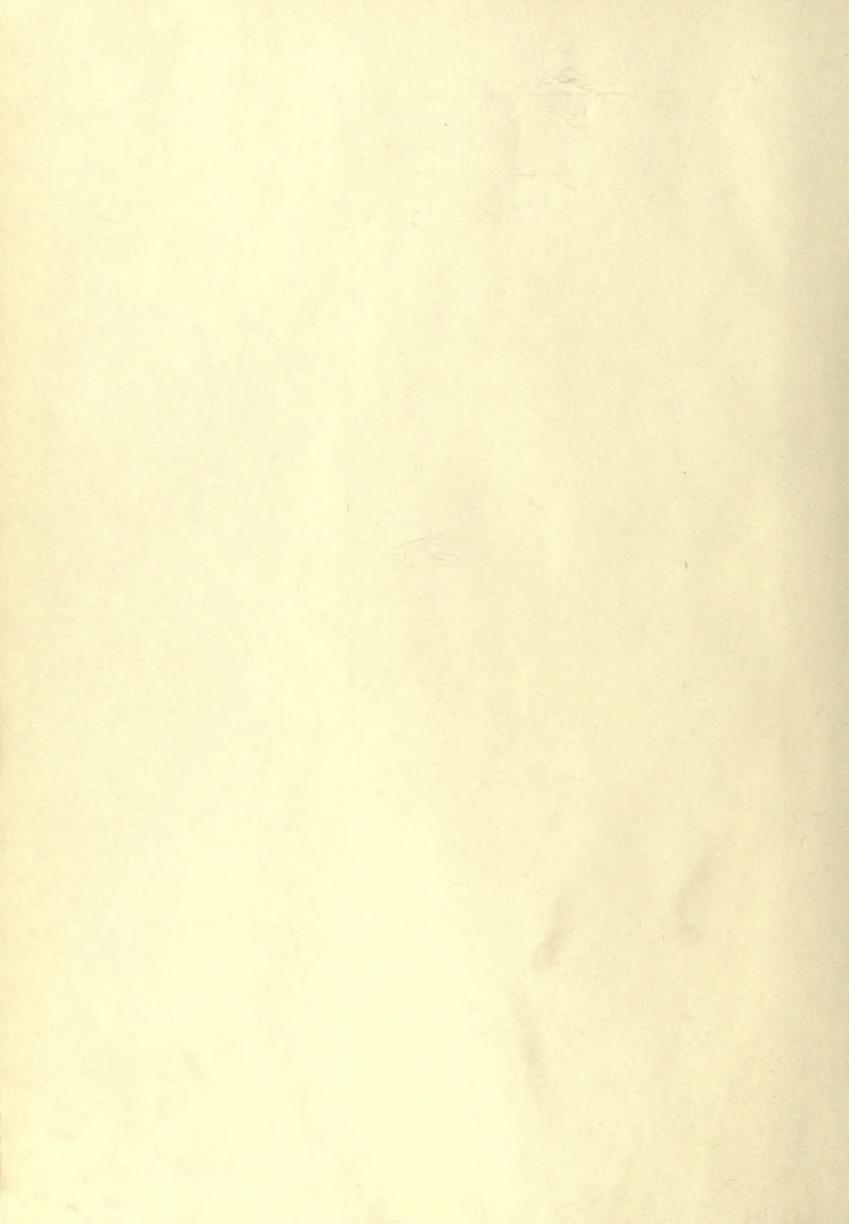
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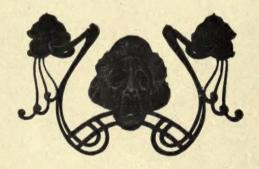




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CONTENTS



Special Articles

	PAGE
Acting and Health, by L. E. Eubanks	. 43
Acting Helps a Woman to Live, by A. P	. 14
Acting in the Silent Drama, by Norbert Lusk Actresses Clubs in America, by Ada Patterson.	. 182
by Ada Patterson	. 106
America's Only Municipal Theatre, by Warre	1
by Ada Patterson America's Only Municipal Theatre, by Warre Barton Blake Antoine, André and the Théatre Libre, by Mar Loré	. 166
Antoine, Andre and the Théatre Libre, by Mar	C
Browsing for Vaudeville Talent	. 178
Children's Educational Theatre, The, by Maud	. 281
Pingree	. 34
Pingree Classic Revival, The, by Chester Thomas Calder.	. 15
Contrastons of a licket Seller, by Southard	
Brown Courtenay, William, the Stage Lover, by Mary	. 24
Courtenay, William, the Stage Lover, by Mary	7
Craig's, Gordon, Service to the Theatre, by	
Sheldon Cheney Dorziat, Mile. Gabrielle, Swoops to Success in "The Hawk," by Ada Patterson Dramatist Who Dissects the Feminine Soul, A	120
Dorziat, Mile. Gabrielle, Swoops to Success in	1
"The Hawk," by Ada Patterson	210
Dramatist Who Dissects the Feminine Soul, A	,
by Marc Logé Evolution of Modern Stage Dancing, by Rober	32
Gran Gran Stage Dancing, by Rober	00
Failure of the American Froducer, The, by	. 28
Sheldon Cheney	6
Part II	68
rasmons of the Stage, by Kathleen Rogers Beglev	
October	192
November	246
by Ada Patterson	18
by Ada Patterson	10
cance, by Montrose J. Moses	164

PAGE
Guitry, Sacha-Famous Son of a Famous Sire,
Dy R. K. Kitchen 118
by K. K. Kitchen. 118 Hits of the Month, by Y. D. G. 46 Hits, Some Recent, by Y. D. G. 234 and 307
Hits, Some Recent, by Y. D. G234 and 307
Thui House Flayers Fought Their Way to Suc-
cess, How the by Albert D Phelos 250
Japan, Leading Actresses of, by Z. Kincaid
Laukille III the I hearre by Edward Goodman 900
Lehar, Franz, An Interview with, by Karl K.
Kitchen
Liberating the Stage Child, by Kenneth
Macgowan
Literature of the Circus, by Townsend Walsh 176 London Applauds American Plays, by Harry J.
London Applauds American Plays, by Harry I.
Greenwall
Machaye, felev. on the Poetic Brama by
Chester Thomas Calder 222 Mansfield, Richard, The Real, by Paul T. Case. 58
Mansfield, Richard, The Real, by Paul T. Case., 58
Megrue Rol Cooper-The Roy with Two Plays
on Broadway, by A. P
Mount Tamalpais Outdoor Play, The by A T. D 193
Movies, At the, by Lynde Denig
Movies, The-To-day and To-morrow by I
Clarence Funk
My Laur's Dress, the Making of 969
Neilson-Terry Fhyllis to Play Here by Flice
"On Trial"—A Play Written Backwards, by
"On Trial"-A Play Written Backwards, by
Wenden Fullings Donge
Opera at the Century, Grand 102 Opera at the Century, Second Season of Grand 212
Opera at the Century, Second Season of Grand., 212
Opera at the Metropolitan, Grand 970
Pavlowa to Standardize the Modern Dance 226

Pity the Brother, by Archie Bell. 67 Press Agent, The, by Cecil I. Dorrian 77 Punch and Judy Theatre, The 163 Queen of Stage Adventuresses, A, by Yetta Dorothea Geffen 291 Reflections on the Screen by Lynde Denig 227 Right and Wrong Realism, by Ada Patterson 287 Rise of the Curtain 98 Romance and Pathos of the Super's Life, by George R. White Nirdlinger Romeo, The Troubles of, by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger Russia's Greatest Comedian, by Thomas H. Uzzell 21 Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen 23 Strage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin 283 Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank 27 \$10,000 Prize Play, The, by Edward Fales Coward 11 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins 21 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles 214 Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside 278 Woman Who Financed and Built a Theatre, A, by A. P. 113		
Reflections on the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 297 Right and Wrong Realism, by Ada Patterson. 287 Rise of the Curtain. 98 Romance and Pathos of the Super's Life, by George R. White. 75 Nirdlinger. 124 Russia's Greatest Comedian, by Thomas H. Uzzell. 21 Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen. 22 Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin. 28 Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Loward. 11 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins. 21 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins. 219 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig. 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman. 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Röles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177	Pity the Brother by Aschie Poll	PAGE
Reflections on the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 297 Right and Wrong Realism, by Ada Patterson. 287 Rise of the Curtain. 98 Romance and Pathos of the Super's Life, by George R. White. 75 Nirdlinger. 124 Russia's Greatest Comedian, by Thomas H. Uzzell. 21 Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen. 22 Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin. 28 Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Loward. 11 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins. 21 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins. 219 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig. 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman. 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Röles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177	Press Agent, The, by Cecil I. Dorrian	. 67
Reflections on the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 297 Right and Wrong Realism, by Ada Patterson. 287 Rise of the Curtain. 98 Romance and Pathos of the Super's Life, by George R. White. 75 Nirdlinger. 124 Russia's Greatest Comedian, by Thomas H. Uzzell. 21 Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen. 22 Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin. 28 Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Loward. 11 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins. 21 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins. 219 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig. 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman. 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Röles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177	Punch and Judy Theatre, The	163
Reflections on the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 297 Right and Wrong Realism, by Ada Patterson. 287 Rise of the Curtain. 98 Romance and Pathos of the Super's Life, by George R. White. 75 Nirdlinger. 124 Russia's Greatest Comedian, by Thomas H. Uzzell. 21 Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen. 22 Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin. 28 Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Loward. 11 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins. 21 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins. 219 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig. 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman. 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Röles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177	Queen of Stage Adventuresses, A, by Yetta	200
Rise of the Curtain	Reflections on the Source L. T	291
Romance and Pathos of the Super's Life, by George R. White Romeo, The Troubles of, by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger Russia's Greatest Comedian, by Thomas H. Uzzell Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen. Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin. Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. Toward Strindberg and Bjornson, by Edward Fales Coward Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig. Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig. Thying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. Tyle Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. Tyle Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. That's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Röles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell.	Right and Wrong Realism, by Ada Patterson	227
Romeo, The Troubles of, by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger Russia's Greatest Comedian, by Thomas H. Uzzell Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen. 23 Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin. 28 Strondberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Strondberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Strondberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon. 115 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig. 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles Fyles Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177	Rise of the Curtain	98
Romeo, The Troubles of, by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger Russia's Greatest Comedian, by Thomas H. Uzzell Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen. 23 Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin. 28 Strondberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Strondberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Strondberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon. 115 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig. 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles Fyles Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177	Romance and Pathos of the Super's Life, by	
Russia's Greatest Comedian, by Thomas H. Uzzell Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen. 23 Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin. 283 Strondberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 Coward Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins 219 The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon 115 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruile Tussell. 177	Romeo The Troubles of he Charles P.	75
Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen. 23 Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin. 283 Strandberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 \$10,000 Prize Play, The, by Edward Fales Coward Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins 219 The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon. 115 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Röles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruilt of These	Nirdlinger	104
Sisters of the Stage, by Karl K. Kitchen. 23 Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin. 283 Strandberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 \$10,000 Prize Play, The, by Edward Fales Coward Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins 219 The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon. 115 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Röles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruilt of These	Russia's Greatest Comedian, by Thomas H.	
Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 \$10,000 Prize Play, The, by Edward Fales Coward. 11 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins. 219 The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon 115 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig. 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles 214 Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 1771 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177 Woman Who Financed and Built of These	Sisters of the Stars by Triting	21
Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank. 27 \$10,000 Prize Play, The, by Edward Fales Coward. 11 Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins. 219 The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon 115 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig. 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles 214 Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 1771 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177 Woman Who Financed and Built of These	Stage Clothes, by Isabelle Martin	23
Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon 115 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruilt a These	Strindberg and Bjornson, by Charles d'Abdank	283
Theatre Going in the War Zone, by Edward B. Perkins The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon 115 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruilt a These	\$10,000 Prize Play, The by Edward Fales	~,
The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon 115 Through the Lens, by Lynde Denig 274 Triple Alliance of the Stage, A, by Vanderheyden Fyles 214 Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruile a Treet.	Theatre Coing in the Way 7	11
Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruilt a Theset. 177	Perkins Perkins	210
Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruilt a Theset. 177	The "Closet" Drama, by Fanny Cannon	115
Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks. 79 Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D. 171 Watching the Screen, by Lynde Denig. 161 What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside. 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruilt a Theset. 177	Triple Alliance of the Sande Denig	274
What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside. Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell. 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruit of Thesete.	Fyles Fyles A, by Vanderheyden	074
What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruil of Thesetral 177	Trying It on the Dog, by George C. Jenks	70
What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism? by Edward Goodman 72 Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruil of Thesetral 177	Tumbling Into Fame, by W. F. D	171
Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Rôles by Walker Whiteside 278 Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruilt a Theorem.	What's Wrong in Dramatic Critician	161
Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruit a Theorem	Goodman Goodman by Edward	70
Woman of the Stage, The, by Annie Russell 177 Woman Who Financed and Ruit a Theorem	Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character	
Woman Who Financed and Ruilt a Theater A		278
by A. P 113		177
	by A. P A,	712
		410

Scenes from Plays

			PAG
Adele			FAU
Adele			. 28
Alias Jimmy Valentine			17
A Pair of Silk Stockings			28
Cabiria (film play)	2 0 1		201
Cabiria (film play)			11
Carmen (Opera)			21:
CHILI-CHILI			26
Daddy Long-Legs			20
Dancing Around	0 0 0		200
Dancing Around			259
1910History and a second and a second as a			9.61
isvidence			299
Experience			26
Grumny		1 9 0	200
Grumpy		10.0	17:
Hamlet1	o a	nd	121
ne Comes Up Smiling 10	0 0	mo	156
IL FAVS IO Advertise			755
Joseph and His Brethren			Tot
Joseph and His Brethren			75
Junus Caesar	5 2	nd	120
Kick In			26
			200

T takes - The	PAGE
Little Face	167
Macheth	203
Marta of the Lowlands (film play)	161
MISS Daisy	0.01
Tietty Mis. Smith	000
The Cloud sansananananananananananananananananana	267
Inc Hawk	077
The Highway of Life228 and	264

The Little Division of the Control o	207
The Little Princess	34
	109
	217
The Only Girl	208
The Passing Show of 1914	263
The Phantom Direct	230
The Phantom Rival	209
	160
	275
	158
	AT 450
	0.4
Twelfth Night	110
Twelfth Night	6
	163
	290
What Happened at 22	165
	w. co.c.

Plays Reviewed

A Modern Cial	PAGE
A Modern Girl	254
A Pair of Silk Stockings.	263
	139
	266
	304
	40
	000
Evidence	262
He Comes Up Smiling	264
Innocent	207
Innocent	196
It Pays to Advertise	159
	302
	304
	300
	-37
	48
	300
	304
Miss Daisy	206
	200
The second secon	

Mr Wii	PAG
Mr. Wu	 268
On Trial	 154
Tape o Darring	210
Pretty Mrs Smith	 48
That Sort	305
	158
The Bludgeon	 196
	299
	255
The Elder Son	 254
	77.75
	299
	157
	300
	204
	 250
The High Cost of Coving	 200

	PAGE
The Highway of Life	Laun
The Law of the Land	300
The Lilac Domino	287
The Money Makers	205
The Naked Touth (C)	.253
The Naked Truth (film play)	48
The Frodigal Husband	244
The Story of the Description	195
Wars of the World	155
Ziegfeld's Follies	002
	21
No homes	

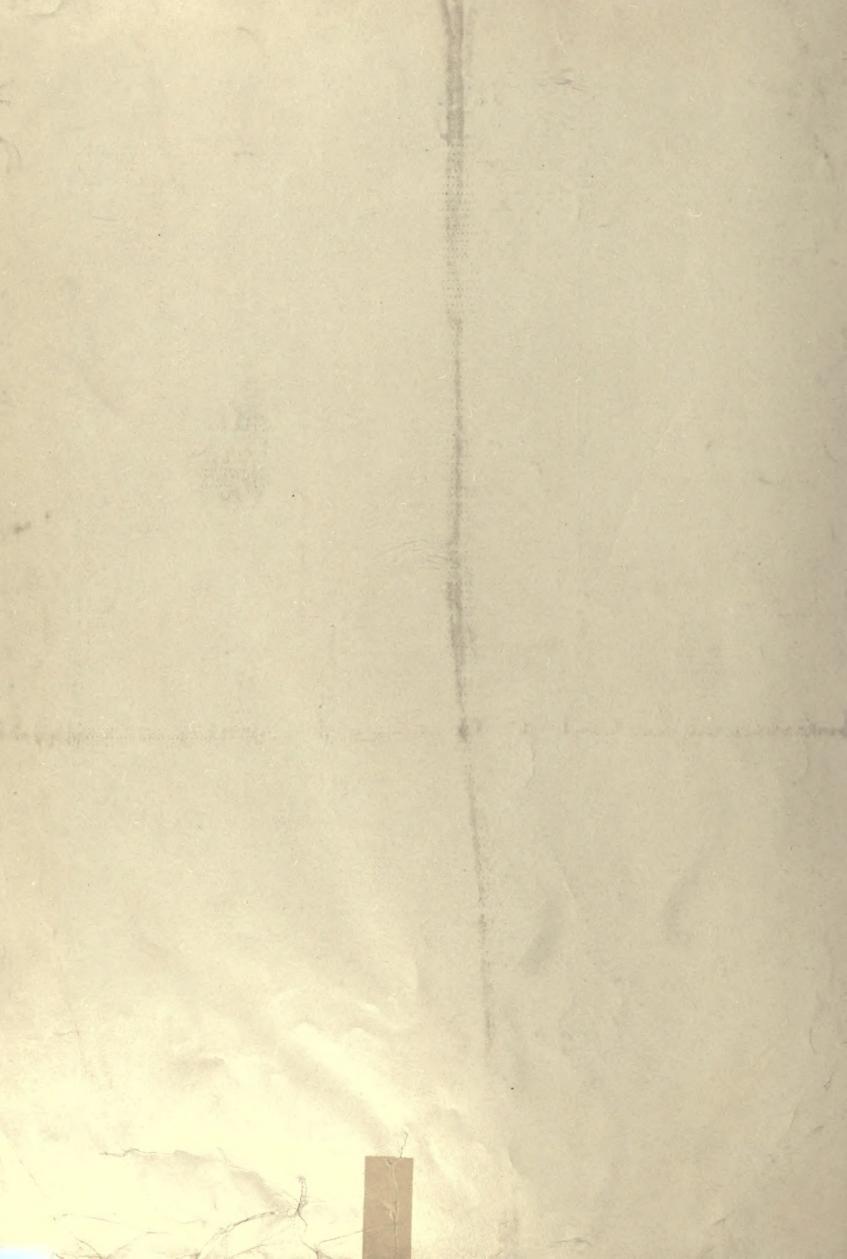
250 The Old Actor, by Frederick F. Schrader..... 10

Portraits

	PAGE
Aborn, Milton Aborn, Sargent Abott, Bessie, in "Robin Hood" Adams, Maude Albee's E. F. vacht.	213
Aborn Sargent	212
Abott, Bessie, in "Robin Hood"	19
Adams, Maude	98
Albec's E. F., yacht. Alexander Theatre, St. Petersburg. Allen, Beatrice Allison, May	72
Alexander Theatre, St. Petersburg	21
Allen, Beatrice	72
Allison, May	106
Antoine, André	178
Antoine, Andre Barlow, Reginald in "Prunella" Barriscale, Bessie Barrymore, Ethel	234
in "Prunella"	71
Barriscale, Bessie	227
Barrymore, Ethel	99
Bates. Blanche	214
Barrymore, Ethel Bates, Blanche Beecher, Janet Beecher, Janet Beennett, Richard Bennett, Richard Bergman, Gustaf Blinn, Holbrook, in "The Cat and the Cherub". Boland, Mary in "My Lady's Dress" Bonstelle, Jessie Booth, Sydney Botsford, Rosamund, in "The Miracle". Boyne, Eva Leonard Brady, Alice	23
Beethoven, Statue of	182
Bennett, Richard	108
Bergman, Gustaf	103
Blinn, Holbrook, in "The Cat and the Cherub"	267
Boland, Mary	224
in "My Lady's Dress"	.268
Bonstelle, Jessie	166
Booth, Sydney	46
Botsford, Rosamund, in "The Miracle"	109
Boyne, Eva Leonard	80
Brady, Alice	74
Brady, Alice Brent, Eleanor Brice, Elizabeth Brice, Fannie	184
Brice, Elizabeth	174
Brice, Fannie	281
Briscoe, Lottie	275
Brown, Alice	11
Bruns, Julia	43
Burroughs, Marie	215
Cahill, Lily	190
Bruns, Julia Burroughs, Marie Cahill, Lily	212
Campbell, Mrs. Patrick	98
Campbell, Nan	49
Carlisle, Alexandra	190
Carmi, Maria, in "The Miracle"	109
Caruso, Enrico, in "Aida"	271
Caslova, Marie	272
Castle, Vernon	28
Castle, Mrs. Vernon	108
Cavalieri, Lina, in "Manon Lescaut"	5
Chatterton, Ruth84 and Oct. C	over
Cheatham, Kitty	20
Clark, Marguerite	275
Castle, Vernon 28 and Castle, Mrs. Vernon 28 and Cavalieri, Lina, in "Manon Lescaut" Chatterton, Ruth 84 and Oct. C Cheatham, Kitty Clark, Marguerite Clarke, Carree	70
Clayton, Ethel Coghlan, Rose, in "Diplomacy" Collinge, Patricia	227
Coghlan, Rose, in "Diplomacy"	214
Collinge, Patricia Collins, Jose Collins, Lottie Colonial Theatre	190
Collins, Jose	35
Collins, Lottie	9
Colonial Theatre Conway, Evelyn	281
Conway, Evelyn Cotton, Lucy Courtenay, William Cox, Ray Craft, Marcella	232
Cotton, Lucy	112
Courtenay, William	12 234
Cox, Ray	103
Craft, Marcella Crews, Laura Hope246 and	277
Crews, Laura Hope240 and	216
Cultural Chair Chair Chair Tanana and Chair Chai	182
Cushman, Charlotte Club, Lounging room of Reception room of Charlotte Cushman's desk Dana, Viola at home Darmedy Eleanor Darmedy	182
Charlotte Curhman's deek	182
Dana, Viola	82
Dana, Viola	93
Daniels Eleanor	106
Darmody	142
Davidoff	21
There's Deine	10
Dawn Hazel 23 and August C	over
Dawin, Hazel	over
Dayton, Hazie	over
	over
Davin, Hazei 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby 142 and	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda"	over
Davin, Hazei 23 and August C Dayton Library 22 Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia 22 Deslys, Gaby 142 and Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" 22 Detliag Rene	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Detliag, Rene Dickson, Dorcthy	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Detliag, Rene Dickson, Dorothy Dika, Juliette	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazei 23 and August C Dayton Library 22 Dazie, Mlle. 36 and Dean, Julia 22 Deslys, Gaby 142 and Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Detliag, Rene 22 Dickson, Dorethy 22 Dika, Juliette 22 Ditrichstein, Leo	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Detliag, Rene Dickson, Dorethy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Dec. C	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Desting, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Detliag, Rene Dickson, Dorothy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Dec. Co	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Detliag, Rene Dickson, Dorothy Dika, Juliette Ditrichatein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Dec. Co Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Delting, Rene Dickson, Dorcthy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival" Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Dorziat, Gabrielle 210 and	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby 142 and Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Detliag, Rene Dickson, Dorethy Dika, Juliette Ditrichatein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival" Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Dorziat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Detling, Rene Dickson, Dorcthy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Dorziat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Doresser, Louise	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Detling, Rene Dickson, Dorothy Dika, Juliette Ditrichatein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Dec. Co Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Doroziat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Dresser, Louise at home	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Delting, Rene Dickson, Dorcthy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Dorziat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Dresser, Louise Drew, John	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library 36 and Dean, Julia 96 97 98 98 98 98 98 98 98 98 98 98 98 98 98	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby 142 and Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Detliag, Rene Dickson, Dorethy Dika, Juliette Ditrichatein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival" Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Dorziat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Dresser, Louise at home Drew, John Drew, Louise 246 and Duffy, Gertrude	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library 36 and Deale, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby 142 and Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Detling, Rene Dickson, Dorothy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Dec. Co Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Doro, Marie Doroxiat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Dresser, Louise at home Drew, John Drew, Louise 246 and Duffy, Gertrude Dunbar, Janet 126 and	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Delting, Rene Dickson, Dorcthy Dika, Juliette Dirrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival" Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Dorziat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Drew, Louise at home Drew, Louise Duffy, Gertrude Duffy, Gertrude Dunbar, Janet 126 and Eburne, Maude in "A Pair of Sixes"	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. Dealy, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Detliag, Rene Dickson, Dorcthy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Dornay, Maurice Doro, Marie Doro, Marie Dorosais, Gabrielle Drews, Alice Dresser, Louise at home Drew, John Drew, John Drew, Louise Dunbar, Janet Eburne, Maude in "A Pair of Sixes". Edeson, Robert, in "The Call of the North".	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby 142 and Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Detliag, Rene Dickson, Dorethy Dika, Juliette Ditrichatein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival" Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Dorziat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Dresser, Louise at home Drew, John Drew, Louise 246 and Duffy, Gertrude Dunbar, Janet Eburne, Maude in "A Pair of Sixes" Edeson, Robert, in "The Call of the North" Ehret, Louis	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Delting, Rene Dickson, Dorcthy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Dorziat, Gabrielle Dorziat, Gabrielle Dovey, Alice Dresser, Louise at home Drew, John Drew, Louise The Maude in "A Pair of Sike Stockings" Dunbar, Janet Eburne, Maude in "A Pair of Sixes" Edeson, Robert, in "The Call of the North" Ehret, Louis Elliott, Gertrude	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby 142 and Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Detling, Rene Dickson, Dorothy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival" Dec. Co Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Doro, Marie Doroxiat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Dresser, Louise at home Drew, John Drew, Louise 246 and Duffy, Gertrude Dunbar, Janet Eburne, Maude in "A Pair of Sixes" Edeson, Robert, in "The Call of the North" Ehret, Louis Efliott, Gertrude Elliott, Maxine 23 and	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Delting, Rene Dickson, Dorothy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Doro, Marie Dorziat, Gabrielle Doroglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Drews, John Drew, Louise at home Drew, John Drew, Louise 246 and Duffly, Gertrude Dunbar, Janet 126 and Eburne, Maude in "A Pair of Sixes" Edeson, Robert, in "The Call of the North" Ehret, Louis Elliott, Gertrude Elliott, Maxine 23 and Emmet, Katherine Ewans, Millicent	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby 142 and Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Delting, Rene Dickson, Dorothy Dika, Juliette Ditrichatein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival" Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Dorziat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Dresser, Louise at home Drew, John Drew, Louise 246 and Duffy, Gertrude Dunbar, Janet Eburne, Maude in "A Pair of Sixes" Edeson, Robert, in "The Call of the North" Ehret, Louis Elliott, Gertrude Elliott, Maxine 23 and Ewell, Lois 14 and Ewell, Lois	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. Dazie, Mile. Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda". Delting, Rene Dickson, Dorothy Dika, Juliette Ditrichstein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival". Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Doro, Marie Doroziat, Gabrielle Drews, Alice Dresser, Louise at home Drew, John Drew, John Drew, John Drew, Louise Dunbar, Janet Eburne, Maude in "A Pair of Sixes". Edeson, Robert, in "The Call of the North" Ehret, Louis Elliott, Gertrude Elliott, Katherine Evans, Millicent Ewell, Lois Pair, Joyce 16 and Torogen, Louise Lois Pair, Joyce 16 and 17 and 18 and 19 and 10 and 11 and 12 and 13 and 14 and 15 and 16 and 17 and 18 and 19 and 19 and 10 and	over
Davies, Reine Dawn, Hazel 23 and August C Dayton Library Dazie, Mile. 36 and Dean, Julia Deslys, Gaby 142 and Destinn, Emmy, in "La Gioconda" Detliag, Rene Dickson, Dorothy Dika, Juliette Ditrichatein, Leo in "The Phantom Rival" Dec. C Donnay, Maurice Doro, Marie Dorziat, Gabrielle 210 and Douglas, Kenneth in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" Dovey, Alice Dresser, Louise at home Drew, John Drew, Louise 246 and Duffy, Gertrude Dunbar, Janet Eburne, Maude in "A Pair of Sixes" Edeson, Robert, in "The Call of the North" Ehret, Louis Elliott, Gertrude Elliott, Maxine 23 and Ewans, Millicent Ewell, Lois 16 and Erarnun, William, in "The Sign of the Cross" Farrar, Geraldine, as Tosca	over

Fields, Lew, in "The High Cost of Loving" 1 Fisher, Lola Fiske, Mrs. 98 and 2 Fitzhugh, Venita Forbes-Robertson, Sir Johnston 2 as Hamlet July Cov Ford, Harriet Foster, Phoebe 1 Francis 1	54
Fisher, Loia 1	72
Fitzhugh, Venita	76
as Hamlet July Cov	15
Ford, Harriet	18
Francis 1 ()	26
Frederick, Pauline	90
Freeman Retting	69
Fuller, Lore	28
Fuller, Mary	74
Garden, Mary	66
as Monna Vanna	66
Gerhardt, Elena	72
Gillette, William 2	14
Gish, Lillian	61
Gombel, Minna	16
Grant. Earle	72
Greene, Margaret	29
Gurney Edmund	18
Hamper, Genevieve, as Ophelia	81
Harrison, Bertram	66
Hart, Thomas, in "The Royal Arms"	28
Hartley, Emily Wakeman 1	13
Hatsuse Nami-ko	31
Hedman, Martha	46
Heniger, Minnie Herts	34
Henry, Eleanor	61
Herne, Tulie	23
Hodotoff as Hamlet	21
Hopkins, Charles	63
Hopkins, Mrs. Charles 1	63
Howard, Kathleen	03
Howell, Lois	68
Hull House Dramatic Association, Members of 25	29
Program of 2	29
Illington, Margaret	73
Jacchia Agide	02
Forbes-Robertson, Sir Johnston as Hamlet July Cov Ford, Harriet Foster, Phoebe Francis, J. O	81
Jacchia, Agide Janis, Elsie, at home. Johnson, Arthur in "A Leader of Men".	02 81 44 44
Jacchia. Agride Janis, Elsie, at home. 11 Johnson, Arthur in "A Leader of Men". Jolson, Al. 22	02 81 44 44 81
Jacchia. Agride Janis, Elsie, at home. 11 Johnson, Arthur Jolson, Al Joyce, Alice 22 Kane, Gail 122 and 25	02 81 44 44 81 27
Johnson, Arthur in "A Leader of Men" Jolson, Al 22 Joyce, Alice 25 Kane, Gail 122 and 23	44 44 81 27 91
Johnson, Arthur in "A Leader of Men" Jolson, Al 22 Joyce, Alice 25 Kane, Gail 122 and 23	44 44 81 27 91
Johnson, Arthur in "A Leader of Men" Jolson, Al 22 Joyce, Alice 25 Kane, Gail 122 and 23	44 44 81 27 91
Johnson, Arthur in "A Leader of Men" Jolson, Al 22 Joyce, Alice 25 Kane, Gail 122 and 23	44 44 81 27 91
Johnson, Arthur in "A Leader of Men" Jolson, Al 22 Joyce, Alice 25 Kane, Gail 122 and 23	44 44 81 27 91
Johnson, Arthur in "A Leader of Men" Jolson, Al Joyce, Alice Kane, Gail Kaufman, Alfred Kawamura, Kikue Keane, Doris Keenan, Frank, As Hon. John Grigsby at home 2 Keenan, Hida Kelly, Renee Kennedy, Madge	44 44 81 27 91
Johnson, Arthur in "A Leader of Men". Jolson, Al Joyce, Alice Kane, Gail 122 and 28 Kane, Gail 122 and 28 Kaufman, Alfred 14 Kawamura, Kikue Keane, Doris 8 and 15 Keenan, Frank, as Hon. John Grigsby 22 at home 2 Keenan, Hilda 117 and 28 Kelly, Renee 2 Kennedy, Madge 17 Kingstock Morgan 11	44 44 81 27 91 02 31 25 86 87 16 79 03
Johnson, Arthur	44 44 81 27 91 02 31 25 86 87 79 03 12 03
Johnson, Arthur	44 44 44 81 27 91 02 31 225 86 87 79 03 12 03 03
Johnson, Arthur	44 44 81 27 91 02 31 25 86 87 79 03 12 03 03 76 62
Johnson, Arthur	44 44 81 27 91 02 31 25 86 87 79 03 10 33 76 62 34
Johnson, Arthur	$\begin{array}{c} 44417\\ 4482912156677010037624742346622166 \\ 930415722746328 \\ \end{array}$
Johnson, Arthur in "A Leader of Men". Jolson, Al Joyce, Alice Kane, Gail Raufman, Alfred Rawamura, Kikue Keane, Doris Keenan, Frank, as Hon. John Grigsby at home Reenan, Hilda Kelly, Renee Reenan, Hilda Kelly, Renee Renan, Hilda Ringston, Morgan as Lohengrin Ring, Mollie Kingston, Morgan As Lohengrin Rreidler, Louis Rettly, Renee La Salle, Katherine Lambart Laine, Elizabeth Lambart Larnes Lehar, Franz Lehar, Ringhen Leslie, Marguerite Lewis, Jeffreys Lyne, Felice Macbeth, Florence Mackaye, Percy Macomber, Master Mansfield, Richard Markham, Kirah Marr, Graham, in "The Marriage of Figaro" Marsh, Mae Martin, Vivian Mason, John Masui, Sumo-ko Mattray, Ernst, in "The Miracle" Maude, Cyril Maude, Margery McComas, Carroll Mourie, Ritsu-ko Megrue, Roi Cooper Miller, Marilynn Monroe, Carrie Morrie, Ritsu-ko Morries Ralph in "The Royal Arms"	44 44 44 81 27 902 33 25 86 77 903 12 903 76 24 44

36	PAGE
Murdock Ann 90 149 946 and Sons (56
Murray, Elizabeth	176
Moscow Art Theatre	77
Murray, Elizabeth Murray, Mae Murray, Marjorie Nash, Florence Nash, Florence Nash, Mary Nazimova, Alla in "That Sort" Neilson-Terry, Phyllis	107
Nash, Mary	23
Nazimova, Alla	99 261
Neilson-Terry, Phyllis	223
Nelson, Elizabeth	115
Nielsen, Alice	106 282
Northampton Municipal Theatre	166
Noyes, Mrs., School, Dancers at	3 174
Orr, Anna	46
Painter, Eleanor	263
in her garden	28 226
in "La Nuit"	223
in "Une Soirée de Danse"	226
Pemberton, Stafford	68
Pickford, Mary	16 53
Frofessional Woman's League	161
Purdy, Charles	72
Rasch, Albertina Rehearsal Club Reizenstein, Elmer L Ring, Blanche	102 183
Reizenstein, Elmer L.	160
Ring, Blanche	23
Ring, Frances	23
Romain, Irene	30
Romaine, Margaret23 and	27
Rostand's Edmond Home	22
Rostand. Maurice	23
Royal Theatre, Berlin	219
Russell, Lillian, at home	119
Ryan, Mary	142
Saker, Annie, in "The Story of the Rosary"	289
Ring, Frances Robson, Mary Romain, Irene Romaine, Margaret Romeo of 50 Years Ago, A Rostand's, Edmond, Home Rostand, Maurice Royal Theatre, Berlin Russell, Annie, in "Much Ado About Nothing". Russell, Lillian, at home Ryan, Mary Saker, Annie, in "The Story of the Rosary" Salisbury, Jane Sanderson, Julia in "The Girl from Utah". Nov. Co	199
in "The Girl from Utah" Nov. Co	ver
Santley, Maude, as Carmen	31
Schaffer. Sylvester	139
Scheff, Fritzi	285
School for Players' Children	218 173
Selwyn, Rae	234
Sembach, Johannes	271
Shepley, Ruth	116
Silvernail, C. H	16
Skinner, Otis	272
Standing, Guy	108
Starr, Frances	99
St. Clair, Marguerite	232 63
Stewart, Anita	274
St. Louis Pageant, People watching	
Stame Polls	222
Santlev. Maude, as Carmen. Sato, Chiye-ko Schaffer. Sylvester Scheff, Fritzi Scheider. Mav School for Players' Children Selwyn, Rae Sembach, Johannes Shelly, Patsey, in "Pandora". Shepley, Ruth Silvernail, C. H. Skinner, Otis Slezak. Leo Standing, Guy 17 and Starr. Frances St. Clair, Marguerite Stevens, Emily Stewart. Anita St. Louis Pageant. People watching Story, Belle Sweet. Blanche	222 174 161
Story, Belle Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith	222 174 161 23
Story, Belle Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home	222 174 161 23 28
Story, Belle Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive	222 174 161 23 28 25 106
Story, Belle Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Tavlor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie	222 174 161 23 28 25 106 264
Story, Belle Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris	222 174 161 23 28 25 106
Story, Belle Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele".	222 174 161 23 25 106 264 219 219 220
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele" Tinnev, Frank	222 174 161 23 28 25 106 264 219 219 220 281
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele" Tinney, Frank Tormey, May	222 174 161 23 25 106 264 219 219 220
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele" Tinney, Frank Tormey, May	222 174 161 23 25 106 264 219 220 281 114 234 46
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele" Tinney, Frank Tormey, May	222 174 161 23 28 25 106 264 219 220 281 114 234 46 116
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele" Tinney, Frank Tormey, May	222 174 161 23 25 106 264 219 219 220 281 114 234 46 116 183
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora". Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice".	222 174 161 23 28 25 106 264 219 220 281 114 234 46 116
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora". Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice".	222 174 161 23 25 106 264 219 220 281 114 46 116 183 21 127
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora". Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice".	222 174 161 23 28 25 106 264 219 229 220 281 114 46 1183 21 127 61 21
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truck, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora". Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice". Valentine. Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness	222 174 161 23 25 106 264 219 220 281 114 46 116 183 21 127
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness Walsh, Marie	222 174 161 23 25 106 264 219 220 281 114 234 46 116 1183 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness Walsh, Marie	222 174 161 23 25 106 219 229 220 2219 220 2211 46 116 118 122 174 232 174 235
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness Walsh, Marie	222 174 161 23 25 106 264 219 220 281 114 234 46 116 1183 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness Walsh, Marie	222 174 161 23 25 25 106 219 229 220 114 234 466 183 21 127 61 22 23 174 232 55 174 232 263 276 276 276 276 276 276 276 276 27776 27776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 27776 27776 27776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 2776 27
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness Walsh, Marie	222 174 161 23 25 25 264 219 2219 2219 2220 281 114 46 116 61 22 174 232 25 55 231 777 26 100 26 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27 27
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness Walsh, Marie	222 174 161 23 25 264 219 220 281 114 234 46 116 1183 21 21 217 232 55 231 102 222 232 232 243 253 254 254 254 254 254 254 254 254 254 254
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness Walsh, Marie	222 174 234 466 183 21 127 42 22 23 177 26 102 22 22 22 22 22 23 20 3
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness Walsh, Marie	222 174 161 23 25 264 219 220 281 114 234 46 116 1183 21 21 217 232 55 231 102 222 232 232 243 253 254 254 254 254 254 254 254 254 254 254
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness Walsh, Marie	222 174 23 25 106 264 2219 220 2114 46 116 118 3 217 42 22 12 22 12 22 212 22 20 3 68 25 26
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théâtre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness Walsh, Marie	222 174 25 106 2219 2219 2219 2219 2211 114 21 116 116 116 116 116 116 116 116 116
Sweet, Blanche Taliaferro, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Taylor, Laurette, at home Tell, Olive Tempest, Marie Theatre An Der Wien, Vienna. Théatre Français, Paris Thomson, Carolyn, in "Adele". Tinney, Frank Tormey, May Truesdale, Frederick Truex, Ernest Turck-Baker, Roschen, in "Pandora" Twelfth Night Club Urieff in "The Merchant of Venice" Valentine, Louiszita Van Rellin, Jane Varlamoff, C. A. "Vaterland," Concert Stage of the Von Dewitz, Baroness	222 174 23 25 106 264 2219 220 2114 46 116 118 3 217 42 22 12 22 12 22 212 22 20 3 68 25 26



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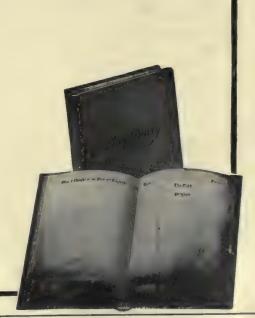
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COVER: Portrait in colors of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson as Hamlet.	PAGE
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Dancers at Florence Fleming Noyes' School of Ryth	mic Expression.
TITLE PAGE: Lina Cavalieri in "Manon Lescaut"	5
THE FAILURE OF THE AMERICAN PRODUCER	Sheldon Cheney 6
LOTTIE COLLINS—Full-page Plate	
THE OLD ACTOR—Poem	
THE \$10,000 PRIZE PLAY—Illustrated	
WILLIAM COURTENAY, THE STAGE LOVER—Illustrated	
Scene in "Under Cover"—Full-page Plate	
ACTING HELPS A WOMAN TO LIVE—Illustrated	A. P 14
THE CLASSIC REVIVAL—Illustrated	
HARRIET FORD—A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN DRAMATIST—Illustrated	
Bessie Abott in "Robin Hood"—Full-page Plate	
7 1 0 0 711	Thomas H. Uzzell 21
Sisters of the Stage—Illustrated	Karl K. Kitchen 23
Confessions of a Ticket Seller-Illustrated	
LAURETTE TAYLOR AT HOME—Full-page Plate	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
STRINDBERG AND BJORNSON	
EVOLUTION OF MODERN STAGE DANCING—Illustrated	
MARGARET GREENE—Pull-page Plate	
LEADING ACTRESSES OF JAPAN—Illustrated	
A DRAMATIST WHO DISSECTS THE FEMININE SOUL—Illustrated	
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON—Illustrated	
THE CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL THEATRE—Illustrated	
Jose Collins—Full-page Plate	
AT THE THEATRES: "The Passing Show of 1914," "Ziegfeld Follies," "Madame Moselle," "Cabiria,"	
"Pierrot the Prodigal," "The Naked Truth," "The Escape," "Manon Lescaut"	• • • • • • • • 37
ACTING AND HEALTH	L. E. Eubanks 43
ACTING IN THE SILENT DRAMA—Illustrated	Norbert Lusk 44
Hits of the Month—Illustrated	Y. D. G 46

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The Thirteenth Year (1913) TWO VOLUMES

interest. Throughout the whole production, in play and in setting, his method is episodic and naturalistic, rather than synthetic and suggestive. He starts from the little things, and his finest accomplishment is in the little things. He is a master of detail.

The contrasting new theory of stage production is based on the fundamental artistic law that art is a thing of vision and interpretation rather than of imitation, and that unity of the whole is quite as important as pertection of the several individual parts. The new artists of the theatre argue that the literal transcript of fact is not art, but mere reporting, like topographical drawing or historical painting. They believe that the dramatic production, like every work of art, should be conceived as a whole, affording a single, complete impression. They believe that unity and harmony are the first qualities to be sought, and they are concerned with detail only as it contributes to the entire dramatic design. They believe that the play should afford a sustained appeal, without interruption through irrelevant touches of naturalism or inorganic incidents.

They conceive the setting as a mere frame for the action, an unobtrusive background that will not draw attention to itself by the wonder of its invention or by its conspicuous fidelity to actual life. Instead of working, as Belasco does, with a lavish hand, multiplying unimportant detail, they build up with reticent touch, out of the few most characteristic and essential elements, a simplified suggestion of the place of action. They leave everything possible to the imagination of the spectator. Their method may be summed up in a very few words: concentration by imaginative suggestion.

With the two theories in mind, let us turn to some actual interior and exterior settings designed and executed in the naturalistic method. When Belasco designs an interior setting for his play there is hardly a square foot of wall space that is not broken up by a vase, a projection, an ornament, or whatnot. A Belasco room looks as if the designer had wandered about, after the walls were set up, with a basket of "natural" objects and with an irresistible desire to stick them up on every bare spot. In making a rapid review of the settings in recent Belasco productions, it is difficult to remember one in which there was the sense of repose and of unobtrusiveness that comes from the skillful handling of unbroken lines and large unbroken masses. Belasco's first

instinct is to "decorate," to destroy simplicity in a doubtful attempt at "naturalness." It may be added parenthetically that the "realism" that so often is connected with the names of David Belasco and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is not the realism of art at all, but mere naturalism—the attempt to imitate nature in her accidental surface aspects, and not the attempt of the artist-realist to transfuse from life to art the deeper and more significant reality of things. Belasco's settings are undeniably natural, perfect imitations of the real rooms of tasteless people, down to the last unimportant detail. All of us have wondered at the industry and the imitative genius of the man who could reproduce so accurately on the stage so many details. But has any



Photo Genthe

MARTHA HEDMAN

Who will appear next season in a new play by Paul Armstrong

one of us ever sensed from a Belasco setting the intimate home atmosphere of the domestic play, as we have in many amateur productions where there was no attempt at naturalistic detail? Have we ever sensed the mood of tragedy evoked by the exceedingly simple backgrounds of the Irish Players' productions?

In the hotel room of "The Woman," in the sanitarium rooms of "The Case of Becky," in the living-rooms of "The Governor's Lady," and of "The Return of Peter Grimm" and of "Years of Discretion," the same faults are evident: overcrowding, overelaboration of detail, a lavishness that tends continually to draw the eye from the actors. Certainly there is in them nothing restful, nothing to stop the eye unobtrusively and turn it back to



the action, nothing to suggest the mood subconsciously, nothing to intensify the spiritual essence of the production. If the setting has an appeal, it is to the sense of novelty, to the interest in mechanical, material detail, to the superficial interest in photographic imitation.

If overcrowding and a slavish adherence to naturalistic detail are the primary faults of Belasco's interior settings, there is one other that is almost equally destructive of sustained dramatic interest. It has become a favorite device to fit up gorgeously a second room, opening from that in which the main action is taking place, and, at a favorable moment, to open the door between, leaving the audience to gaze through, and to exclaim at the invention and naturalness of modern stage production. Similarly a Belasco window never opens on a flat background that merely suggests the sky or a garden or a building wall, but always reveals outside a detailed landscape scene, or an intricate architectural composition. If Belasco were an artist he would realize that whenever the eye is drawn through an opening, either door or window, away from the room in which the actors are playing, there is a definite interruption of the action: the continuity of interest is broken by the temporary excitement over something quite foreign to the matter of the play.

This revealing of a completely furnished second room, and this delineation of a complete perspective background through the windows, is merely the adding of another "natural" detail. But it is more destructive to the total effect than any other, because it draws the attention farther away from the action, and more surely destroys concentration of interest.

There must be openings from stage rooms, but the backgrounds which they reveal should be as flat, as free form detail and as neutral in tone as possible if the aim of the producer is to make sustained dramatic appeal to the deeper feelings,

rather than merely scattered appeal to the surface faculties.

In interior settings Belasco is the most accomplished of all those who follow naturalism as a stage religion. One might examine the settings of nine-tenths of the American producers and find the same faults, but not carried to the same false perfection. How many times have we seen plays set in drawing rooms, or artists' studios, or parlors, that were more like college students' rooms, hung with fish nets, trophies and trivial tidbits of sentiment! The simile is not a bad one; we are indeed in the college room stage of theatre setting. The sophomoric wisdom of our dramatic producers is reflected in almost every Broadway production, varying in degree only as the producer happens to have a genius for detail, like Belasco, or merely an imitative faculty, like so many of his followers. If he is a Belasco he may give us at times such a tour de force as the Childs' Restaurant scene of "The Governor's Lady," with all its distracting accuracy of detail, or perhaps a completely furnished Colonial room (which should be seen only in a museum); but generally he will give us something overcrowded, overdetailed and with scattered points of interest, that is both unbeautiful and unnatural, without Belasco's insinuating veneer of reality.

It is not necessary to dwell extensively upon the matter of exterior settings as designed by the American producer. They have the same faults as the interiors, though perhaps in more ridiculous measure, since it is easier to throw a veil of plausibility over an imitation of a room than to give a material illusion of out-of-doors. One remembers only too clearly the clutter of naturalistic "properties"; the trees that are "real" in the foreground, canvas "cutouts" in the middleground, and mere painted semblances of trees in the background; the buildings with real doors and windows in quaking canvas walls; the inevitable well, if it is a farm scene (and the real water that comes up in a dry



bucket); the live horse protruding its head from the stable door- audience, and almost every person turns to his neighbor to comway, if there is any possible excuse for a stable; and the street ment on the cleverness of the trick. It is indeed remarkable

scenes with their signs, their lamp-posts, and their depressingly accurate representations of the average dingy street fronts. And occasionally there have been the river and lake scenes, with boats tossing on real water; and once a real lettuce held that caused no end of wondering comment. But how many outdoor settings in the American theatre can we call to mind that unobtrusively struck the keynote of the action, that heightened the mood of the play by suggestion, that formed a restful background for the all-important action? That sort of setting alone is worth while when one is producing drama for the sake of drama, and not merely to entertain, like a circus, with a series of side shows. The trouble is that the simple, restful, and suggestive setting always is part of an artist's con-

fine naturalists or fine pictorial historians, but are not artists. shows, wherein a thread of story is utilized as an excuse for Let us turn from the settings to those

ception of the whole produc-

incidents that are introduced into the action, presumably with the idea of increasing the interest, but generally with the result of breaking the dramatic tension. In that essay in which Belasco makes his confession of faith in the little things, he tells of a cat that was made to walk across the stage and stretch itself at a certain point in each performance of "Hearts of Oak," and of a baby who became animated always at just the right point of the play. "That cat," he writes, "was always greeted with laughter and applause, and every night brought down the house. . . . The animated baby won the house every night, and both the cat and the baby drew hundreds to the theatre." We can easily believe him, and we can picture the spectators stopping to wonder how the trick was accomplished. But what of the sustained mood that had been built up if the play was a real drama? Was it not shattered at just the point where the audience gave its attention and applause to the cat and the baby?

In a current Belasco production, "The Woman," one of the most intense scenes is laid in a room on the upper floor of a modern hotel. The audience has been brought to a point of almost breathless suspense in the expectation that a certain character will come up to the giri in the room. In the midst of this dramatic silence there is heard the peculiar crescendo squeak of a pneumatic elevator. The sound is wonderfully imitated. Invariably a rustle runs through the



REINE DAVIES

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The Old Actor

I was an actor once-renowned. Respected, feted, laurel-crowned That was in eighteen eighty-three, And what was fortune then to me! In those departed days of yore My friends were numbered by the score, And every schoolboy spoke the name Of one the flattered child of fame; All clasped me proudly by the hand And spread my glory through the land.

'Tis different now! I walk alone Down the Rialto, all unknown, And mid the maddening crowd I strain To find some friendly face again, Backed with a hearty "Hello, G!" As in the days of eighty-three.

A smothered laugh, a taunting jeer Falls like a pall upon my ear, As the base herd in ceaseless tide Pants on and brushes me aside, Whose eye in jealousy and love Once flashed the lightening bolts of Jove, Whose cadenced tones with tears oppressed Thrilled and enthralled the human breast! I made their fathers laugh and cry Who now unheeding pass me by! The world was mine, and mine the crown Of that sweet meed of fame-renown. Each passer would have greeted me In eighteen hundred eighty-three.

Amid old Broadway's rush and roar I stand alone upon the shore Of Time, like one who peers in vain For some white sail across the main. Ah, not a soul remembers me Who was a star in eighty-three!

FREDERICK F. SCHRADER.

naturalism, and it appeals to humanity's desire for novelty, and to its "vaudeville sense." But in the momentary interest in this detail, the entire sustained mood is shattered. When the audience again gives its attention to the story of the play, the entire built-up dramatic interest has collapsed.

If Belasco would admit that he is not concerned with art. he would knock every prop from under the arguments here advanced. If he is content to consider that he is creating mere entertainment, like the circus or the musical comedy, or the empty forms of farceproductions that belong to the business of amusement rather than to the art of the theatreone can have no quarrel with him for introducing any incident or effect that he desires. Or even if he is content to have his work classed with such productions as "The Old tion, and the American producers, from Belasco down, may be Homestead," that are little more than sublimated vaudeville

> introducing singing, and anecdote-telling and episodic happenings, without regard to cumulation of dramatic interestthen one cannot quarrel with his method of production.

> But Mr. Belasco does not admit that he is working outside the boundaries of the legitimate art of the theatre. Indeed, one gathers from his essays that he believes that he is doing a very important service to American dramatic art. And more than once his work has been held up before an admiring audience as the very apotheosis of American achievement in the theatre.

> But art that is serious and unified and of a certain dignity never yet has been created from combining such inconsequential, and unrelated elements of entertainment as the stretching cat and animated baby; nor from any number of such mechanical wonders as the perfect imitation of an elevator's squeak.

> The recent annals of the American stage have been full of descriptions of such remarkable naturalistic details: the clocks that struck the same hour several minutes apart, as they would in real life: the telephone switchboard connected with the central office; the rainstorm of real water, falling from a network of shower-bath tubing; and (to forsake Belasco for the moment) a real linotype machine in actual operation. They all are cases of immaterial accidentals. glorified to "stunts" at the expense of the spiritual essence of the plays.

> > SHELDON. CHENEY.

The \$10,000 Prize Play

I T has always been the contention of the embryo play-

wright that his was a barred way to theatrical preferment. It was not unnatural to argue that the script of an unknown author had little chance against the product of the established playwright. Managers, it was asserted, would always give a preference to the dramatist with a name and a reputation. Nor will dramatic history fail to bear him out in this argument. Conditions to-day, however, are better than they were. The growth in the number of new theatres, especially as far as New York City is concerned, has made it impossible for the leading authors of this and other countries to keep pace with the demand. As a result the unknown is beginning to come into his own. Winthrop Ames, recognizing that the lurking dramatist with the latent talent must be at hand, offered, more than a year ago, a \$10,000 prize, the largest honorarium ever offered for a contest of this description, for the best American play. For his temerity twentysix hundred and forty manuscripts were submitted. Mr. Ames,

himself, Adolph Klauber, formerly dramatic critic of the New

York Times; and Augustus Thomas, the well-known dramatist.

made up the jury to pass upon this tremendous mass of dramatic material. Rules governed the contest and as quite one thousand failed to comply with them the jury was at least spared that amount of unnecessary brain work. The sixteen hundred and forty -six that remained were all original, as it was particularly specified that no translations no: adaptions of foreign pieces would be considered. Further, one-act plays and musical comedies were barred, while dramatizations of novels or short stories could only be entered provided full rights to make such dramatizations were secured. And a woman won!

Alice Brown was the successful contestant and by this time she has "counted" her \$10,000, for the prize was promptly paid over when the verdict was rendered.

Although well known in the literary world for her sketches

and novels of New England life, "Children of Earth" will be the first play from her pen ever to have been acted on a professional stage, for Mr. Ames promises to give it one of his characteristically thorough and artistic productions, probably at the Booth Theatre next fall. Its plot is said to be highly dramatic and to be unfolded by the New England types Miss Brown knows so well. Further than this Mr. Ames prefers to retain a discreet silence.

Miss Brown, who was born at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, fifty-seven years ago, is the daughter of a farmer and spent the first fourteen years of her life "close to the ground." After a time spent at a girls' seminary at Exeter, N. H., she taught for a while and then took up her pen as a means of livelihood. "Meadow Grass," a collection of short stories, was her first output and revealed a talent that was at once recognized by the literary world. How active she has been is testified by the fact that the Houghton, Mifflin catalogue numbers fourteen volumes from her pen, best known of which are: "John Winter bourne's Family." "The Story of Thyrza," "Rose MacLeod" and "Tiverton Tales." More than this Miss Brown has to her credit, a volume of verse, a book of essays on travel, for she has been

abroad several times, tramping through England and Wales,

and several short plays. She is devoted to flowers and has a garden at Newburyport, Mass., and a farm at Hill, N. H. Miss Brown was for many years on the editorial staff of *The Youth's Companion*, and is a frequent contributor to that periodical and other magazines. In winter Boston is her home.

If playwriting contests in this country are to be judged as sincere efforts to build up a native dramatic literature then Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian, was one of the first and principal patrons in this direction. True at the start he did not offer a fixed sum, to be awarded to him who by his pen should best suit the tragedian's poetical and physical possibilities, but it was well known among the literati of the 1830's that a play living up to the fixed standards of the tragic drama would draw a liberal recompense from Forrest's generous purse. History shows that Richard Penn Smith, a member of the Philadelphia Bar, later an editor and author, who turned out at least fourteen plays, was the first to supply Forrest with an original tragedy. It was styled "Caius Marius" and had its original production in

the Quaker City in 1831. James Rees records that it was a failure because with the exception of the star no one knew the text he was to deliver.

In the same year, however, a genuine winner was evolved This was "The Gladiator," better known as "Spartacus," and described on the original programme as "a prize play," which Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird wrote. It jumped into immediate popular favor and from it the doctor realized much more than he ever did as a disciple of Escalapius or as the editor of the North American, which office he held at the same time. He followed "Spartacus" up-its popularity lasted through the regime of John McCullough, with "Oraloosa" and "The Broker of Bogota." The latter Forrest found a serviceable medium, but neither in popularity equalled the

ALICE BROWN
Winner of the \$10,000 prize offered by Winthrop Ames for
the best play by an American author

physician's first attempt. Robert T. Conrad, also a Philadelphia editor, was the next contributor to the American tragedian's repertoire. His effort originally called "Aylmere" was later christened "Jack Code." As the historical rebel of the times of Henry VI, Forrest long continued to play the part. Later McCullough kept it in his list of plays.

But it was in the early '50s of the nineteenth century that Forrest inaugurated an open contest. It was then that he offered the very generous sum of \$3,000 for the play that should best fit his wants. If none came up to the standard the leading author should receive but a single thousand. Seventy manuscripts were submitted and G. H. Miles was declared the winner with a piece called "Mohammed." He was paid the thousand dollars and in 1852 Forrest gave it to Augustus Neaffie, who in the title rôle produced it at Brougham's Lyceum on September 27th of that year. Three times the footlights flashed upon it and then oblivion.

A long period was to elapse before anyone utilized competition as a means to bring talent to the front. Sometime in 1889 or early in 1890 The New York World offered a prize of \$1,000 for the best American play by an (Continued on page 43)

William Courtenay, the Stage Lover

HEN a stage lover is needed, the manager always thinks of William Courtenay, and mourns if he cannot get him, for Mr. Courtenay is the minute man for love-making. He is almost unique on the American stage. We have strong character actors. The trend of American stage art is definitely toward that class of acting, but for handsome, straight and leanlimbed, youthful faced men to make love to the woman star or the leading lady we have not a superabundance. There are times when a famine seems upon us.

Concentrate on the subject for a moment. Make a requisition upon the fingers of both hands. Several of those fingers will be idle.

Unwelcome as is the mental dose, we must swallow it. For love-makers who fill the eye and satisfy the romantic sense we have had in times of stringency to import good specimens from England—Julian L'Estrange, H. B. Warner and others. Assume that you want a man to play Romeo, not play at it, but satisfyingly enact the rôle of the greatest lover of history and whom would you? Dustin Farnum has taken his wholesome pulchritudinousness into character work, dotted with moving picture ventures. His handsome brother, William, prefers heroic rôles to match his shoulders. Wince if you will, but face the truth that our stage lovers are for the most part colorless and inadequate. It may be because Americans are not good love-makers, and art can rise no higher than its source, which is life. But it is a truth, and that is the reason that William Courtenay stands nearly alone in the art of stage love-making.

But let us not overwhelm him with praise. It is only by the grace of six weeks that he is an American. Had his parents set sail from Queenstown a month and a half later he would have been an Irishman. As it is, he was born in Worcester, Mass., and is entitled to wave the Stars and Stripes as lustily as George Cohan himself.

He had another stage advantage beside being so nearly related to that island which gave us James O'Neill and Ada Rehan, the home of quick vanishing temper and abiding temperament. That is that his father was a lawyer. No, not one of the hard-lipped, steel-eyed kind who sit in private offices and tell you how to keep out of trouble and how to get out of it when you're in, but the sort that stands before juries, wrestles with them and for the most part conquers them. A great pleader could always have been a good actor, and a good actor would, with training, have wielded his power upon a jury, for there isn't much difference between a jury of twelve and an audience of twelve hundred. Both are human instruments to be played upon with skillful fingers.

Moreover, he went to school to the Sacred Heart College, and the Jesuit brothers took him in hand and trained him to be



WILLIAM COURTENAY

courteous to his elders of both sexes and to all women, which, when it has become a habit, is another stage advantage, particularly if Nature has endowed one with a fresh, boyish face, and straight, fine lines, and an utter disinclination to ever become pudgy.

So at fifteen, when his father died, we find him nature-started toward the stage, and at sixteen we behold him on it. That was twenty years ago, and he's never since lacked a part.

A manager saw him in an amateur production and en gaged him for a repertoire company. The second year the experience was practically duplicated. The third, Milton and Dolly Nobles took the lad on tour.

While the memories of this era of prosperity were still bright, he tormed a friendship for one of Richard Mansfield's business staff. It led to a meeting with Richard Mansfield and to three years with that severe but valuable master.

Mr. Courtenay was under Henry Miller's tutelage in the Miller-Anglin combination of talents for eleven weeks on the Pacific Coast. For three years he was with Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Stock Company that played for the most part in Daly's Theatre. There John Mason became interested in the American youth and taught him how to listen and how to stand.

Thereafter he went to the Empire Theatre Stock Company, thence to "Iris," in which he supported Virginia Harned. He stopped love-making to prove a hitherto unsuspected versatility as Arsene Lupin, a French Raffles. He returned to love-making as the French Canadian woodsman in "The Wolf," playing for fifty-six continuous weeks.

When they needed a youthful man who would look as though an heiress might love him, even though he were penniless, the management looked about for the minute love-maker of the stage, William Courtenay, and secured his services for "Ready Money," and when Edward Sheldon desired a love-maker for the difficult rôle of the clergyman in "Romance," he chose to create the character of the youth tossed upon the rocks of passion, yet borne back into the harbor of duty upon the good ship *Conscience*, William Courtenay. The story of the phenomenal success of "Romance" is one that has been told.

A shaft of light upon the character of this chief of American stage lovers is that most persons call him "Billie." A rosy tint is shed upon him by a prolonged honeymoon. He is spending it with Virginia Harned, his star in Iris. At thirty-six he looks scarce twenty-five.

But believe not that he is content to be a mere stage lover. He has purchased a share in "Under Cover," in which he is leading man and with that purchase behold him evolved into what our English visitors say we most sorely need, the actormanager.

MARY MORGAN.



us across the foot-

TE all know that messages come to Acting Helps a Woman to Live upon the stage hating their parts and loathing their

audiences, as mistaken

lights, messages of cheer, of strength, of courage, of high, inspiring ideals. They may be uttered in a line spoken by a player, or they may come to us propelled by the many power voltage of his personality. We feel the actor behind the part. We know that this is true, that to a mime of that broad and deep humanity, that desire to help the struggling, dimsighted race toward better things, it is the compensation for the hard conditions of life on the stage. But Janet Beecher, who played with so sure a touch and so keen intelligence the leading woman's part in "The Great Adventure," goes a step, several steps, indeed, farther,

Miss Beecher has distilled from her own experience as actress and woman the wisdom which enables her to see the parallels between acting and life. Life helps a woman to act, yes, but we had not thought that acting helps a woman to live. We knew that acting holds the mirror up to Nature, but not that the stage can guide Nature into wiser ways. Life has given much to Nature. Nature is repaying the debt, according to Miss Beecher. The ideas of the young woman, who David Belasco has said is one of the three most natural of the younger actresses of the American stage, are worthy of our attention. Her thoughtfulness should promote our own thought.

But first as to the earnest young thinker herself. She has been on the stage but eight years. Short shrift, compared with the long years of upward struggle by others whom we recall; but Miss Beecher's habit of thinking has helped her vastly on the climb. When we saw her as Ida in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," as the Swedish Slavey in "The Bachelor," as Helen Heyer in "The Lottery Man," and Empress Josephine in "The Purple Road," there came from the part and the girl the impression of a clear-cut performance, in which a distinct conception preceded forceful execution,

When she played Mrs. Gabor Arany in "The Concert" she advanced to practically the front rank, and when one of the ripest plums of the dramatic season. the lead in "The Great Adventure," members of her own profession-ever the severest of the critics-said "She deserves it." So of the part in the new Belasco production "What's Wrong?"

In the dainty white apartment, new as her marriage bonds, for her wedding ring shone from its placing on her finger only a few months before, we chatted with the tea cart between us of her wish to help other women to solve their problems and of how acting helps the actress herself to live.

"If you live in such way as you would like all other women to live, the strength you have developed and the ideals you have cherished reach the women in front," she said with conviction. "The greater the strength and the finer the ideals, the more complete and satisfying the message. It is quite possible for a woman cast for an insignificant part, speaking few and commonplace lines, to send across the footlights a tremendous message of clean, fine, forceful living. I have received such messages."

"If an actress comes upon the stage with a feeling of friendliness for the persons whom she is to entertain, her good will reaches out and encircles them. I know that, for I have been within that circle. Those who walk

players sometimes do, get back what they send and failure threatens them. What is much worse than any personal failure is that they have radiated destructive thoughts.'

"Do you believe that the character you play influences your

"Not in the strictest sense. One can play an adventuress without the slightest inclination to become one. In fact, it is apt to cause a repulsion in the player for the character and all similar characters. No. It affects us only in the way we approach the playing of the character. In that sense the stage is a most admirable school for daily life."

"For instance?" I was a bit dazed by this sudden reversal of the shield. I had gazed upon life the teacher of the stage. The stage as the schoolmistress of life was a confusing shift.

The grave, handsome young woman in gray passed me a cup of tea, smiled her acknowledgment of an intruder's congratulations on her birthday, and with her habitual thoughtfulness began her analysis.

"It is a trial when a comedian spoils your scene by getting a laugh in the wrong place."

"A great trial," I assented. "One always speaks to the manager, doesn't she?"

"One is tempted to, but she shouldn't."

"What should she do?"

"Dismiss it. Ignore it. Do not permit it to have any effect whatever upon vou."

"What bearing has that on daily living?"

"A great deal. Suppose your husband has some irritating mannerism. If he pushes his plate away from him when he has finished breakfast, that little habit may get upon your nerves. You see it out of all proportion to its importance. You want to scream. You want to chide him, to quarrel with him about

it. But you must not. You must look out the window. You must dismiss it. Acting teaches you that."

"What of some important crisis in married life? Say that you fear your husband's affections are slipping away from you?"

"That is like a scene getting away from you. You feel that you are losing your audience. You must get it back. You introduce some variety in your rendition. You strike a new note in your work. You read a speech in a new way. You dwell longer upon a word or look. Introduce some variety in your home life. Wear a new frock. Have something different for dinner. Sing a new song or rearrange the furniture. Strike the new note. Win back your husband as you win back your audience, by introducing something new."

"What of playing the same part a long time? You can change the part, but you cannot change the husband. At least, you would prefer to avoid that."

"That is a problem. I had it in 'The Concert.' I had begun to forget my lines. When marriage, like a part, became stale, I should find something new to think about. I always kept a pair of thought-provoking pictures fastened at either side of my dressingroom mirror. I was in St. Louis and the play had begun to pall upon me. I went out and bought two new pictures.



White

Appearing in "What's Wrong?"

(Continued on page 43)



Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in "Hamlet"

William Faversham in the Ovation scene of "Julius Cæsar"

Copyright Daily Mirror Studios
Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott in "Hamlet"

STAGE, no less than sartorial, fashions run in cycles, and are subject to frequent and violent

The Classic Revival

changes. The pendulum of dramatic taste swings so far one way, and then, by the very force of its own momentum, it must travel just as far in the opposite direction. So it is that one season we are surfeited with romanticism, another with the sex problem, another with Western drama, another with Orientalism, another with plays of the underworld.

For some time past we have had little Shakespeare and still less of the "minor classics." Not that managerial announcements of classical productions have been lacking—there have been plenty of those. It was at the opening of the Stuyvesant Theatre (now the Belasco) in October, 1907, that David Belasco solemnly announced his intention of henceforth devoting the greater part of his energies to staging Shakespearean plays. David Warfield would achieve his long-cherished ambition to play Shylock, Blanche Bates would act in "As You Like It," and Frances Starr would have her opportunity to perform Juliet. Charles Frohman has repeatedly announced Ethel Barrymore's appearance in "As You Like it" and William Gillette in "Hamlet." Some years ago Wilton Lackaye was to make his début as a Shakespearean star and gradually build up a repertory. Then there was the project of a permanent organization for the Playhouse. Grace George was to head a stock company of carefully selected players, in whose repertoire "Much Ado About Nothing," "The School for Scandal" and "The Love Chase" were to occupy conspicuous and honored positions.

But the proof of good intentions lies in their performance. So far, with the exception of John Drew's production of "Much Ado," none of these excellent and ambitious plans have borne fruit. What of David Warfield? Not only has he never yet realized the ambition of a lifetime to act Shylock, but he has undertaken no Shakespearean part. Modern character rôles mark the outside limits of this actor's experience, and in his twelve or more years with Belasco he has been given only four different characters—a Jewish clothing dealer in "The Auctioneer," a German musician in "The Music Master," an American stage driver in "A Grand Army Man," and a Dutch botanist in "The Return of Peter Grimm." Blanche Bates and Frances Starr have continued to drift hither and thither in modern drama, and of late years even rumor of their appearance in classic plays is heard no more. Several seasons ago plans for Ethel Barrymore's production of "As You Like It" were under way when Mr. Frohman secured W. Somerset Maugham's "Lady Frederick" for her use. Preparations tor the Shakespeare play were promptly dropped, and noth-

ing has ever been heard of their being resumed. Maude Adams has appeared in performances of "As You Like It" and "Tweltth Night' at the University of California and at Harvard before special audiences, but the general public is still denied the pleasure of seeing her in these rôles. Wilton Lackaye's plans for a Shakespearean repertoire have long since been abandoned, and this actor of great possibilities has been squandering his talents on material unworthy of his mettle. Grace George and the newly-organized Playhouse company presented "Much Ado About Nothing" in cities of the Middle West, but by the time the company reached New York the repertory idea had disappeared, and only a single modern play was their offering.

The season of 1912-1913 was distinguished for the large number of old-time plays brought to the stage.

First there was Lewis Waller's revival of "King Henry V." Unfortunately, it was not the financial success which it deserved to be, for Mr. Waller is an admirable and eloquent actor, and his virile, straightforward style is eminently suited to such parts as Harry the King. However, it was a venture worth the risking, and it redounds to Waller's credit that he made the attempt. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe appeared in their familiar Shakespearean dramas. "Much Ado About Nothing," which they originally produced in 1904, was the year's addition to their repertory. For five weeks they packed the huge Manhattan Opera House to the doors, and reliable sources state that they reaped a financial harvest. Directly on the heels of the Sotherns came William Faversham and Julie Opp with their superb production of "Julius Cæsar." With Tyrone Power and Frank Keenan to aid them, they made one of the most pronounced artistic hits in recent years, and their greatest success as actormanagers. On the financial side it was all that could be hoped for, and the audiences were large and demonstrative.

Faversham is an actor who has been doing big things of late. If we except his rather colorless Romeo of fifteen years ago, "Julius Cæsar" may be accounted his first essay into the realm of Shakespearean drama. It was an open question whether he would appear to such good advantage here as in some of the more modern plays he has produced. Be it said then to his everlasting credit that thus far Antony is the high-water mark of his career. He fairly dominated the performance; he gave us a character which was as nobly conceived as it was nobly



C. H. SILVERNAIL Playing juvenile leads under W. A Brady's management

these days of strenuous theatrical competition. Miss Russell is a delightful actress of quaint and piquant charm. Her characterization of the sprightly Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," some six years ago was exquisitely fashioned, but it was greatly to be doubted whether the elfin grace of this actress

would find a congenial medium for expression in other classical rôles. "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals," though frequently styled "comedies," are in reality farces-farces of straightforward humor. The refining hand of Miss Russell was plainly visible in her presentations of the plays. Her Kate Hardcastle was a thoroughly artistic impersonation, though probably more delicately moulded, than the girl Oliver Goldsmith conceived her to be. The rough and ready wit of the play took on a new and different charm coming from the gentle lips of Annie Russell. The actress scored a second success in "The Rivals." Better suited temperamentally to Lydia than to Kate, she gave a most sympathetic interpretation of the rôle. The more the pity

that Lydia Languish is such a slight part for a star performer. Her Beatrice was a disappointment. It will have to be confessed that the Shakespearean heroine is as yet beyond her grasp. But the sum total of her achievements would indicate that she has an interesting and useful career before her in classic drama.

Interesting, too, was the experience of John E. Kellerd. This actor made the daring experiment of coming into New York unheralded—practically ignored by the critics -and launching his production of "Hamlet" at the Garden Theatre, far from the centre of theatrical activity. Persistence, perseverance and a competent performance were his only weapons. But he won his fight for recognition, and "Hamlet" remained in town until it had achieved a run of one hundred performances-something which has not been done since Edwin Booth played the part. Of the monetary, success of the venture we are unable to state, but Kellerd courageously followed up "Hamlet" with White productions of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Oedipus Rex."

executed. "Othello," produced this last spring in splendid style, won praise from the critics, but the public did not respond, and Mr. Faversham, discouraged, gave up the fight and fled into vaudeville.

During the same season, 1912-13, Annie Russell brought her company of players to the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre and presented in turn "She Stoops to Conquer," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Rivals." Their last performance the middle of January concluded a run of nine weeks, quite an unusual feat for a classic repertory organization in competition. Miss Russell is piquant charm. Her characin "A Midsummer Night's exquisitely fashioned, but it

Davis & Sanford

MARGERY MAUDE

Seen lately in "Grumpy" and in "Lady
Windermere's Fan"

each other in honoring this splendid player. A word of praise is due the Hanford-MacLean - Tyler - Drofnah combination. The company closed its tour without appearing in New York, but its experience is worthy of mention. Later these four stars joined forces for a tour of the South and Southwest in "Othello," "Julius Cæsar," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Romeo and Juliet." The tour proved to be a triumphal march, crowded houses greeting them nightly. To cap the climax of a season of worthy endeavor in a neglected field was the appearance of Tyrone Power, he



STAFFORD PEMBERTON
Classic dancer in "The Passing Show of 1914"

having severed his connection with Mr. Faversham, as a Shake-spearean star in his own right.

Tyrone Power created the profound impression that he did as Brutus in "Julius Cæsar" because he is one of our few native players of sound training and thorough experience. Much of

his life he has spent in the poetic drama, old and new, and his robust and resonant performance was the fulfillment which comes from a long apprenticeship. His Brutus has placed him at the opening of a career by which the American stage should be much the richer.

In making plans for the season just closed, players and managers alike fell over themselves in the eagerness of their desire to extract some Shakespearean or classic play from the dusty book shelf and put it on the stage. Last September nine separate companies were announced to produce plays by the Bard of Avon. One would almost think William Shakespeare an aspiring dramatist in the first blush of a new and great success.

From across the Atlantic came Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott to present "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Othello." On October 2d the eminent British actor dedicated the Sam S. Shubert Theatre with his superb interpretation of "Hamlet," and the immense audiences which have greeted these

two players throughout the weeks of their New York engagement are eloquent of the financial rewards and the artistic appreciation which Shakespeare and the noblest in art can evoke. In Montreal, F. R. Benson and his company, from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, began a trans-continental tour, which included nearly every city and town of importance in the United States and Canada. The company brought the scenery, costumes and other stage paraphernalia for sixteen Shakespearean productions. In addition to the more familiar plays, Mr. Benson offered two of the histories, "Henry IV," and "Richard II."

Among the American Shakespearean stars, John Drew was the first to make his appear-

ance. The Empire Theatre opened with an elaborate production of "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Mr. Drew acted Benedick and Laura Hope Crews, Beatrice. Truth compels us



JOYCE FAIR
Appearing in "The Dummy" at the Hudson

Robert Mantell toured the country far and wide in his classic repertory, meeting with unprecedented success everywhere, and cities which formerly were cold or indifferent to his art vied with to chronicle the failure of the undertaking. Painstaking intelligence characterized Mr. Drews attempt to regain his lost prestige in classic comedy, but his performance was deficient in breadth and amplitude of power. An uninterrupted career of twenty years in modern drawing-room comedy must of necessity narrow and debase a player's acting style. But the collapse of this initial effort to widen the scope of his powers should not act as a deterrent to further pursuit of his ideal.

The enormously successful five-weeks' season of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe at the Manhattan Opera House came as a happy refutation to the unfortunate outcome of John Drew's experiment. A lack-lustre performance of Shakespeare, like modern drama ineptly played, proves uninteresting. Shakespeare ably performed is productive of artistic and financial success. Sothern and Marlowe now have some eight Shakespearean dramas in their repertoire. Contrary to expectation, they made no new production, but Mr. Sothern, without the aid of Miss Marlowe, revived that picturesque and justly celebrated romantic drama, "If I Were King."

Robert Mantell continued in his ample and varied classical repertory. This year he gave special prominence to "King John." Wm. Winter declares the actor's interpretation of this rôle to be the finest in the history of the part on the American stage. He has a new leading woman in that accomplished and versatile actress, Thais Lawton. His daughter, Ethel Mantell, was also of the company.

Annie Russell toured the South in "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals." This winter she added "The School for Scandal" to her list.

The new idea in staging was the keynote to the classic revivals of Margaret Anglin, the hewest convert to Shakespeare. Livingston Platt is the man who staged her productions, and, though a young man, he already has an enviable reputation as a master of this difficult branch of stagecraft. The power to create illusion and the suggestion of distance through the proper diffusion of light is the basis of his claim to distinction. The artistic association of such an original producer and so eloquent an actress as Margaret Anglin resulted in some superb productions of "Antony and Cleopatra," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," and Sophocles' "Electra."

If so much has been brought to fulfillment, why may we not anticipate frequent presentations of Shakespeare in the future? The crying need of our stage to-day is the classic actor and the classic play, and the only way to keep dramatic literature alive is through the frequent and competent performance of the best plays. Truly, great acting is also a rarity—that demands the player endowed with genius-but it is possible to have efficient performers by training the raw material at our hand. Even genius will never reveal itself unless properly drilled in the rudiments of acting. The only way to develop great or competent Shakespearean actors is by playing Shakespeare. Few of our leading producers offer any opportunity. In fact, the majority of our influential managers appear to know very little and care less about the preservation of genuine stage literature. We no longer have the old stock company for the disciplining of our players, nor do we have any organization which is the complement of Mr. Benson's in England. But we have such players as Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, Mr. Faversham and Miss Russell, men and women conversant with the needs of our theatre and alive to its responsibilities. They have come forward to save the day. Several permanent classic repertory companies, guided by such players as these, will do much to develop good, all-tound actors and to aid our theatre in its search of lost ideals and prestige.

Modern drama has its legitimate place and function in our theatre, for it teaches the player naturalness and fidelity to life just as the classic drama makes for breadth, vigor and imagination. It would mean stagnation were the whole American stage given over to classic revivals. Life itself means growth and



Otto Sarony . GUY STANDING

This popular actor appeared recently as the Irish hero in George Scarborough's drama "At Bay"

change, and a hardy, vigorous theatre needs to be freshened and strengthened from time to time by new kinds of drama and acting.

But an overwhelming preponderance of modern drama means hasty and ill-considered activity. Mere activity is not progress; it may be the very worst form of reaction—wasted energy. True progress pursues a middle course, eradicating what is bad, retaining what is good in the old, and absorbing the fresh and invigorating in the new. Our native drama seems to be in a fair way of growing deeper and richer and stronger, but to effect a nice balance in our theatre, we need an infusion of the classics. We must turn our immediate attention to Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Sheridan and the other dramatists whose plays have been able to withstand the acid test of time.

A revulsion of feeling has swept through the American theatre and has stirred the best instincts and abilities of our dramatists and actor-managers. The seeds which they now are sowing may spring up and blossom and bear fruit in great achievements now beyond our ken. Not in years has the future of the American stage loomed so bright with big and splendid possibilities.

CHESTER THOMAS CALDER.

Harriet Ford -- A Successful Woman Dramatist

ANCY collaborators praising each other! Imagine partners in the work of writing, and, what is still more difficult, placing a play, completing their work without actual hostilities. Consider the improbability of a favorable opinion of each other surviving the anxious period of labor, followed by the still more anxious period of waiting.

Yet Harriet Ford has achieved this seeming impossibility. She has come up smiling and with humane attitude toward her associates in work, from the deep and troubled waters of play creation. If you ask her the reason, she will smile engagingly and vivaciously declare that this unusual state is because her associates

in the writing of "The Argyle Case" and "The Fourth Estate" were intelligent men. Harvey O'Higgins and Joseph Medill Patterson, bowing profoundly, reply that Miss Harriett Ford's amiability is collaboration proof, manager proof, earth proof, that collaboration with her would inevitably end, not in warfare, but mutual admiration.

Miss Ford's unlikeness to her craft persists in another conclusion. She says that instead of its being a trial to the spirit it is an absolute gain in the matter of time. "With two persons working the play is done in half the time," she says, clenching the argument with the amazing fact that she and Joseph Medill Patterson wrote "The Fourth Estate" in nine days.

Seven plays have borne her name as author on the programs. The first was "The Greatest Thing in the World." There followed "A Gentleman of France, the "last of the swashbucklers," the author irreverently classifies it, and describes its "slaughter of eighteen"; the dramatization of "Audrey," "The Fourth Estate," "The Little Brother of the Rich," "The Argyle Case," and "The Dummy."

They run, you observe, the gamut from the psychological problem play to the modern detection of crime drama, including the romantic and business plays and the play of politics. It is as though an actress played Lady Macbeth and sang Eva Tangury songs, with a fling or two at Juliet and at "The Case of Becky."

Which reminds me that Miss Ford was an actress. Although a daughter of New England and allied to the family of Jonathan Edwards, she, at risk of killing her entire family by shock, came to New York and entered the Sargent Dramatic School. She had David Belasco for teacher. He prophesied for her success as an interpreter of the plays of others. But six years of varied work, beginning with the chorus of "She," from which Charles Frohman rescued her at rehearsal by assigning her a part in the same play, and ending with three years as a leading woman for Sol Smith Russell, convinced her that her interest in the stage



was that of a creator of parts rather than an interpreter of them. She began to write during her first year on the stage, while she was appearing in the Gillette plays in London. It was William Gillette, by the way, who was the stage sponsor of the débutante.

Henry Stanley was returning from Africa with Emin Pasha. A prize had been offered for the best poem celebrating his return, the poem to be printed on silk and read at the banquet tendered to the returning hero. The American girl, vibrating with the newness of her first season on the stage, won the prize from English competitors. It was that victory that determined her course as a writer. After six

years of practice in writing for the stage, while on tour, her output being a few monologues for the variety stage, she finally and forever tossed away her makeup pencil and took to her typewriting machine. She called on Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyne, then an extremely popular reader, and asked permission to write a monologue for her. When the monologue was completed, Mrs. LeMoyne's need of it had passed, but she arranged for its sale to somebody else, and Miss Ford plunged into a play for her. It was that play, "The Greatest Thing in the World," in which Mrs. LeMoyne came into stardom. It was her fortune to write plays for the first twinkling of more than one new risen star for Kyrle Bellew, returned after twelve years' absence from this country, came to play to a new generation and to make a new public for himself in "A Gentleman from France," and it was in Miss Ford's "Audrey" that Eleanor Robson began her shining.

The writing of "The Argyle Case" was the story of the pursuit of a busy man. Harvey O'Higgins, having had some journalistic coquetries with the great searcher after hidden crimes, presented him to Miss Ford, and the trio began its collaboration, the men talking of Mr. Burns' career as a crime detector, and tarrying at each of its most dramatic incidents, while the playwright did detective work of her own. She "studied her man." While Mr. Burns was unconciously doing what criminals do at head-quarters every morning, "line up," the series of stories progressed. Then came the process of selection, of elimination, and of that which is indispensable to playwriting, the massing of forces upon two or three incidents to throw them into high light.

When the play was finished the pair of playwrights visited the missing one of the dramatic triangle in Philadelphia. Miss Ford read the first act of the play to him while he was at breakfast. The second she read while he was reading notes and telegrams. She read the third while he was receiving calls and reports from his men. The fourth she endeavored to render dramatic while he was half buried in his trunk in hasty course of packing it.



"That may be the beginning of anything"—"interesting play," went on Mr. Burns as he jumped into his overcoat and grabbed his derby. "Wish us luck!" he called back over his shoulder as he ran for his cab.

The reading of the play to Mr. A. L. Erlanger was a far different matter. At half-past eleven he called Thomas, the brunette guardian of the gates, to him, and said: "I must not be interrupted. No matter who calls in person or by telephone, I shall be engaged until I call vou."

"The play was read with absolutely no interruptions," said Miss Ford. "Mr. Erlanger was enabled to concentrate wholly upon it. I have since understood his success. Last week I read a play to a manager under opposite circumstances. There was a steady stream of telephones, messengers and

callers. The man could not follow the thread of the play and, of course, he did not take it."

"Why read plays?" I asked.

"Because if I sent the manuscripts they might not be read, and I can explain and make suggestions as I read.'

"How do you persuade them to listen?"

"It is understood that if they don't let me read the play to them they don't get the play."

The progress of a play from the inception of the idea to the glorious or ignoble first night of production is in four strides, or as often happens, limps. "First the writing, then the placing, and with that I would like to stop,' said Miss Ford. "But the selection of the cast is inevitable. And there is the first night."

Miss Ford paused with the gasping sign that sums a player's sensations on a première. Those of an author, it appears, are no less poignant.

"I heard Maxine Elliott say a first night is like being run over by the Twentieth Century Express," I remarked.

"It is like a railroad collision," agreed Miss Ford.

"How did you and your collaborators divide your work?"

"When Mr. Patterson and I wrote 'The Fourth Estate,' we equally divided our labor. He wrote the first act while I was writing the second. Then he wrote the third while I was writing the fourth. Mr. O'Higgins and I have a slower and more satisfactory method. He calls at my apartment or I go down to



ANN MURDOCK
Now appearing in "A Pair of Sixes" at the Longacre

While he was locking the trunk he said, "It seems to be a his country home on Long Island, and we spend five hours a "What will he say?" wondered the unhappy reader. day, two and a half hours in the morning and two and a half in

the afternoon, at work. We talk over a scene until we decide upon the lines. If he thinks of one upon which we agree he writes it, or if I hit upon one that pleases us I write it. I sit at my desk and Mr. O'Higgins does a great deal of walking around. The country homes of my collaborators were ideal places to work. Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. O'Higgins were invaluable audiences and critics. Our writing of 'The Dummy' was done in the same way. Mr. O'Higgins and I have carried the play along in quite the same method.'

"Do you think a man and a woman are the ideal playwriting partners?"

"Yes; if there be a partnership, that is the ideal one. A woman knows more of a woman's motives and thoughts and a man more of a man's.

So the psychology of the characters is well balanced. In other words, a man knows more about a man and a woman knows more about a woman."

"What do you think of the merits of a man and a woman playwright?'

Miss Ford, out of her experience and success, made amazing answer: "I think usually a woman is miscast as a playwright!" "Why do you say that, being so successful yourself?"

"Generally she for some reason lacks one or both of the two essentials. Either she hasn't the dramatic instinct or she hasn't the constructive faculty, the power to build. In other words, she isn't an architect."

While I made my adieux to the most beautiful of the feminine playwrights of our playwriting line, I saw a faint, isolated line running diagonally between the "life" and "heart" line in her palm.

"A palmist told me that line indicated that I would be a successful architect," she laughed.

Miss Ford has displayed remarkable self-restraint and business acumen to have avoided a feminist subject thus far for her plays. Perhaps some of the restraint and acumen was a masculine contribution to the playwright alliance.

Miss Ford refuses to promise never to write a play on a feminine theme.

"Two feminine traits we must put the soft pedal on when we vote," she said. "One is credulity. The other is our tendency to hero worship." ADA PATTERSON.



KITTY CHEATHAM Well-known American diseuse who gave her last recital of this season at the Lyceum Theatre recently



DAVIDOFF IN HIS STUDY



Russia's Greatest Comedian

IMPERIAL ALEXANDER THEATRE, ST. PETERSBURG

men in Russia is the actor, Davidoff. Peculiar is the genius of this comedian, unique has been his share in the upbuilding of a native classic drama. extraordinarily simple and winsome is his personality, enviable is his hold on the hearts of Russian theatregoers. I have sat as a guest in his spacious, crimson box

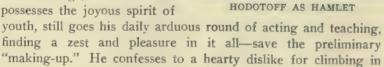
in the great Imperial Theatre in Petersburg, have seen him play "Raspuiff" in the fifty-year-old Russian classic, "The Wedding of Krichinsky," have laughed to tears merely to see him walk across the stage and pronounce two words, have applauded wildly with hundreds of others who had risen to their feet to do him honor. On the street and in the street cars of Petersburg he is known at sight by his tremendous size and beaming, friendly face; the people make way for him, doff their hats to him, and greet him with unbounded enthusiasm and appreciation. In his home—a home of actors—he is ingenuous and unaffected.

Known as "Vladimir Nicholievitch Davidoff," this actor's real name is Ivan Nicholievitch Goréloff. He was born in the province of Poltavsky sixty-three years ago. He was educated in Kief, Tombof and Moscow, acted "supper-is-served, sir" parts for ten years in strolling companies, and at thirty-three years of age set out to try his fortune in the Czar's capital Davidoff never attended a dramatic school. He has learned his business on the stage itself, and fame came very slowly.

He has acted in some seven hundred plays, and has "starred" in rôles all the way from the woman Match-Maker in Gogol's "Marriage," to Tartufe in the Molière classic, Gloster in "King

NE of the best-loved Lear," and Falstaff in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." The Russian people have given Davidoff two great jubilees, one on the completion of twenty-five years of acting, another on the rounding out of forty years activity on the Russian stage and twenty-five years on the Imperial stage. In spite of his size and age, Davidoff still possesses the joyous spirit of

and out of property clothes!



A more artless, sincere, naïve art than that of Davidoff's it would be impossible to imagine. The Russian classic drama, fortunately, is lacking in mechanical surprises, carefully timed "big scenes," artificial, improbable stage tricks, and slap-stick comedy and farce. Russian drama is Russian life. The best acting, therefore, is merely creation of character, the impersonation of a rôle on the stage as near life as possible, the only difference being that on the stage there is need for a certain intensity of tone and manner which will help carry impressions across the footlights. The actors are members, teachers and pupils of a government school of dramatic art which, together with the theatre itself, enjoys a subsidy of a million dollars a year from the Czar. There are no advertisements, no press agents, no claque, no orchestra, no ticket "scalpers," no "featuring" of anyone or anything save those intonations and gestures which genius alone can discover and which limn so vividly the sketchy outlines of personality.



HODOTOFF AS HAMLET



URIEFF As Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice"



INTERIOR OF THE ALEXANDER THEATRE



A. VARLAMOFF One of the most popular of Russian comedians

Davidoff's best rôle, perhaps, is that of the tippling, naïve, dull-witted Raspuiff in "The Marriage of Krichinsky," a standard comedy at the Alexander Theater. The fat servant's pitiful manner of slow and wrong thinking, his canine worship of his worthless master, his amusing narration of disasters that befell him in a gambling house, his first encounter with English boxing,

and how he got worsted in three fist fights in twenty-four hours, his habit of forgetting how many children he has, in this part, almost devoid of any particular dramatic or emotional moments, Davidoff discovers endless comic possibilities and realizes them with an art of sympathetic understanding and refreshing spontaneity, imbued with a purely Russian flavor.

In the play, "Maria Ivanovna," Davidoff, in the character of a priest, enters alone into the room of a home where the family are in mourning. The priest examines a portrait, listens, thrums meditatively with his fingers on the table pauses, heaves a deep sigh, and walks slowly out again. Not a word is said; yet the comment of gesture and manner are so absolutely natural, so eloquent with feeling, that the audience is moved instinctively to tears.

Once a pupil in one of Davidoff's classes in dramatic art approached him with this question: "Vladim'r Nicholi'ch, can you not tell me in one sentence the secret of good acting?". Immediately Davidoff replied: "Zheet! Zheet! Zheet!" ("Live! Live! Live!") At another time a young girl, beautiful and ambitious, lured by stage life, came to him for advice: "What must I do to learn to act?" "First, get into an aeroplane," the comedian replied, "fly up toward

heaven, and ask God if you have talent or not. If so, you may begin; if not—better not." Once I pressed him for a further elaboration of his theory of acting and got the following reply: "A good actor is like a sponge. He absorbs the essence of a given rôle as a sponge absorbs water. When he acts, he is like a sponge being squeezed—he gives out what he has absorbed. A poor actor is like a brick. He absorbs some understanding of his character, to be sure, as a brick does moisture, but he cannot as he desires give out what he has absorbed, even as a brick cannot be squeezed."

Davidoff's unique place in the theatrical history of Russia is his service in fostering a native school of dramatic writing. Russia has never produced a predominately great dramatist. For her dramas she has had to depend upon the literary by-products of authors whose gifts lay for the most part in other lines. The greatest drama in the Russian tongue, for instance, Gogol's comedy, the "Revizór," was written at a friendly suggestion from the poet, Pushkin. The average Russian play is weak in theme. There are no clashes, no uplifts, no dominating ideas, no

invention. Often they are little more than mere dialogues, beginning nowhere and ending where they started. A spectator, seeing them, is often reminded of the slow-moving, delightfully phrased, plotless Congrevian comedy of manners. Such a school of dramatic writing can obviously exist only with the help of the most sympathetic and finished acting. Davidoff, Varlámoff,

Apollónski, Sávina, Machurína, Vacílieva, Strélskaya, have been endowed with the understanding and genius to save these rich comedies and tragedies from being banished from the Russian stage.

The school of acting now centred about Davidoff does not succeed with the more brilliant plays adapted from other tongues nearly so well as it does with the philosophical, literary, native product. I have seen the curtain go up at the Alexander Theater at a performance of "Hamlet" with less than fifty spectators in the auditorium! English, French, German and Spanish plays are for the most part presented in the privately owned theatres of Petersburg. In the Imperially subsidized Mihilovski Theater, foreign plays are presented throughout the season in the original tongue, French importations standing first in favor. The typical Russian theatre-going crowds, however, gather at the Alexander Theater. There, every day of the week except Saturday and holidays, one may finding stagings of plays by Ostrófski, Gogol, Tchéhof, Tolstoi and Tourgenieff. Many of their plays have been played half a thousand times, and even to-day make an almost weekly appearance in the repertory. theatre is generally full. Indeed, it is often necessary to stand in line for an hour or two in order to secure a ticket.



THE CONCERT STAGE IN THE GRAND SALOON OF S. S. "VATERLAND"

The main lounge of the "Vaterland," which is large and sumptuous, is provided with a concert stage and dancing floor

Russian theatregoers care more to see acting than the play. In Russia, acting is the thing.

Russian acting is so natural, so untheatrical, so human, that one is not surprised to find the actors themselves a singularly gracious and likable class of people. Indeed, the simplicity, modesty and humility of Slavonic character lend a peculiar charm to the private lives of Russia's men of fame and genius. Exceptional as is the treat of seeing Davidoff rollick through a comedy in the Alexander Theater, I prize even more the pleasant hours I have spent with him in his home. Sitting with him and other actors in his luxurious studio, whose walls are covered with portraits and statues of famous actors and lined by a library of the classic dramatic masterpieces of the world; listening in the music room with them to the playing of Chopin by some famous Russian musician, a chance guest of the evening, or sitting at table with the brilliant company enjoying the unique Russian two-o'clock midnight feast, or oozhen-on these occasions the great comedian sits quietly and smiling in the place of honor, like a great ancient baron of (Continued on page 41)



Sisters of the Stage

ISTERS have always played a prominent part on the American stage. While the socalled theatrical families have contributed many daughters to the profession, by far the largest number have come from

mond Hitchcock).

Perhaps the most interesting of these unusual sisters are Miss Martha Hedman and Miss Marguerite Leslie. Miss Hedman is known as a Swedish ac-



tress-Miss Leslie as an English actress-who is making her first appearances in America. As a matter of fact, both

are Swedish-Hedman is the family name. Miss Leslie took her name when she went to London. For several years she appeared in Charles Frohman's companies in the British capital, and became so thoroughly identified with the English stage that she is considered an English actress. She is the elder of the two sisters. Her success on the stage encouraged her sister to take up a similar career, but Miss Martha Hedman remained in Sweden until she came to America to be John Mason's leading woman. Her appearance in "Indian Summer" last fall was short-lived, and she was

seen later in London with Sir George Alex-

ander in "The Attack" and "The Two Virtues." Miss Leslie recently appeared as Henriette in Henri Bernstein's play, "The

Secret," at the Belasco Theatre, this city.

Maxine Elliott

Miss Olive Wyndham, recently seen in Geo. Scarborough's play, "The Last Resort," took up a stage career for the same reason as Miss Hedman. Her elder sister, Miss Janet Beecher, has met with marked success behind the footlights, and she decided to emulate her.



Blanche Ring

Their family name is neither Beecher nor Wyndham-but the simple and unromantic one of Quinn. Recently Miss Beecher, whose artistic work in "The Concert," and more recently in "The Great

Adventure," is well remembered, changed her name again when she married.

Few well-known actresses have so many sisters on the stage as Miss Hazel Dawn, who leaped into fame over night in "The Pink Lady." Four sisters have followed in her footsteps. One of them, Miss Margaret Romaine, has already played a leading rôle in a New York production. Another is in grand opera. Still another has appeared in vaudeville under her real name, Tout. For Miss Hazel Dawn and her four sisters are the

daughters of James Tout, a Morman of Ogden, Utah.

Marie McFar-

"Madame?" who is Miss Mary McFarland, twin sister of Miss

land, also comes from the West. The twins were born in Leavenworth, Kansas, and McFarland is their real name. Not only are they exactly similar in appearance, but

families in private life. One daughter has taken up a stage career and succeeded, with the result that a younger sister has

followed in her footsteps. Often the younger sister has become as well known as her predecessor: Gertrude and Maxine Elliott, Florence and Mary Nash, Mabel and Edith Taliaferro, Chrystal and Julie Herne, Blanche and Frances Ring, are only a few of the more famous sisters in this category. Their relationship is well known to every theatregoer.

But there are other equally well-known actresses on our stage who are sisters whose relationship is known only to their intimates. Having taken different stage names, the fact that they are sisters is unsuspected by the theatre-going public. And as their respective

careers on the stage are separate, as a rule no effort is made by the managers to make known their real relationship,

Who, for instance, is aware that Miss Marguerite Leslie, who was recently seen in "The Secret," is a sister of Miss Martha Hedman, the young Swedish actress who made such a favorable impression in Bernstein's play, "The Attack"? Who is aware that Miss Janet Beecher and Miss Olive Wyndham, two of the most popular actresses

pyright Lizzie Cas Gertrude Elliott

on our stage, are daughters of the same parents? Their relatives and friends, of course. But their audiences never guess it-for

the simple reason that the sisters have dissimilar names and always appear in different companies.

No one would ever guess that Miss Margaret Romaine, who appeared in "The Midnight Girl," is a sister of Miss Hazel Dawn, of musical comedy fame; that Miss Marion Mosby, who played a leading rôle in "The Doll Girl," is a sister of Miss Beverley Sitgreaves, the well-known dramatic actress, or that Miss Katherine Florence (Mrs. Fritz Williams) is the sister of Miss Eleanor Moretti. Yet they are of the same flesh and

blood. And there are many others who are also related. The well-advertised "Madame?" of vaudeville is no other



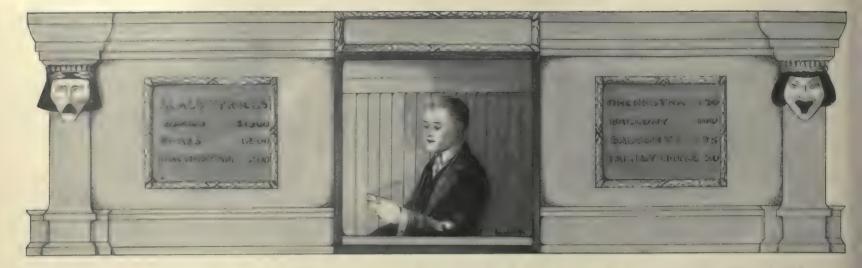
than the twin sister of Marie

Marguerite Leslie Martha Hedman

McFarland, who always appears in the same bill. Miss Christine Mangasa-1 ian, the soubrette of "The Beauty Shop,' Raymond Hitchcock's latest



Marie McFarland Mary McFarland



DURING long hours spent behind a box-office window, I have

Confessions of a Ticket Seller

genuity, unless held in check by strong principles, will take advantage of op-

read all sorts of confessions, pleas for sympathy from murderers, nuns, burglars and opium-eaters. During my theatrical career 1 have travelled through most of our States; I have met and talked with men in almost every calling, from opera impresarios to Methodist ministers, and I am firm in my conviction that theatre box-office work is the worst paid and the most ungrateful work in the world.

You will answer, "Oh, I don't know. Think of all the fun and excitement a theatre ticket seller must have. He is in close touch with the stage, on speaking terms with all the stars. Only the manager himself seems to exceed him in importance." Yes, but the public is not permitted to see the seamy side. While theatregoers are inside enjoying the play, they do not see the poor ticket seller trying frantically to balance his cash and tickets. Merely by mentioning the word "balance" when talking to a box-office man, you can tell how long he has been behind the bars by the expression of resignation on his face.

Then there is the manager—a person of pompous appearance and vast importance, in his own eyes, who struts about finding fault. The manager is the ticket seller's natural enemy. Keeping loftily aloof from his treasurer (such is the box-office man's empty title), and affecting a dignified reserve, he nevertheless depends on his subordinate to do all kinds of unpleasant work—discharge husky ushers whom the manager, if the truth were known, fears to meet, decapitate scrub women and placate creditors. When business is bad, he blames the treasurer for not selling enough tickets; when it is good, he blames him because he does not sell more. Manager, oh, hateful being! How often in the darkness of the night, to sooth my ruffled pride, have I planned to hari-kari him!

The reader will smile, and jabbing me in the ribs inquire, with a knowing wink: "But how about all those soubrettes and chorus girls?" I plead innocence, and may add that grease paint and rouge hid much homeliness and virtue. Some of the best women and mothers I have ever known are earning an honest livelihood prancing in tights and warbling before the bald-headed row.

Conditions in the show buisness have changed considerably during the last ten years. Old and honored traditions are disregarded by the newcomers. There was a time when it was thought necessary to serve an apprenticeship in the show business, but now butchers and bakers swarm into the game, all eager to take a chance with the theatrical dice. The green room, the social centre of the old school theatre, has long since disappeared. Land values are too high even to allow of building stages large enough for a production. The actor alone is benefited by the new order of things. Salaries undreamed of in the past are paid to actors to-day, but the poor devils in the boxoffice in most cases suffer from the other extreme.

There was a time when the treasurer or ticket seller was considered a person of importance, but he has rapidly shrunk to the status of a street car conductor, and his legitimate earning capacity is little better. I say legitimate because human in-

portunity. Human nature is weak and is often unable to resist temptation. One may ask if the employer who places large responsibility in the same cage with ridiculously small pay, and expects them to harmonize, is not as much to blame for subsequent wrong doing as the employee who finds a quasi justification for his peculations in the difference between what he renders and receives. The employer when confronted with this fact will tell you that as soon as he discovers the slightest crookedness he discharges his clerk and gets another at the same salary. If one person will not work for a small salary, another will. The woods are full of people looking for a chance to get enough to eat. This process of thief-making goes on, and who is to blame?

Every ticket seller, no matter how good-tempered and affable by nature, sooner or later becomes a confirmed pessimist. Yet he has given you so many good seats that you can forgive him his seeming irritation. Remember, when you judge him so hastily, that he may have troubles of his own. If theatregoers ever have to answer for pain inflicted on others, some of the ladies (God bless 'em!) will have their hands full explaining away their heartrending behavior at the box-office window.

Theatre-goers often wonder why they can't get seats nearer than the tenth or twelfth row, and they go away from the window accusing the ticket seller of collusion with the speculator. In some cases, possibly, they are right, although in justice to myself and most of my colleagues, I insist that the average ticket seller is honest. The day of the ticket speculator is over. Some of them are near starvation, and the sensible ticket seller is hardly likely to be tempted to enter into such a dangerous copartnership. Still, the first ten rows are usually missing at the box office. You will find them at the ticket agencies in hotels, and you can have them by paying a half dollar bonus. How do they get there? Don't ask the treasurer. Ask the manager. He can tell you that he allows a favorite agency or a number of them to take from the box office the first ten rows for six or eight weeks in advance. Then the public is allowed to hand over their good money for what remains. The agency gives a certified check for what it takes, and has the privilege of returning up to twenty-five per cent. of its purchase, if they are unable to dispose of them. This preference accorded the agencies is easily explained. Of two big theatrical concerns in New York City it is suspected in one case, and in the other an established fact, that they own or control the largest of these agencies.

There is hardly a human trait that is not being continually disclosed before the weary ticket seller. One of the prevalent types is the exact man—more often the woman—who must sit in the absolute centre of the theatre, who will ask five or six times if the seats are behind a post, and after making several dozen minute surveys of the diagram, will come back and state that he wants the tickets, not for to-night, but for Saturday matinée, or that he had made a mistake, and does not want them for this theatre, but for another.

Then we have the man with his girl. I am about to sell him

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES



Photos taken especially for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

Copyright Byron, N. Y.

two of the highest price seats, both of us smiling and getting along famously, until her ladyship sniffs foul play. Man proposes, woman disposes. "I don't like those seats," she says airily. "Why do you listen to him, dear?"

She gives me a vicious, owllike look through her lorgnette as though I were a specie of some loathsome horned toad. Poor man, he looks at me mutely, saying, "You understand, old pal, let me down easy," and passes on.

Professional pride and the ever-present manager prompts us to handle every individual and exigency with the skill and grace of a French dancing master. When the human hog, after jostling other buyers on his way to the window, demands the best seat in the house, which has probably been sold for two or three weeks back, he must be met with the same apparent welcome as anyone else. patience has its limits, even the patience of a ticket seller. Sometimes it happens that, in answer to an uncalled for and biting remark by the ticket buyer, the man behind the window sends back a jolter straight from the shoulder. He has learned from much observation what to say, and when he does answer he seldom fails to make the needed impression.

Next we have the somnambulist, who confronts you at the window, stares speechlessly at the diagram, then suddenly wakes up, and repays your indulgent smiles with some caustic remarks more or less personal. There is not another calling where so many pearls are cast before swine. Yet it is but justice to add that many box-office patrons are ladies and gentlemen in the best sense of the words, and when one of these is encountered, the best in the house is hardly good enough for them.

The beggar with his "God bless ye" is a regular caller at the box-office window, so also is the flim-flam man, who asks for fifty single bills for a fifty-dollar certificate, then suddenly changes his mind, slips back the roll, and wants his big bill back and tries to get away before you discover that he has taken ten or more dollars



Photos copyright Moffett, Chicago

1. Kirah Markham, appearing in "The Lure."

2. Dorothy Webb, seen in "The Doll Girl."

3. Bessie Wynne, in vaudeville.

from fifty singles. But the worst pest we have to put up with is the chronic story-teller, especially the one who keeps his notes in a little book, and when he has finished his sixteenth yarn, and we are thinking the torture over, opens his prompt book and starts all over again.

One of the few types that give us real pleasure is the veteran actor, full of theatrical reminiscences, who has set up the old celebrities in niches and worships them with fanatical devotion long after the play-going public has forgotten them. Time exacts a heavy toll in any profession, but in the show business laurels fade with great rapidity. Murdoch, Cushman, Forrest! Who of the present generation knows anything about those giants of the stage, yet when some old vendor of metal polishes or rat poison sets down his wares and lingers for a few minutes, perhaps hours, in front of the window, and conjures up memories of names growing dim or already forgotten, reciting Shakespeare by the yard and telling how he supported Booth and Barrett, we listen with pleasure. We know that he supported them by carrying a spear or a kerosene torch, but why destroy the feeling of comradeship with the great dead which to-day is the only cherished memory he has left?

Once in a while something happens that never fails to cause a laugh. One man, laden with suit cases, came rushing up to the window and asked for a ticket for Rochester, and thought we were jesting with him when we told him that the Grand Central Terminal was a few blocks to the East. Another leaped from a street car, bustled up the lobby, threw three cents on the window and shouted, "How soon does the boat leave?"

Ladies of all ages, from fourteen years to sixty, expect us to give them the pedigree of the leading man and a complete record of all the scandals connected with his name. Johnnies enlist our aid to gain the acquaintance of such and such a young woman, so many to the right in the front rank of the chorus. We must refuse, yet try not to offend.

(Continued on page 38)

Strindberg and Bjornson

THE first meeting between Strindberg and Bjornson took place in Paris and was not without its influence on Strindberg's development.

When Bjornson had lectured in Stockholm and Upsula his audiences, carried away by his force and enthusiasm, came away feeling as though they had been present at a death struggle. A storm of feeling swept over the city and country; it was as though a magician had passed that way.

Strindberg, then at the beginning of his career, had avoided a meeting, fearing that in Bjornson he would meet a stronger character, one that would overwhelm him, it was fear, also, of being drawn into political and factional fights and this same fear had been the reason of his refusal, after the production of "The Red Room," of an invitation which would have meant his meeting with the leaders of the "Young-Denmark" party.

After Strindberg arrived in Paris, Bjornson wrote expressing a desire to meet one with whom he had many thoughts and ideas in common, and inviting Strindberg to his house, but, as before, Strindberg declined, fearing to meet the man he believed to be so much stronger than himself. Strindberg's ideas and ideal of Bjornson was not alone the result of all that he had heard and read, but his mental picture of the man was drawn from two pictures he had seen: one of Bjornson in his early youth, at the time of his writing "Synnove," and the other at a later date. The first showed a dark-bearded, hypochondriacal face of a young man, the later picture was a large head with a lion's mane, eyes which, from under brows as heavy as an ordinary young man's moustache, seemed to flash fire through large spectacles, and a mouth firm and strong, the whole face one of extraordinary power and character. This was the Bjornson that Strindberg feared to meet.

Some time after his refusal of Bjornson's invitation, Strindberg returned to his home in Neuilly to find Bjornson waiting for him. But the man he saw in the afternoon twilight, while strongly built, was not an unusual type, his appearance was rather that of a middle-class tradesman, lacking even in the appearance of refinement expected of genius. His voice, while low and friendly, had almost a timid note, he spoke as one speaks to a sick person. (Indeed, Strindberg was at this time a sick man, as he was suffering from some nervous illness.)

After they had taken measure of each other, as men do under such circumstances they opened their hearts, finding many points of congeniality as well as a similarity of their positions to bind them together. For Bjornson had, through his ambition, lost his friends of the liberal party in Norway, and through "The King" had killed his popularity with the people—for this piece was regarded as a scandal and little short of high treason and last, his "Glove" had been a failure at Hamburg.

Strindberg felt that as a god Bjornson had been overthrown and that they were now in a measure equal. Indeed, he came to believe after a few meetings that he himself had the wider knowledge and better judgment in many things. But out of sympathy and pity for Bjornson's lost popularity and ambitions Strindberg put aside his criticism, in fact, he felt an extraordinary security with this once powerful man, and his feeling was almost that of a son toward Bjornson, while Bjornson on his side had a fatherly feeling for his friend.

Strindberg became, in a way, a disciple of Bjornson's, who became his father confessor and his conscience. Bjornson preached that one must write with love, and to let politics alone, while in the meantime he betrayed himself in hatred for the king and told who the people were who stood for the characters of his drama "Beyond Our Strength." Yet he was so lovable in an almost childlike way that Strindberg found criticism impossible and Strindberg was one of those who could deny nothing to a friend, least of all to build friendship on self-interest. Perhaps



shkin MARGARET ROMAINE
Who played the title rôle in "The Midnight Girl"

the basis of friendship is, more often than we realize, the desire to be loved, or the desire to love—a basis that means much when two people hold the same desire in equal proportions, two who contribute equally to the cause of friendship.

Strindberg felt his own unpopularity keenly in Sweden and looked for such healing as friendship could give. Bjornson on his side was a poet, a man of complex and varying personality; there were traits of priestly character, the padre who controls his little flock, intolerant of contradiction, there was a slyness that is a characteristic of the northern peasant, there was a theatrical side to him, a seeking for effect and there was a tribune of the people who would wake and rouse to action his followers. The deeply Christian side was shown in various forms, he demanded moral purity and he used many scriptural phrases. But in spite of all he had the character of a lovable child. Strindberg tells of two rows of short, worn-out teeth, and when Bjornson smiled he was reminded of the milk teeth of a child.

Bjornson's sense of humor was slow and he was not quick to see a joke; he listened at first with suspicion and laughed with heartiest abandon when he at last realized. This was Bjornson's personality, but this Strindberg did (Continued on page 42)







TOTE BUILED

MR. AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE

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ANNA PAVLOWA

de Rosa and Cava-

lazzi. The first three

R ECENTLY a prominent vaudeville man-

Evolution of Modern Stage Dancing

ager offered Mme. Pavlowa \$60,000 for ten weeks' engagement for herself alone. The offer was refused.

"Why should I dance in the variety theatres, when I can fill the Metropolitan Opera House and Carnegie Hall? My managers have been forced to secure an even larger auditorium, the Madison Square Garden, to accommodate those unable to obtain seats."

The famous Russian dancer did not wish to cast reflection on vaudeville theatres so much as to impress the two-a-day magnate with her importance. Yet it would not be the first time she has appeared on the variety stage. She has danced in London music halls almost every year since her name became one to conjure with.

"But I offered you more money for ten weeks than the great Bonfanti earned throughout her entire career," pleaded the vaudeville manager. "Why not engage Bonfanti, then?" retorted Paylowa.

The vaudeville manager of to-day is an astute showman. Stranger things may happen than that a Hammerstein may yet act on Pavlowa's suggestion, for the great Bonfanti, whose marvelous toe-dancing amazed theatregoers half a century ago, still lives. The same Bonfanti, who in the late '60's and early '70's was the stellar attraction of "The Black Crook," at Niblo's Garden, not only is yet with us, but she is still dancing and presides over a school of choreography, where many of the dancers of this generation have been taught all they know of the Terpsichorean art.

But between the era of Bonfanti and that of the Pavlowa, there is a wide gulf. Times have changed. Fifty years ago the toe-dancer was regarded as an objectionable feature of grand opera. In fact, it was not until Col. J. H. Mapleson came here with Her Majesty's Opera Company in the early '80's that the introduction of a ballet in opera was an attraction worth while, and then it was the beautiful Cavalazzi—Mapleson's daughter-in-law—who created a furore hardly less sensational than that caused by Pavlowa's advent.

Up to the time of Cavalazzi's début at the old Academy of Music on East Fourteenth Street, all of the great toe-dancers came from Italy, The four greatest were Bonfanti, Morlachi, danced in spectacles, such as "The Black Crook," "The Twelve Temptations" and "The White Fawn." Bonfanti married a young banker, named Hoffmann, who built the theatre which still stands at Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue. Morlachi was wedded to the great scout "Texas Jack," W. H. Omnohundro. All four established dancing schools in New York. Cavalazzi had her studio up to a few months ago in the Metropolitan Opera House building, and she has provided the majority of the dancers who now appear at New York's operatic institutions.

After "The Black Crook" had a two-years' run at Niblo's Garden it was revived due to the failure of other spectacles in which fortunes had been sunk. The public had begun to tire of the Italian type of toe-dancer, over which it had raved for so long, and the management of Niblo's decided that something new must be discovered with which to attract the crowds.

The fame of the Kiralfys, who were sensationally successful in Hungary, had reached New York. An agent was dispatched to Budapest to report on their dancing with a final result that the three brothers and as many sisters sailed for New York. At their début they scored an unequivocal hit. The vogue of the Kiralfys lasted more than fifteen years and was only ended through fatalities to the Kiralfy sisters. All three married in America and left the stage. Two have died. The third is in an asylum at Stamford.

The Kiralfy Brothers all became producers in this country. Arnold, the youngest, was the only one of the three to continue dancing. The latter died five years ago, the other two brothers still live. Imre is rated as a millionaire. For twenty years he has lived in London, where he provides the great pageantry for the famous Earls Court Exhibitions. Bolossy is in America. where he has large interests. He also stages vast spectacles here.

After the Kiralfys had had a prolonged vogue and the sisters were no longer a novelty, the craze for the Hungarian style of dancing abated, and the managerial eye was directed toward the London Gaiety Theatre, where the skirt dance—a new craze—had developed. George Edwardes, the English manager, saw a fortune for himself in this country and he brought over here the complete organization from the famous Strand playhouse. Although the company included Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie.



Photo Mishkin

MARGARET GREENE
Recently seen as Mary Norton in the successful mystery farce, "Seven Keys to Baldpate"



IRENE ROMAIN Lately seen in Owen Davis' play, "The Family Cupboard"

together with a wonderful array of English blondes, the real furore was created by Letty Lind and Sylvia Grey. The skirt dance packed the Standard Theatre, now the site of Gimbel's Department Store, for eight months. For more than five years every burlesque and musical comedy company show featured its own Gaiety dancers, while the dancing academies all over the country enjoyed an unparalleled period of prosperity in the effort to provide "Gaiety girls" for the variety theatres, and even the dime museums, then in their zenith, flourished to an extent that caused an utter scarcity of chorus girls. The latter jumped their engagements to become Gaiety dancers at \$50 a week, instead of \$18 in the Merry-Merry.

Around the "Rialto" the producers were on the alert for a novelty in the dancing line for more than three years after the skirt dance had ceased to attract. Nothing happened, however, until along about 1889 a young actress, noted for her versatility, appeared unheralded in a comic opera, "L'Oncle Celestin," at the Casino. The actress was Loie Fuller and she exhibited a novelty in the Terpsichorean line that was destined to provide hundreds of young women with a compelling medium with which to tempt the managerial purse.

"The serpentine dance," which Loie Fuller originated, was unquestionably the greatest boon for dancers, amateurs as well as professionals, that stage history can record to this day. The serpentine craze at once became an epidemic in every country. Miss Fuller had neglected to protect her ingenious creation, although for a period the light effects were kept a secret.

But it was not until Miss Fuller made her début at the

Folies Bergères in Paris and was there hailed as "La Loie" that the serpentine dance craze reached the epidemic stage. Famous society women of the French capital capitulated, a few lessons sufficed to render the novice as competent as the professional.

Loie Fuller became the Parisian idol. The French people saw nothing more in "La Loie" than a mere exponent of a new art. They went wild over her classic poses and immaculate figure. One daring French woman was actually induced to do the serpentine dance in a cage wherein were confined two ferocious lions.

Loie came direct to America from her Paris triumph and prominent actresses stormed the theatre where she was dancing, bent upon copying her and revelling in the financial harvest; the majority of these enjoyed a prolonged period of prosperity, but Loie herself never fared well in her own country, not even as well as many of her imitators.

After the serpentine dance there came another lull which was broken as a result of persistent efforts of the Parisian amusement caterers to find a successor. This was accomplished in the Apache dance, still potent abroad as well as here, but no such craze developed as for the earlier and far less difficult dances. The Apache dance required unusual ability, dramatic as well as Terpsichorean, and all of its interpreters have been experienced, all-around dancers or else competent actors.

The advent of the art dancer immediately preceded that of the Pavlowa or Russian craze, but the "art" dancer was introduced in an environment so elaborate and so costly that no incentive had been provided for a real craze, in fact, the distinctly musical side of art dancing had made the greater public appeal. The first to come (Continued on page 38)



Strauss-Peyton

To appear next season in "It Pays to Advertise"









SUMO-KO MATSUI

URAJI YAMAKAWA

CHIYE-KO SATO

widely contrasting

rôles. Chiye-ko

Sato, also of the

LTHOUGH it Japan Leading Actresses of was a woman, Okuni, who is

Imperial Theatre, has made a great success in modern farce. Sada Yacco, who visited Europe and America a number of years ago, is generally regarded abroad as the leading Japanese

feminine parts in the plays always being taken by men, as in the time of Shakespeare. The present craze in Japan for women on actress. She was a geisha at the beginning of her career, but the stage is of very recent date, and began with the establishment of a school for actresses in connection with the most modern playhouse in Japan, the Imperial Theatre of

credited with the founding of the Japanese stage, the actress has

been under the ban of the authorities for several hundred years,

Tokyo. For the past two years the graduates of this school have been petted and spoiled by the public, the newspapers daily commenting on their good looks and kimonos rather than on their ability to act. As a natural consequence a fever for the stage has seized all classes of young women, factory and office girls, students, young society women pining away because of unrequited love, even farm girls in the remote country districts who wish to imitate their ambitious city sisters.

Among the prominent actresses at the Imperial Theatre is Ritsu-ko Mori, the daughter of a Member of Parliament. She was edu-

cated at the Peeress' School in Tokyo and was one of the first girls of good family to break through the prejudice that has existed for hundreds of years against actorfolk who have been regarded as among the lowest in the social scale. Miss Mori is now in London and



RITSU-KO MORI

will later go to Paris to study the Western stage and bring back fresh ideas for her own work in the Imperial Theatre. She is particularly successful in comic rôles. Kikue Kawamura daughter of a Tokyo novelist, is also popular at the Imperial Theatre, while Namitragic or sad rôles, the Stork Society are and has appeared as one of the sisters in Maeterlinck's "The Death of Tintagiles." Kaku-ko Murata, who stands at the head of the Imperial Theatre actresses, is possessed of much

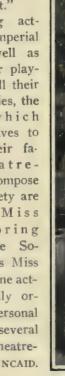
garet in "Faust." The leading actresses of the Imperial Theatre as well as those of minor playhouses, have all their boosting societies, the members of which pledge themselves to support their favorites. Theatreko Hatsuse is seen in goers who compose adherents of Miss Mori; the Spring Bamboo Fence Society patronizes Miss Kawamura. One actress successfully organized a personal following of several hundred theatreoriginality and takes goers. Z. KINCAID.

came into fame with her husband, the late Kawakami, who founded the modern stage of Japan. For years she was the only woman of prominence upon the stage, and there was no one to contest her claim, but to-day she finds herself somewhat in the background with the rising into public favor of the modern young women who have been specially trained for their profession. With the death of her husband, Sada Yacco lost her hold still more, and now is seldom seen on the stage. She expects to leave soon for a visit to New York and London.

Two of the foremost interpreters of rôles in Western translations are Sumo-ko Matsui and Uraji Yamakawa. Miss Matsui has appeared as Ophelia, as Nora in "A Doll's House," as Magda, Mrs. Clandon in "You Never Can Tell," and as Kathie in "Old

Heidelberg." She is never seen in anything else but Western rôles, and within the next few years will go abroad to study. Uraji Yamakawa is a graduate of the Peeress' School, and her husband is the son of a member of Parliament. She has been

seen as the Queen in "Hamlet," as Hedda Gabler, and as Mar-





KIKUE KAWAMURA



NAMI-KO HATSUSE

Dramatist Who Dissects the Feminine

AURICE DONNAY, the well-known playwright, on whom the French Government has lately conferred the perhaps accomplished one of the most curious and brilliant literary evolutions to be recorded in modern French literature. He has lazily journeved from the Butte Montmartre, down to

the Académie Française, which venerable institution, as everybody knows, holds its sittings on the left bank of the gray, swift-flowing Seine. Maurice Donnay had no doubt a double pleasure in accomplishing this saunter, firstly because all the way from Montmartre to the Institute of France the road runs slowly downhill, and secondly because he made several delightful halts by the wayside. Most of the leading theatres of Paris are situated between Montmartre and the Quai Conti, where the noble dome of the institute dominates the quaint little place of the Collège des Ouatre Nations. And when he dons his famous green-embroidered coat and assists at some grave discussion for or against the admission of such words as esquinter and engueuler in the Dictionary of the Academy, Maurice Donnay no doubt smiles that delicious smile of his while remembering his distinctly Bohemian débuts.

One evening, in 1889, a tall, slim young man climbed swiftly up the steps of the small platform which served as stage in the Cabaret du Chat Noir in the heart of Montmartre. His olive-skinned face was shaded by blueblack hair; his black eves were very soft in expression, and his thick-lipped mouth emitted the most caressingly lazy voice." "I immediately compared

him to an Annamite mandarin," says M. Jules Lemaître, the famous writer, in narrating his first impression of Maurice Donnay, "because of the resemblance he bore to a mandarin and also because he seemed to be, as are so many eastern erudites. subtle, indolent, voluptuous and possessing a very gay, yet keen nihilism."

Maurice Donnay seemed slightly bashful. It was evidently the first time he had appeared in public. However, the habitués of the Cabaret seemed kindly, and he caught sight from afar. through the clouds of smoke which surrounded the amateurs of art and jokes who frequented the Black Cat, of the picturesque director of the establishment, Rodolphe Salis, le gentilhomme Salis, as he was called, winked encouragingly at his new pensioner, while welcoming with exaggerated courtesy some latecomers, whom he addressed as "mes gentilshommes et nobles dames." Then Maurice Donnay began to speak. He recited harmonious, mocking, delicate, ironical verses, and was enthusiastically applauded, though his audience was accustomed to hear such talented chansonniers as Léon Gandillot, Georges Auriol and Maurice Vaucaire. Thus encouraged, and as if to prove that although a subtle, exquisite poet he also knew how to joke, Donnay recited one of his famous fables.

When he finished the applause was deafening. From that moment Maurice Donnay was definitely consecrated a favorite of the Parisian public. For did he not possess the two qualities which are essentially Parisian-sentiment and wit? The morrow of his début at the Chat Noir, seems to have been rather a stormy one for the young chansonnier. In order to satisfy the ambition of his parents, he had passed the examinations of the Ecole Centrale, and been engaged as designer by a civil engineer.

But on dearning the prank of his subordinate, the engineer immediately dismissed him. Donnay welcomed with joy his liberadecoration of Commander of the Legion of Honor, has tion from a career which was most distasteful to him, and henceforth he consecrated himself uniquely to literature. During two years he continued to contribute both to the cabaret of the Chat Noir, and to the review of the same name. In 1892 he

wrote his first play, "Lysistrata," a very free adaptation from Aristophanes, which was given at the Grand Théâtre, just founded by Porel. "Lysistrata" contains many reminiscences of Donnay's Montmartre days: puns abound in it, as well as political allusions. It already showed a rare elegance of construction, and the subject, though extremely licentious, is treated with infinite charm.

For three years Donnay continued to observe the charm, the turpitude, the subtlety and the meanness of life. He found therein an inexhaustible subject of study, and his observations appear in the witty dialogues called "Education de Prince," which appeared in the weekly illustrated Vie Parisienne. A few years later he drew from this sharp, ironic picture of contemporary morals a play, given at the Vaudeville in 1900.

The public was still awaiting the work which would definitely class Donnay among the leading dramatists of the day. In 1895, he published, also in La Vie Parisienne, a small sketch called "Deux Amants qui se quittent." His readers did not suppose that, from that frail, pretty badinage he would draw the play which has remained, and which will remain one of the finest and most human of modern comedies.

In "Amants" M. Donnay reveals himself as a keen and tender observer who, like the immortal Figaro of Beaumarchais, "hastens to laugh at everything to prevent himself from crying!" The very delicacy of M. Donnay's prose proves him to be a subtle poet.

The theme of "Amants" is almost commonplace by its sheer simplicity. Claudine Rosay and Georges Vétheuil meet by chance; they fall in love with each other according to the ordinary processes. But the hazards of life oblige them to separate and the pain they feel is intense, almost unbearable. Some time elapses; they meet again, and are astonished to feel absolute indifference. "Amants" is the every-day story of ordinary pangs of jealousy and lassitude.

But the considerable success "Amants" enjoyed depended also on the fact that, with this play, a new tone was inaugurated on the French stage—a tone which combined mockery and emotion, sincerity, tenderness, and irony. These different sentiments succeeded each other so swiftly, correcting and completing each other, so that the spectator never knew if he should laugh or cry. At the most pathetic moment, and this is one of the chief characteristics of Maurice Donnay's talent, the author did not fear to risk a pun, or a quibble which immediately chased away the painfulness of the situation. "Amants" contains some of the most delightful Parisian badinage ever written. As Francisque Sarcey, the eminent critic declared, "It is a delicious extract of Parisianism.

The study of the vicissitudes of lovers in general has always greatly attracted M. Donnay. But the lovers he shows us in his later plays are more serious, and possess souls of perhaps a better quality than those of (Continued on page 39)



MAURICE DONNAY The brilliant Parisian dramatist and academician whom the French Government has recently created Commander of the Legion of Honor



The garden of Edmond Rostand's beautiful home at Cambon

Like Father, Like Son

A American visitor to Cambon in the Pyrenees mountains, near the borderland of Spain, one who enjoyed the rare privilege of friendship with the Rostand family, was walking several years ago in the big garden that surrounds the Rostand villa with Maurice Rostand, son of the famous Edmond author of plays that have achieved a world-wide celebrity. The boy was chatting of this and that, being led on by the visitor to express himself quite freely.

"I was born while my father was writing 'Cyrano de Bergerac,'" said the boy, "and during my childhood my father has written 'L'Aiglon' and 'Chantecler.' Before my mother married him she was a poetess of no mean ability, as several volumes signed by her prove. So you see I am the child of writers, and I have lived in the atmosphere, if ever any boy did in the world. So I have but one desire, and that is to become a writer myself. I want to be a playwright—and what's more, a fact that I would

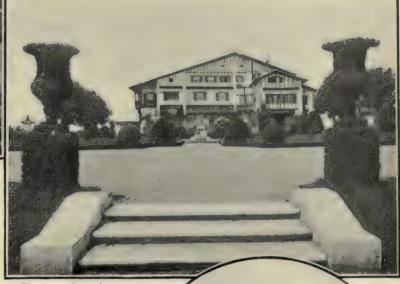
dare not mention to my father, I want to write in English, for, as you see, I speak and understand English very well and for some reason I desire to become an English playwright."

The visitor lost no time in communicating this sentiment to the father, who seemed to be surprised, but who said:

"It has come sooner than I dared to hope, but that is my greatest wish. What if we should have another case of Alexandre Dumas. father and son, each famous writers. Yes, that is what it must be."

This was several years ago, and the American visitor has frequently visited Cambon. Each time

there has been added remarks from Maurice about his playwriting intentions, and a couple of years ago, Edmond, his father, talked so much about "a second Dumas" that it was quite apparent the matter has become a veritable obsession with the celebrated author. He was not particularly enthusiastic, however, about the announcement of his son that one Rostand was enough writing in French, and that he had decided in favor of English. Rostand the elder, however, dis-



The house from the

missed this lightly from his mind, declearing that it was merely the passing whim of a youngster.

Thus it is strange enough that while "A Good Little Devil" was written in French and first produced in Paris, bearing the names of Maurice Rosstand and his



Another part of the garden at Cambon showing the lake

mother as authors, the play was rather looked upon as a "class" production abroad and knew nothing of what in America would be called a "run." Then it came into an American's hands, having been adapted into English, and Maurice Rostand saw one of the first great desires of his life accomplished. His first play was in English and scored a big hit in an English-speaking country, not only enjoying a run, but also a tour into the Provinces and a success that is rare among productions in Europe, particularly for a play of its general nature.

The visitor has not returned to Cambon since these happy events, and has not yet heard from the father the pleasure that is his no doubt in having arrived nearer to his goal—duplicating the history of the Dumas gentlemen.

"Autre temps, autre moeurs."

Dumas père wrote unforgettable romances and plays but his son, more modern and of quite another day, wrote "Camille," which revolutionized the stage of his hour. The younger Dumas had written nothing of any note before he produced "Camille." His celebrated father was sceptical regarding his literary ability. The story goes that Dumas fils wrote his novel and handed the Ms. to his father to read. When the old man had finished he handed it back with the remark: "Go on, my son. You do not need any assistance from me." Rostand père, the author of those tremendous dramas like "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon," gazes into the distance and attempts to see that day, in thought, when his son shall follow "A Good Little Devil" with plays that will be worthy of the name of Rostand.



MAURICE ROSTAND

Son of Edmond Rostand, the French poet and
dramatist



(Inset): Mrs. Minnie Herts Heniger, founder of the Children's Educational Theatre
SCENE IN "THE LITTLE PRINCESS," AS PRESENTED AT THE CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL THEATRE

The Children's Educational Theatre

LIKE Sara Crewe because she speaks her words as though they were her own words out of her own heart."

"I like best where Sara Crewe got her imaginings when the garret was made into a palace. It's nice when children get their imaginings!"

These were two of the illuminating answers given by public school children who had seen the Children's Educational Theatre interpret "The Little Princess." The Principal had asked those of his pupils who had been fortunate enough to procure tickets for the performance to tell what best they had liked about the little heroine of the play, Sara Crewe.

The responses quoted above are particularly significant. The first gives in a nutshell the whole aim and method of those who have originated and carried on the work of establishing the Children's Theatre. The little girl who had taken the part of Sara Crewe had been taught something more than mechanically to learn her lines. The mental and spiritual attitude toward the character she had assumed was one of genuine sympathy and understanding. She had been lifted out of her own little restricted sphere of thought and action and was knowing how somebody else in the world felt. Therefore her life must have taken on a deeper significance.

The second answer revealed a great heart-felt need in all the little ones of humanity. "It's nice when children get their imaginings!" We all need to have our garrets turned into palaces and the Children's Educational Theatre is doing just that thing for hundreds and hundreds of starved minds throughout the great city of New York—developing imagination through a healthy arousing of the emotions.

The result of this institution will be widespread. It is not amusement for amusement's sake. Neither is it of momentary interest like a moving-picture show. On the contrary, it is a constructive effort to develop audiences by making the children responsible for the standard of their new entertainment. There will be a higher art on the stage in general because audiences rendered more and more intelligent by just this training will demand a higher art.

Therefore, those who were wise enough to see the constantly increasing need of (1) better entertainment and (2) self-expression, have formed this nucleus of what is destined to become a national institution and which has been endorsed by the best-known educators of the day. Mark Twain said: "I consider the Children's Educational Theatre the greatest citizen-making force of the century. I hope I shall live to see it firmly established."

Dr. Charles F. Aked wrote: "Very wonderful indeed is its work. It represents one of the very best pieces of work done in this country. It civilizes; it educates; it Americanizes; it deserves well at the hands of all patriotically minded citizens." William Dean Howells added his word of approval: "The play behind the footlights was admirably well done, yet I believe I enjoyed the play in front quite as well."

About twelve years ago, Mrs. Alice Minnie Herts Heniger began her work down on the lower East Side of the city, in the institution known as the Educational Alliance. She had no other object than to furnish the multitudes of children who people that section with good entertainment. Mr. Jacob Heniger and many other earnest, far-seeing people became Mrs. Heniger's associates. In united effort they began their search for ways to reach the moral side of the future man and woman and decided finally to make use of the greatest possession of the child-its desire to mimic, to invent, to create, to "make believe." The work met with instant success because it was founded upon a universal quality-dramatic instinct. When it became known what was afoot there were more applicants to fill up the casts than could possibly be handled. It was necessary to form classes where every part of the play might be studied by at least half-adozen different persons. The centre of all these activities, until the last few years, has been the Educational Alliance and the plays at first were given in its auditorium which accommodates 800. This was always packed to its very doors. For the first three years the price of admission was five cents; in the fourth year this was raised to ten cents without any diminution in the size of the audiences. The cost of maintenance is treble the receipts. The Educational Alliance made up the deficit.

Four years ago these children and young men and women became independent of the Educational Alliance and established their own institution under the name it now bears. Samuel Clemens, Rev. Percy Grant, Robert Collier, Otto Kahn, Minnie Herts Heniger became its directors. The board has many other well-known names on its list. Among them are Mrs. Frederick B. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Leeming, Mrs. H. P. Loomis. The organization has now a Children's League and a Junior League, both helping to support the Educational Theatre and both working to establish that institution in its own building. It plays in different parts of the city wherever there is a stage of sufficient size for the casts and properties.

One only has to see the crowd of eager children, trembling between the expectation of seeing the play and the possibility of



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not being able to procure a ticket to be convinced of the potency aunts and cousins and brothers and grandparents and mothers of this sort of education. On April 27th of this year at the and fathers. We find in many ways it leavens their lives and Educational Alliance where a performance was given, seventeen always we have found a lasting response.

hundred children were turned away; this in the face of the fact that the admission was ten cents and a moving picture theatre nearby has difficulty in procuring an audience at three cents per.

The first play, presented after six months' hard labor, was "The Tempest." This was chosen because it teaches the majesty and simplicity of nature (in contrast to the crowded tenement districts) and the nobility of forgiveness. Three hundred and fifty young people studied its presentation—the meaning of each character in relation to other characters, to the plot and to the history of the period. One little girl remarked to Mr. Heniger, the stage manager: "I like 'The Tempest,' because all the people in the neighborhood know about it-that is, all the educated ones does, and those that isn't educated I tell them about it!" To the thoughtful this remark reveals the great possibilities of this undertaking—as a unifying principle between the older and the younger people, the parents Composer of "The Merry Lunatics," the play produced with great success by the Columbia Boys and the children. The Forest Ring, teaching

its lesson of kindness to animals; "Peter Pan," with its delicate sentiment; "Ingomar," evolving an ideal affection from a brute love: "As You Like It," with its wholescme love story, and other plays with vivid, natural appeal, followed "The Tempest."

"Why should people be always conscious of learning? should not the process be spontaneous? We find in teaching children to interpret characters on the stage we have hit upon a most genial method of education. It develops character by joining work with interest. Some great principle is involved on the part of both audience and player. It is an economic force including both. It does not mean a mere catering to a passion for diversion, but it satisfies a latent desire for re-creation-for self-expression."

Mrs. Heniger, just starting on a lecture tour through the West in the interest of her life-work, was most earnest as she spoke the above words. She went on: "Entertainment is not a luxury,

it is a necessity. It is a universal demand, hitherto unsupplied and by utilizing the dramatic instinct which is in and can animate even the dullest, slowest child we can meet it. At the same time we are cutting a safe channel for a hitherto undirected stream of energy. It imparts to children by the hundred a strong interest in intel'ectual and moral work, while showing them how to impart pleasure in a wholesome way. This interest and power will last through life and be a continuous source of real satisfaction. This is one of the most potent means of presenting ideas to the child mind through picture and spoken story. Then we seize upon the interest thus awakened to arouse and stimulate moral development.

"This work is of the kind that makes intimate connections with



hoto Lilian George LOUIS EHRET

"For example, when I go to get things for the stage properties and costumes I find owners of the little shops nearby ready and willing to co-operate by making the prices as low as they can and sometimes giving outright. One day I entered the store of the father of one of our boys. He called out to his wife in the back room; 'It's the lady that makes the plays where our Morris takes off for Shick in "Snow White." It's going to

get a new play and she wants velvet. Let's give it!' Of course, I never let an impulse like that go to waste. I take the material in the spirit in which it is offered.

"Then once I happened in the home of one

of our girls to be met by her mother who called my attention to the room and its furnishings. It was an almost exact duplicate of the refined, simple living room of little Lord Fauntleroy's mother as we had pictured it in that play. 'You see,' she said, 'it was so pretty and so cheap and so much easier to keep clean than the old plush furniture and

things I used to like!'

"When we were playing 'The Tempest,' word came from the public libraries that they did not have enough volumes of Shakespeare to go around because all the parents wanted to read the play. Then somebody got out a ten-cent edition, a thousand copies of which were sold in one neighborhood in less than a month!

"The Probation Court officers ask for tickets that they may hold them as rewards for good behavior. They found a boy would report steadily for six weeks for the opportunity to see 'The Prince and the Pauper.'

"Now as to the communal training of the children and young people who take active part! To start with, nothing is done for money. If it should develop into a money making scheme it would be fatal to the very life of the movement. The idea instilled into the minds of the players is a desire to give pleasure rather than to get anything. This makes for genuine altruism. In order to drive this ideal home we have often played benefits

for other causes than our own when we have been in desperate straits for money ourselves.

"Then we have an interchange of duties. The Prince one night will act as call boy the next and be a shout in the wings the third or a scene shifter on the fourth. Thus we teach the necessity of equal intelligence and respect for obligation in the performance of a minor as in that of a major rôle. This has proved to be a fine mora! stimulus.

"As there will be half-a-dozen ready to play any one part, no one personality is a necessity. Each performer finds he must subordinate his own wishes to the general whole. Also, we find in teaching a youth to interpret several characters and to cheerfully serve in any capacity, however menial, his emotions are being steadied and



Dancer seen in vaudeville in J. M. Barrie's "Pantaloon"

the people all about us. When a member of a family is playing in a production on a real stage to which a whole neighborhood flocks, there is apt to be a lively interest on the part of all the vigor. I have heard stage

controlled. Even in mob play each one has a character to evolve and interpret—therefore, each one plays with enthusiasm and (Continued on page 40)

At the Theatres

WINTER GARDEN. "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1914." Revue in two acts. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge, music by Harry Carrol and Sigmund Romberg. Produced on June 10th

with this cast:

Deuce Baggot, John Freeman; Mary Packard, Muriel Window; Camera Man, William Dunham; Miss High Jinks, Ethel Amorita Kelly; Rip Van Winkle Roosevelt, Robert E. Keane; Little Buttercup, George W. Monroe; Huerta, Lew Brice; Sari, Elsie Pilcer; Gypsy Fiddler, Ivan Bankoff; Lady Windermere, Bessie Crawford; The Misleading Nut, T. Roy Barnes; First Attendant, Joseph P. Galton; Second Attendant, Parker Lesard; Jarrold McGee, Bernard Granville; Panthea, Frances Demarest; Kitty MacKay, Jose Collins; Baron Criquet, Harry Fisher; Tango, Winifred Gilrain; Miss Jerry, Marilynn Miller; Miss Glasgow, Winona Wilkins; Miss Leeds, June Elvidge; Miss Edinburgh, Thelma Hoeffle; Miss Henrietta, Florence Averell.

Miss Glasgow, Winona Wilkins; Miss Leeds, June Floridge; Miss Edinburgh, Thelma Hoeffle; Miss Henrietta, Florence Averell.

To those who have the good fortune, or the misfortune, to be in New York during the warm weather, "The Passing Show of 1914," with its breezy atmosphere will bring new life to the overheated. It seems that the managers have gone the limit in gathering the headliners who during the evening appear to enjoy their parts as much as the public. To tell the plot would be a physical impossibility. But it is somewhat different from the usual summer show inasmuch as there is a great deal of wit, fun and high spirit. Parody succeeds parody and in turn we see "The Yellow Ticket," "Prunella," "Omar Khayyam," "A Thousand Years Ago" and "Kitty MacKay."

To mention the name of George W. Monroe as Little Buttercup, the Queen of the Movies, is in itself laughable. He is one of the best burlesquers on the present stage. His, or her partner, Harry Fisher, is just as funny. Among others who scored hits are Bernard Granville, Muriel Window and T. Roy Barnes. It is to be regretted that Jose Collins had so little to do, as her acting and singing is always a delight. There is much beautiful scenery, numerous striking costumes, and an unusual collection of pretty girls. The songs are particularly bright and tuneful, especially Omar Khayyam, which is destined to become very popular.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES."

NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES."
In two acts. Book and lyrics by George V.
Hobart, additional lyrics by Gene Buck; music
by Raymond Hubbell; special numbers by David
Stamper. Produced on June 1st with this cast:

by Raymond Hubbert, specific by Raymond Hubbert, specific specific

Wynn; The Executioner, Wm. Greenlaw; Onyx, Berk Williams; A. Bunn, Leon Errol.

With the approach of warm weather we get the typical summer show, and in this kind of entertainment the "Ziegfeld Follies" always scores. The 1914 edition is a huge success.

Bert Williams is one of the brightest spots of the performance, and Leon Errol and Stella Chatelaine in an eccentric tango are very amusing. Anna Pennington, wearing a striking costume, does some distinctive dancing and scores one of the big successes of the evening.

There are many scenic novelties introduced, the costumes are beautiful, and the production of a high standard of excellence. Then there is the chorus, which is unusually attractive.

Anyone seeking light entertainment will find plenty to please in the "Ziegfeld Follies."

SHUBERT. "MADAME MOSELLE." Musical play in three acts. Adapted from the French by Edward A. Paulton. Music by Ludwig Englander. Produced on May 23d with this cast: Gabriel Smudge, Ralph Herz; Mrs. Vane, Josie Intropidi; Nina, Diane d'Aubrey; Fred Corson, Jack Henderson; Eva Moselle, Octavia Broske; Harry Boland, Ernest Lambart; Matthew, Hallen Mostyn; Kerrazzo, William Pruette; Betty, Jessie Duncan; Mortimer, Royal Cutter; La Petite Adele, Helene Novita; Doris, Ethel Osterheld; Irene, Kathleen Allen; Ivy, Olive Osborne.

Irene, Kathleen Allen; Ivy, Olive Osborne.

Even consistency of plot and perfection of detail could not successfully launch "Madame Moselle," the musical comedy that lived for a few nights at the Shubert Theatre. The little piece was well acted and sung by an excellent cast, and contained all the present requisites of a musical comedy. There were dances galore-even a half savage and grimly realistic pantomime entitled "La Bruta," a sort of Apache dance cleverly performed by Helene Novita and Jack Anderson. The scant chorus numbering only eight girls was prettily costumed and good to look upon. What the piece did lack, however, was novelty and a certain "speed" that are indispensable to successful musical comedies.

(Continued on page 48)

(Continued on page 48)



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Modern Stage Dancing

(Continued from page 30)

here was Isadora Duncan, the barefoot dancer, who recently refused \$5,000 a week to dance in vaude-ville theatres. An expensive orchestra was always

ville theatres. An expensive orchestra was always an obstacle to great profits for the managers. Maud Allan, who came here after Miss Duncan, was able to pack the Metropolitan Opera House to the doors at high prices and yet failed to prove profitable to the management.

Before the advent of the Misses Duncan and Allan, the "art" dancer found exploitation in the person of Ruth St. Denis, an American girl who had been dancing in the variety theatres under the name of "Ruth" for many years, but whom no one classed as a celebrity until she embraced the oriental style of dancing.

The demand for classic dancers, however, became so insistent that William Hammerstein was determined to present one on his stage without

determined to present one on his stage without a \$5,000 a week salary or even an augmented orchestra. He discovered what he wanted at Huber's Museum, on East 14th Street, where "Rajah" was dancing to the patrons of the dime

By the simple process of transporting Rajah from East 14th Street to 42nd Street and Broadway, a \$25 a week star was launched as an "art" dancer. For over a month there was not a vacant seat at the big music hall, and Rajah found \$1,000 in her pay envelope every week

found \$1,000 in her pay envelope every week thereafter.

The Salome dance came into vogue simultaneously with the popularity of classic dancing, its potency being greatly enhanced by the publicity given to the elimination of the Strauss opera from the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House by order of the late J. Pierpont Morgan. The two most prominent exponents of the Salome dance were Gertrude Hoffmann and Eva Tanguay, both of whom saw their weekly honorarium increased from a few hundred dollars to \$2,500, and neither has accepted a lesser sum since.

ROBERT GRAIL

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER 50 cts. per case-6 glass-stoppered bottles

Confessions of a Ticket Seller

(Continued from page 26)

One would imagine the entire world to be stage struck, judging by the host of aspirants that come up to the box-office window and ask all manner of impossible questions. The kindhearted ticket seller tries to disillusion them, but the desire to be an actor or an actress is a disease, almost impossible to cure except by succumbing to it cumbing to it

disease, almost impossible to cure except by succumbing to it.

Many a ticket seller, exhausted after a tiresome argument with some rantankerous theatregoer, has yearned to crawl into some quiet nook and forget tickets, money, shows and everything else. But he must shoulder arms, right about face, and continue his labors, for he has a relentless foe, the theatre-going public, to combat, not with slings and arrows, but with smiles and equanimity. Once during a relay of a few hours I went to nurse our common grievances with a fellow craftsman in another theatre. I had hardly entered when he cried, "I have it, I have it!"

"You have what?" I asked.

"I have discovered a silent way to tell people something that I have ached to shout at the top of my voice at them." He pointed to a ribbon on the wall which read, "For the love of Mike, be reasonable."

"Observe how it works," he whispered as a human being with a petrified heart came up to the window. Of course, he wanted the best, which was not to be had, and held up the line. My friend turned about and gazed at the sign for a moment, and the man's eyes followed him. The words did not fail to have the desired effect. The theatre-goer scowled, but threw down his money. Sceptically he grumbled:

"Well, if it is the best you have I'll take it, but I think you are holding out on me"

In the name of my fellow-workers, I make a plea for every man and woman behind any kind of counter. I ask you "For the love of Mike, be reasonable."

Milton Aborn left on the Imperator recently

Milton Aborn left on the *Imperator* recently for a six-weeks' tour in Europe in search of singers for the coming season of the Century Opera Company, while his brother, Sargent Aborn, remains to carry along the other preparations at the Century Opera House this summer.

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Bind Your Numbers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE

See page 47 for particulars

MAURICE DONNAY

(Continued from page 32)

They are less exclusively Parisian

"Amants." They are less exclusively Parisian and more human.

"La Douleureuse" (1897) is an example of the moral cowardice of two lovers when called to pay for the lie of their futile past.

About this time, M. Donnay seemed to be slowly undergoing a transformation. He was beginning to tire of Paris, of Parisian life, and even of Parisians! The country attracted him. The morbid sordidness of city life disgusted him. So, one day, he suddenly became the censor, the accuser of those heroes of whom he had hitherto appeared to be the accomplice. The work which resumed the effort of transition was "Le Torrent," 1899, given at the Comédie Française. His work showed us Valentine Lambert, who voluntarily chooses death, so as to escape the disdain of all her people, when they know her crime. In several vigorous scenes M. Donnay condemned that ferocious law of marriage thanks to which the male arrogates to himself the en-

condemned that ferocious law of marriage thanks to which the male arrogates to himself the enjoyment of the most despotic of principles, thus obliging his wife, who cannot resist the imperious exigencies of nature, to commit adultery.

Next came "La Clairière" in collaboration with M. Lucien Descaves, and also "Oiseaux de Passage." In the first named play was shown the possibility of realizing happiness in the world, thanks to love, when woman, who is still reduced, in France at least, to the state of female, succeeds in escaping from the instinct which dominates her.

duced, in France at least, to the state of female, succeeds in escaping from the instinct which dominates her.

In 1913, in "I'Autre Danger," M. Donnay dissects with a keen edged scalpel the most secret recesses of the feminine soul. He shows the irremediable conflict waged in a woman, torn between her maternal instinct and her love. The drama is intensely poignant.

A few years ago, several French authors studied with great interest the dissemblances, and causes of discord and miscomprehension existing between Jews and Christians. In M. Donnay's play, "Le Retour de Jérusalem," which was produced amid noisy manifestations, he did not undertake, as did M. Guinon in "Décadence," the study of the chivalrous but fallen aristocracy of France, in conflict with the new Jewish aristocracy of wealth. He preferred to analyse the intellectual and sentimental conflict which exists between Aryan and Semitic races. He concludes that any real union, whether moral, physical or legal is completely irremediable, impossible between two members of such absolutely opposed races.

In "Le Ménage de Molière" given a couple of

between two members of such absolutely opposed races.

In "Le Ménage de Molière," given a couple of years ago at the Comédie Française, M. Donnay remembered that he was an exquisite, subtle poet. In delicate verse, in which the grace and tenderness and irony, so characteristic of his talent are admirably blended, he evokes the jealousy which so cruelly tortured the immortal author of "Tartuffe."

Last spring the Comédie Marigny represented "Les Éclaireuses." in which M. Donnay spoke of Feminism. But although in the first act he exposed, with his usual wit and humor, the different theories for or against feminism, it is nevertheless not the real subject of the play, which is another love problem, such as M. Donnay will never tire of solving.

MARC Logé.

Sisters of the Stage

(Continued from page 28)

their voices are exactly alike. Miss Marie Mc-Farland studied for grand opera in Paris, but gave up her ambitions in that direction for the more profitable field of vaudeville. Aided by her sister her "act" has been unusually successful.

Miss Katherine Florence and Eleanor Moretti were born in England. Their family name was Rogers, the names Florence and Moretti being taken for stage purposes. Later Miss Florence changed her name again when she married Fritz Williams, the actor, and to-day she is perhaps better known as Mrs. Fritz Williams than as Katherine Florence. Miss Moretti, it will be remembered, won considerable praise for her performances in "The Silver King" and "The Road to Yesterday."

Miss Flora Zabelle's family name before she married Raymond Hitchcock was Mangasarian, which, of course, is her sister's real name. However, for stage purposes, she has decided to use only part of it and accordingly she is known as Miss Christine Mangar.

Miss Marion Mosby retained her family name, which her elder sister discarded for the name of Sitgreaves when she began her stage career many years ago. As one sister is in musical comedy and the other in dramatic productions their close relationship is unknown. Karl K. Kitchen.



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Children's Educational Theatre

(Continued from page 36)

managers envy the realism of our mob work."
The children love to express something outside of their own environment and personality and sometimes they have deliberately chosen a minor or unlovely part in order to be able to understand the nature it involved.

One little girl, a truly fine little human being, was asked to take the part of Sara Crewe. But she shook her head. "No," she decided, "Sara Crewe is too much like me. I want to take the part of Becky because I've never known how a servant feels and I want to find out."

"We have large casts for the different plays as we work them up. These are divided into small groups for rehearsal work in separate class rooms, after which preliminary training all casts are brought together in the auditorium and the one farthest advanced takes first rehearsal stage work. The others are called to every stage rehearsal for criticism, etc.

work. The others are called to every stage rehearsal for criticism, etc.

"Then those whose apperceptive powers have made them able to be—to live—the characters, are chosen for the parts. Months of careful, patient training are passed in bringing the soul of a boy of an East Side tenement into points of contact with the soul and spirit of—say—the chivalrous young Prince in "The Prince and the Pauper." But after awhile the thrill of noble valor becomes an unconscious part of himself and the eternal something in his hungry young soul has received expression.

"This work of the Children's Educational Theatre could never be compulsive. It must be elective because our chief asset is the great unregulated surge of desire which animates the students, inducing them to regulated, constructive activity. Thus it could never become a part of a public school system but it can become everywhere a valuable aid to the schools if encouraged and recognized by educators.

"Our need here in New York is a theatre of our own with a seating capacity for 1,000. This would contain a rehearsal hall with a stage for its orchestra classes, interpretative dancing, etc., ten class rooms, offices, wardrobe and property rooms. It would all cost about \$250,000. Now we are homeless, practically, wandering around to play in different schools and rehearsing in indifferent places, wherever an opportunity offers itself.

"Sometime," Mrs. Heniger finished with a hopeful note in her voice, "it will be understood

offers itself.

"Sometime," Mrs. Heniger finished with a hopeful note in her voice, "it will be understood throughout the whole country what a splendid educational asset a Children's Educational Theatre can become. Even now in different parts of the Middle West, down in Philadelphia, in fact, nearly everywhere people's interest is being thoroughly aroused.

"Although the Children's Educational Theatre

Although the Children's Educational Theatre Atthough the Children's Educational Theatre the entire land. In response to urgent calls I am going now to the West to tell people all I can about its possibilities. This interest shows how far a little candle throws its beams."

MAUDE PINGREE.

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The engagement by the Metropolitan of this accomplished artist from the Berlin Opera has been a most notable one, as her triumphs as Brangaene, Ortrud, Mariana, Amneris and Octavia have been complete. Mme. Ober's Octavia (in Rosenkavalier), especially, was a revelation to Metropolitan audiences. Says the New York Times:

"Foremost among the singers who take part in this performance is Miss Margaret Ober, the representative of Octavian, the Rosenkavalier. A more brilliant piece of work has not been enjoyed here for a long time. The fire, vivacity and youthful ardor, the mischievous comic spirit of her acting, the adroitness with which she carries off the somewhat difficult task of a young woman representing a young man disguised as a young woman, are wholly delightful. Her voice has been admired in the few times that she has sung here this winter, and she sings this music with warmth and beauty of tone and with excellent diction."

Mme. Ober has made an attractive series of records for the Victor, and the first of these, a splendid rendition of the great air from the second act of "Gioconda," is now presented.

Margaret Ober, Mezzo-Soprano

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Russia's Greatest Comedian

(Continued from page 22)

good-humored hospitality. Each guest whom he counts among his friends upon arriving or departing bends before him for a kiss on the cheek. The fact of Vladimir Nicholievitch's being a famous actor is forgotten; everyone shows by his words and tone of voice that he is impressed most of all by the actor's great-heartedness, his unimpeachable private life, his splendid worth as a man. Indeed, the genuine, informal, democratic nature of these gatherings it is difficult to describe. As with all cultured Russian families, there reigns quietly here a knowledge of the languages, a broad sympathy and understanding of other peoples and other customs, an absolute simplicity and ease of manner, a charm, human, kind and good that only Slavonic temperaments, apparently, can produce. Once when I expressed admiration at the spectacle of a famous man doing so many kindnesses to younger men of no talents, wealth or fame, Vladimir Nicholievitch replied: "What is there surprising in that? All depends upon the man. Most of the people of this world are evil, so that when one finds a good man, one will do anything to keep him as a friend."

I have heard Davidoff read to young people at philanthropic societies in the capital, have seen him applauded and cheered with cries of "bis!" (Russian for "encore") until he has become exhausted responding. And how the caildren who have heard him remember him! His name is magic among them; he is their rarest annual treat. I have seen him appear on the

"bis!" (Russian for "encore") until he has become exhausted responding. And how the caildren who have heard him remember him! His name is magic among them; he is their rarest annual treat. I have seen him appear on the stage in the middle of an act, perhaps in a minor rôle, and have heard that peculiar ripple of hushed awe and admiration (a Russian audience never interferes with the acting by applauding an actor's coming upon the stage), which breaks forth only when there is felt a deeper and more personal feeling than mere admiration. Russia is fond of Davidoff. Last Christmas Eve we were all gathered about the huge Christmas tree in the great dining-room of the manor house on the Davidoff estate in southern Finland. Each member of the family and each guest received a gift from the hands of the great comedian, as well as three kisses in classic Russian style. Finally all the servants of the estate assembled, great, shy, silent Finns, the bearded Russian coachman and dvornick, the stout, buxom cook, the children and all—and each and every one, cook and all, received his or her gift, plate of sweets, silver rouble, and three kisses from the idol of the Russian stage!

A few weeks ago Davidoff's actor friend, Dalmátoff, a well-known member of the Imperial Troupe, died. No prohibition was put upon the people's expression of their sorrow (as was the case with Tolstoi) at this unexpected and sacrificial loss. Thousands tramped through the muddy streets behind the glittering white hearse up to the front of the Alexandre Theater, where mass was said, and out to the Monastery at the end of the Nevsky Prospect, where Russia's heroes are laid. There Davidoff over the open grave of his friend said a few simple words, which, when read the next morning in the newspapers, touched thousands and thousands of hearts. The Imperial comedian concluded his address with these words, "And so, my comrade, until a time soon to come, I must wish you a farewell!" Thus, as a Christian, thus calmly thus nobly, does Vladimir Nicholievitch l

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Strindberg and Bjornson

(Continued from page 27)

not take into consideration in his relations with Bjornson, and he devoted his work, time and all his services to try to win back for Bjornson some of his lost popularity. He felt for the man who had been banished from his home, the man who in the confine of Promisis with the confine the confi had been banished from his home, the man who in the confines of a Parisian apartment must long for the freshness of his wind-swept mountains, this son of the northland who had been the idol of a nation and who now walked unnoticed and alone in the midst of the modern Paris. He was as much out of harmony as the statue of the Sioux Indian in the Jardin d'Acclimatation surrounded daily by modishly dressed Parisiennes. Yet there were times when it was the Norwegian against the Swede, the conquered against the conquering. There were times when Bjorn



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"HE stoutest telephone line cannot stand against such a storm as that which swept the Middle Atlantic coast early in the year. Poles were broken off like wooden toothpicks, and wires were left useless in a tangled skein.

It cost the telephone company over a million dollars to repair that damage, an item to be remembered when we talk about how cheaply telephone service may be given.

More than half of the wire mileage of the Bell System is underground out of the way of storms. The expense of underground conduits and cables is warranted for the important trunk lines with numerous wires and for the lines in the congested districts which serve a large number of people.

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More important is the problem of service. Overhead wires are necessary for talking a very long distance. It is impossible to talk more than a limited distance underground, although Bell engineers are making a world's record for underground communication.

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tive attempt which invaded the Natural Rights of Man. If he were alive to-day, every son of Poland knows that he would revolt at any LAW which declared: Thou shalt NOT eat this—thou shalt NOT drink that." Kosciusco knew that the light wines of his native land and the barley brews of Germany were good for mankind when used in moderation. He drank them himself to the end of his honored days, and who will DARE say that they in any way injured this mighty personality. For 57 years Anheuser-Busch have honestly brewed honest beers. Their great brand—BUDWEISER—is sold throughout the world, and has helped the cause of true Temperance. Seven thousand, five hundred men are daily required to keep pace with the natural demand of Americans for BUDWEISER. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles. ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

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The American Playwright

Edited by WILLIAM T. PRICE

(Author of "The Technique of the Drama" and "The Analysis of Play Construction.")

MONTHLY devoted to A the scientific discussion of Plays and Playwriting. 15 cents a copy. \$1.50 a year. Third year. Specimen copies sent on application, also circulars as to the Course in Playwriting.

"The Analysis of Play Construction," the edition exhausted, has been withdrawn from print, and is to be had in the School only or as reprinted serially in the Magazine, beginning with January 15, 1914.

Address W. T. PRICE

1440 Broadway New York City, N. Y.

son looked down on the stronger but less civilized race as is apt for one of a declining race, with scorn, and perhaps with jealousy. But Bjornson's position in the Norwegian matter was not all: he wanted to influence politics without studying the questions of the day, he wanted to use his poetical genius to gain power.

He did not realize that the days had passed when politics were made by authoritative dictum, that the old-time pose of the prophet and the great catch words were no longer effective. He was too straight-forward and too honest to mix in intrigue or even to be diplomatic or discreet. So open and honest a nature did not understand the tricks which modern politics force upon the different factions. To him it was not possible to understand that in present-day politics the other wise honest man will lie, use fraud and think any means justifiable for "the good of the people"—which in reality means "for the good of the particular political party to which he belongs."

longs."

We have come to more or less doubt the success of a just cause, and even to question whether "honesty is the best policy" in the long run, at least politically. All this was opposed to Bjornson's character, he was essentially honest and if he was lured into a little sin for the good of his cause he promptly confessed it.

But all the while Strindberg began to find difficulties, he realized that he was no longer free, that the friendly hand of the elder man was heavy, weighed down by his great name, his reputation, his position. There were differences which could not be compromised, differences which had made a breach and which could not be healed when the political struggle was ended.

CHARLES D'ABDANK.

CHARLES D'ABDANK.

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Acting Helps a Woman to Live

(Continued from page 14)

Looking at them as I made up diverted my thoughts. That is what we need when anything becomes stale, a play or life. If I felt that homelife were growing monotonous I should go out that afternoon and see new pictures, call on interesting people, or read a stimulating book. Then I should have something new to talk about with my husband."

"There's a great deal of prose in married life. It's like rehearsals," I mused.

"Yes, and when both seem unbearably monoto-

"Yes, and when both seem unbearably monotonous, we must dwell on the beauty or charm of a note in them. When I was rehearsing a speech in my last play I disliked it. I dreaded and was near to hating it. One day I determined that the speech should not worst me. I thought of a strong phrase in it that appealed to me. I thought about that phrase. I kept on thinking of it until I found myself deeply interested in the speech. I no longer dreaded it. In time I grew to quite like it. So of the character of one with whom we are closely associated. We should ignore the traits we don't like and dwell continuously on the traits we admire. Those traits will come to mean the character of the man."

"Suppose a mother-in-law."

"Suppose a mother-in-law."

Miss Beecher, who in private life is the bride
Harry Guggenheimer, the young lawyer, smiled.

smiled.

"The mother-in-law need not be a bugaboo. She is likely to become a great friend, one's pal. But if she or any other member of the family assumes that aspect she or he must be treated as you do the actor whom you feel sure you are going to dislike. Don't let anyone get on your nerves. Make yourself like him. You can do it. I know it can be done. I began an engagement feeling sure I should dislike a person with whom I played, knowing he was prepared to dislike me teeling sure I should dislike a person with whom I played, knowing he was prepared to dislike me. Before the end of that engagement he was my friend. I had simply liked away the latent antagonism that had existed between us."

"Love away the trying thing?"

"Yes," said my serious young hostess. "What no one can afford is to hate Hatred has brought a play to failure and lives to disaster."

"When things are going wrong?"

"In the play and in life put more thought into

"In the play and in life put more thought into it. If it's the play put new interest and work into it. It will reward you. If the wires in the marriage symphony are jangling plan a week end trip with your husband and take it. Don't plan and postpone it."

The chilosophical bride is the successful one

The philosophical bride is the successful one. We may safely leave Janet Beecher to her part in the plays she illuminates and in that greatest of all dramas, Life.

A. P.

Acting and Health

THE expression that "the finest art is art concealed," applies with particular emphasis to the art of dramatic acting. The first essential, the foundation of the individual's success as an actor, is an easy naturalness. The part must be so well represented that the actor's art in the portrayal is completely hidden behind the character he assumes.

Naturalness is a matter of self-control, and this, in turn, a matter of good nerves. Good nerves are unquestionably founded on good health, hence sound physical health is a prime requisite to acting. There are good actors who are not in good health, but, speaking broadly, they are not "top-notchers," and only confirm the rule by supplying the necessary exceptions. Of late, this truth is being recognized as never before; this is evinced by actors' interest in outdoor sports, attention to physical training and general care of the physical machine. Yet there are some who still consider their art solely a mental matter and spend all their time in study when they should give part of it to the outdoors in health-building and recreation.

Acting is wearing work. Emotional parts exhaust the nervous system terribly. When we remember the wonderful things now accomplished by suggestion, even outside suggestion, then reflect that emotions are depicted on the stage by auto-suggestion, one of the most powerful stimulants in existence, we can see why the emotional actor tends to become the character he plays and why his health is likely to suffer.

Every actor should get as far away from his part as he can between the times he is called upon to play. In this way only can "staleness" be avoided and the faculties he has to overwork be refreshed. Since the nervous system is the greatest sufferer, whatever will rebuild it is of the highest value. And this is air-air above everything. Air is the vital food of nerves; a nerve cell consumes four times as much oxygen as a muscle cell, and all classes of workers using nervous energy should remember that their need for abundant pure air is imperative, far greater than that of muscle workers. Laying science and theory aside, what is more refreshing to tired nerves than a walk into some quiet locality where one can relax and breathe? Here is a most practical proof, for it is the air that cools the aching brow and calms the throbbing nerves.

If there is any one class of workers to whom good physical condition is vitally important, it is surely actors. To overlook this is poor business policy; if the desirability of robust health appeals to you on no other plane, it is worth its attainment and maintenance purely as business capital. Perfect functional health gives the

all-important self-control, the perfect skin, clear, expressive eyes and powerful voice that the successful actor should have. Muscular exercise and gymnastics give the muscular control and power of co-ordination that constitute grace, that charming trait that so quickly gains appreciation from managers and playgoers.

Actors cannot afford to overlook all this, particularly when it is remembered that sound health quickens the intellect and every mental faculty. It is a matter of practice; health habits are easily formed and so quickly prove their value that in a few weeks one is unwilling to give them up. The time given to this exercise, etc., must not be grudged; such a mental attitude militates against success.

The form of exercise should be simple; that is, it should not call for concentrated attention. The aim is to rest the brain; an exercise like fencing or boxing, where every nerve is keyed high, is not nearly so beneficial to mental workers as long walks,



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Model of the well-known artist, James Montgomery Flagg, now appearing in the London production of "Potash and Perlmutter"

cross-country running, rowing, swimming or skating. These latter, without a competitive element, draw the blood from the brain to the muscles and balance the circulation. Dumb-bell work in the open air is good for the same reason, namely, that the work can be done somewhat mechanically. Thus are the muscles benefitted and the nerves left calm.

Walking and running are the best all-round exercises for health. They are the most natural, the least wasteful of nervous force and most beneficial to respiration, circulation and the other vital functions. Vigorous games, like tennis, hockey, etc., are fine when the brain is not already tired. The practice of fencing, boxing, juggling and moderate weight-lifting all contribute to a good physical development that is often of value in the actor's profession. To sum up, actors may make their work one hundred per cent. easier and increase their efficiency greatly by attention to the health and physique.

L. E. Eubanks.

PICTURE plays and players may be said to comprise a "Fifth Estate,"

Acting in the Silent Drama

required.

"Its advantages are many, chief of which are the absence of constant travel, the strain of learning lines, and the frequent seeking of a new engagement. Nevertheless, an actor misses all

but their potency and popularity is only imperfectly realized by the public. There are to-day over 20,000 houses in this country devoted to motion pictures, and more than seventy-five films re-

leased every week by domestic manufacturers alone. Such a prodigious output demands the services of thousands of actors, a few of whom can boast of as numerous a following as that of any favorite of the regular stage. For an actor to be able to delight Pretoria, Buenos Aires, Stockholm, Tokio and Mobile on the same night, to know that he need not speak a foreign tongue to reach the understanding of his audience—that the eye alone is the medium of communicationis a tremendous power in itself. Under these conditions, film acting must necessarily present difficulties of a unique character, interesting alike to the actor on the stage and those who study the art from the standpoint of the spectator. One of the most successful film players now before the public is Arthur V. Johnson, leading man for the Lubin studio. He is liked for his vigorous acting as well as for his unusual personality. He is a tall man, above the average height, spare of frame. slow of movement.

"'From Military School to the Movies'
was the alliterative heading recently given a newspaper article about me," said Mr. Johnson to the present writer, "but it did not take into consideration an interval of many years. The transition

about me," said Mr. Johnson to the present writer, "but it did not take into consideration an interval of many years. The transition was not made in a night. It is true that I ran away from school to become an actor, however. My first chance came from a Shakespearean star whose name need not be mentioned. I believe he would rise in his grave to repeat the things he used to huri at the lanky boy who played Tybalt. Fourteen years spent on the stage, playing mostly Shakespeare and the classic drama with Mantell, Marie Wainwright and others, with the usual ups and downs, is the sum of my experience. Through it I gained the thorough familiarity with stage routine which was to be of value later on. Also, I owe much of my sympathy and understanding of character rôles to what I learned as a member of Sol Smith Russell's company. Five years ago, at the end of a disastrous season, with a long and unprofitable stretch of idleness before me, I heard one evening at The Players' that several men of my acquaintance had found working in pictures a solution of the problem of making both ends meet during the dull season. They were not men of prominence, yet had thought it wise to change their names for this engagement. At that time there was a trace of odium attached to the picture actor. I was engaged by the Biograph Company and was fortunate enough to quickly adapt myself to the new work. I then joined a smaller company which offered me greater scope, but left it to enlist under the Lubin banner as leading man, I have been with Mr. Lubin three and one-half

years. For the past two and one-half years I have been director as well, staging the plays in which I assume the principal parts."

As he sat there, the embodiment of poise, unlimited reserve power I tried to get at the secret of his appeal to foreigners as well as to his own countrymen. It lies in the Americanism of the man: leanlimbed and dark, square-chinned, wide-shouldered, he typifies the virility of the young collegian, matured by years and experience. I asked him to enumerate the advantages of acting in the silent drama,



ARTHUR JOHNSON Leading man of the Lubin Company

these accepted hardships, as well as the stimulation of his audience and the variety he can infuse into the same part night after night. Convincing acting appeals to all, and more to those who can see imagination in and thought behind it. The symbols of expression are the same as on the stage, though their application is necessarily more rapid. On the stage thought precedes action; on the screen

its difficulties and compensa

tions, and the kind of talent it

ination in and thought behind it. The symbols of expression are the same as on the stage, though their application is necessarily more rapid. On the stage thought precedes action; on the screen action must follow action without lapse. In such acting there are no half measures. Whether the method be broad and sweeping or subdued and restrained, it must be none the less sure in its meaning. The actor who can express thought and emotion in a series of graphic, unmistakable flashes is the one who is invaluable in the photoplay. Conventional pantomime was first attempted, but it soon gave way to a less artificial style of acting. To-day we aim to make our efforts as nearly approximate real life as we can using few conventional gestures and absolutely none of the old pantomimic modes of expression.

So much for the method.

"Too much stress cannot be laid upon the difficulty of achieving a consistent and definite characterization, and sustaining it. when it is borne in mind that the thirty odd scenes which comprise a film of ordinary length are rarely over thirty seconds—often less—in duration. Each scene has its share in the development of plot and character. If one is weakened, the structure is impaired. Yet there is complex, highly artistic acting to be seen on the screen to-day.

"Another feature of photoplay production and acting which never fails to demonstrate its difficulties is the fact that all the scenes which happen to be laid in one 'set' are photographed before that 'set' is 'struck' to make way for the next one, irrespective of sequence. Thus it often happens that the last scene of the play is done days before the first. The task of watching to see that details correspond—that the heroine is not wearing furs in one scene and is discovered without them in the scene imediately following—is no inconsiderable one, especially when it is remembered, as mentioned before, that several days may separate the photographing of the two scenes."

The actor went on to describe his duties directly a script is assigned to him. He usually undertakes a new one every week. First, it is read to those players who form a permanent nucleus of his company, the parts cast, and, if necessary, the large number of interchangeable actors drawn upon to play the minor rôles. The various interior and exterior scenes are picked out from the scenario, the number of scenes to be taken in the several sets

being noted. There are then ordered from the studio manager, who takes accurate account of the general character of the set, the furniture and properties needed and proceeds to get them in readiness. If the weather is good and the light satisfactory, automobiles take the actors to the points chosen for the out-of-door scenes; if conditions make it advisable to work indoors artificial light makes that possible.

"There is no dialogue in a photoplay. In directing I often give to an actor a word or a phrase to help him project his (Continued on page 45)



Arthur Johnson in "A Leader of Men"

Acting in the Silent Drama

(Continued from page 44)

meaning, but stereotyped dialogue is never heard.' Meaning, but stereotyped dialogue is never heard." A scene is usually rehearsed three or four times before it is finally photographed, let it be said for the benefit of the uninitiated. "My day begins when I leave my hotel and drive out to the studio on the outskirts of the city, usually about 9:30, and I rarely leave before 5 o'clock. An actor does not readily accustom himself to such hours. My evenings are spent for the most part in studying the play then in preparation by my company, devising new business and effects. in studying the play then in preparation by my company, devising new business and effects, varied by reading a little Shakespeare, with frequent visits to the picture theatres that I may keep in touch with the work of my friends. Altogether, it is a busy life. Usually I am sent away for three months of the summer with my company to photograph our plays in a rural environment. The change is a welcome one, but the routine is virtually the same."

"In what respect has photoplay production shown its greatest advance?"

"That's a hard question to answer." because

"In what respect has photoplay production shown its greatest advance?"

"That's a hard question to answer," because we have been improving in all departments. However, at present I think it lies in the quality of stories. The writing of photoplays has become an exacting and serious effort, worthy of talent of a high order. Plays are now being produced which embody all the strict essentials of the photoplay, yet the subjects and the mental conflicts involved are worthy of the exhaustive novel. There is still much that is banal, nothing that is harmful and a great deal that is beautiful and inspiring on the screen to-day. Because some one at random enters a picture house and witnesses a film that tells a story of mawkish sentiment or gross sensationalism, it does not follow that many wonderful results are not being accomplished by the producers. "Pippa Passes," "Ghosts," "Pelleas and Melisande" have been filmed. I merely mention these because of their purely imaginative and intellectual appeal. If a man sees a program of "small-time" vaudeville, must that be accepted as the barometer of the drama? All tastes must be provided for in film production, hence the mixed programs. In time however, we shall have restricted offerings when it will be possible to offer photodramas which must necessarily be confined to adult audiences."

Mr. Johnson declares he has no preferences among the many rôles he plays.

Mr. Johnson declares he has no preferences among the many rôles he plays.

"I enjoy whatever I am doing. When I was playing an engineer some time ago I was expected to jump from the speeding engine at a certain point along the road, just before the locomotive reached a damaged bridge, from which it was to plunge into the river below. You see, it was quite to my advantage to jump rather than was to plunge into the river below. You see, it was quite to my advantage to jump rather than be drowned a few seconds later. It all depended upon the rate of speed. The engine was rehearsed to go almost slowly, so that there would have been no danger. It got beyond my control before we reached the point where I was to jump, and was travelling about like the Twentieth Century Limited. I jumped, crashed on my shoulder and was stunned into insensibility. But the dash of the train from the bridge to the water was superb!"

The actor seated himself before his make-up table and skillfully applied the smallest quantity of paint and powder. He explained that rouge is never used, as in photography red is black, and wherever put on would give the effect of a smudge. "Ours is a business of sharp contrast, on and off the screen. Five years ago I was an actor of experience without recognition. To-day I entertain a public whose numbers exceed the entire population of this country. I enjoy a fixed income which equals that of many stars of the stage, consequently have no terrors of fluctuating box-office receipts and half-filled houses. I play to crowded houses every night in the year. You ask me for the most direct evidence of my popularity! Let us rather say the power of the film to carry its message. An unusual example popularity! Let us rather say the power of the film to carry its message. An unusual example of that, and a remarkable instance of post office efficiency is fresh in my mind just now, so perhaps it will serve. It was in the form of an envelope—entirely blank, save for a rather indistinct newspaper portrait pasted on it—which was mailed at Los Angeles. It found its way across the continent to Philadelphia, as surely as if it had been sent by messenger. The original of the picture was myself. It did not touch me nearly so much as did an offer made to me the other day, however. It came from a genius of the frying pan, who asked if she could come and cook for me!"

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Francisque Sarcey, in Le Figaro, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant? "I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of leve."

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Hits of the Month

One of the most difficult rôles in "The Truth," the Clyde Fitch play in which Grace George starred recently at the Little Theatre, is that of Warder, Becky's Husband. Sydney Booth, who was seen in the part, handled it with a dignity, sincerity and variety of mood that made it stand out even in this play of forceful characterizations. He



variety of mood that made it stand out even in this play of forceful characterizations. He is a member of the famous theatrical family of Booths, being the son of Agnes and Junius Brutus Booth. Mr. Booth was born in Boston, Mass., and attended Dr. Caleson's Military Academy in His first appearance was with Sannborn in a dramatization of "Kenilworth" called "Amy Robsart" at Wallacks Theatre. Then he replaced Robert Edeson as King Charles II in "Mistress Nell," in which he appeared with Henrietta Crosman. After that he was chosen to succeed Richard Bennett in Liebler & Co.'s production of "The Deep Purple," giving up a leading rôle in "The Dawn of a To-morrow" to do this. He then created the rôle of Charles Henderson in "The Man on the Box," and when Henry E. Dixey left the cast Mr. Booth was starred throughout the middle west in the piece. Following that he appeared in a vaudeville sketch entitled "The Two Juliets," in which he was seen for a year and a half. He then joined Lillian Russell's company, appearing with her in "Wildfire" and "Widows Might." This year, before h's appearance in "The Truth," he was seen in the Chicago production of "Within the Law," with Julia Dean in "Her Own Money," and with Bertha Kalich in the romantic drama, "Rachel."

A source of constant joy in "The Dummy," the delightful detective-comedy by the authors of "The Argyle Case," is Barney Cook, the little dummy himself, so cleverly and humanly played by Ernest Truex. Mr. Truex will probably be a boy all his life, if not a "detectuf." In spite of his youth, he has had an amazing career, starting



life, if not a "detectuf." In spite of his youth, he has had an amazing career, starting twenty years ago. Mr. Truex was born in Kansas City, Mo. At the age of five he attracted attention by his precocious talent for acting and was hailed as a prodigy throughout the West. He played with a little girl in reportoire, appearing in "Rip Van Winkle." "Ingomar," "Hamlet," and "Romeo and Juliet." When eight years old he appeared as little Aulis in "Quo Vadis," and later toured the Middle West in stock. Then he spent five years playing in Denver, Mexico City, Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City. After that came a long engagement in Boston as Cosmo in "Alice-Sit-bythe-Fire." His first New York appearance was with Ezra Kendall in George Ade's "The Land of Dollars." That was at the age of fifteen. Afterwards came a run as the jockey in "Wildfire," with Lillian Russell, followed by an engagement in the musical comedy "Girlies," and with Ralph Herz in "Dr. De Luxe." Later he was seen in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and in "Over Night." During his vacations the ambitious young actor appeared in vaudeville in a sketch of his own. Last year he was seen in the title rôle in "A Good Little Devil," and has since been seen in the "movies" in the same part. 383

"From Piqua to Broadway"—this is the title of the interesting adventures of Anna Orr, the little Western girl who scored such a hit in her first appearance on Broadway. As Vivian in "The Beauty Shop" her singing, dancing and natural charm, as well as her enchanting little face, captivate her audiences nightly. Miss Orr was born in Piqua, Oh'o and went to school at Saint Mary's Academy in Terre Haute. While there she took part in numerous amateur theatricals, being continually chosen to play the villainess. She became an adept at carrying knives and cups of poison and acquired the laugh of a villainess that would put to shame the real thing. When she left school and announced the intention of becoming an actress, her parents at first objected, but later decided to let her try. She secured an engagement in the chorus of "Mary's Lamb," in which Richard Carle starred. Last year she appeared with Mizzi Hajos in "The Spring Maid." Then she played lead in a vaudeville act until she was engaged for her present rôle.

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THE \$10,000 PRIZE PLAY

(Continued from page 11)

American author. The successful playwright was Martha Morton. Her drama was called "The Merchant," and a trial performance of it was given at the Union Square Theatre on June 26, 1890, with a cast that included: Nelson Wheatcroft, E. J. Henley, Chas. Dickson, Stanislaus Stange, Newton Chisnell, Selena Fetter, Marion Earle and Blanche Walsh. Two weeks before this production, Thomas B. Macdonough and H. C. Kennedy bought the piece, for which rights they paid the author \$5,000, and on May 4, 1891, they presented it at the Madison Square Theatre. The program included the names of: E. J. Henley, Daniel Jarrett, Alfred Becks, Henry Miller, Charles Dickson, Seymour G. Hess, R. F. Colton, Viola Allen, Virginia Buchanan, Henrietta Lauder, and Mary Hampton.

Miss Morton was again to win first honors in a competition of this kind, for in 1904, when The Theatre Magazine offered a Broadway production for the best American play by an American author, Miss Morton led all the rest with "The Triumph of Love," which had a professional tryout at the Criterion Theatre on February 8th of that year, with a cast that included the following: Minna Gale-Havnes. Carlotta

with "The Triumph of Love," which had a professional tryout at the Criterion Theatre on February 8th of that year, with a cast that included the following: Minna Gale-Haynes, Carlotta Neillson, Grace Filkins, William Harcourt, Macklyn Arbuckle, F. F. Mackay, and George Y. Backus. Max Figman staged the play, which William Seymour and F. Marion Crawford, of the jury of award, declared to be the best of the many efforts submitted.

In 1891-2 the New York Herald tried to stimulate the composition of one-act plays. It offered a prize and a production. The winner was a young man named Echard, and the production took place at the Garden Theatre, where "Hearts" was used as a curtain raiser to "Husband and Wife." The cast included Cora Tanner, Tessie Butler, Mary Penfield, Harold Russell, and Cuyler Hastings. It held its place in the bill from April 10, 1892, till May 2d.

Towm Topics also entered the field some years since, and put up a substantial cash prize for the winner, but the successful drama dealt with an unpleasant Southern social question, and the play was never acted. Each year, however, John Craig, at the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, offers a prize and production for the best play by a Harvard undergraduate. "Believe, Me, Zantippe," was one of the plays to be crowned with the Athenian laurel.

The Metropolitan Opera House, as is well known, gave \$5,000 to Brian Hooker, for the libretto of "Mona," after a lengthy competition. The opera was produced sumptuously and with an imposing cast. But it failed to win popular favor.

What will be the subsequent history of "Children of Earth" remains to be seen Proceedent.

What will be the subsequent history of "Children of Earth" remains to be seen. Precedent would not seem to certify that competition is the best means of adducing the fittest. Let it be hoped that Miss Alice Brown's experience will be much happier than those who have gone before, and that Winthrop Ames, for the fine public spirit he has shown, may reap a fitting reward.

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER 50 cts. per case-6 glass-stoppered bottles

At the Theatres

(Continued from page 37)

(Continued from page 37)

KNICKERBOCKER. "CABIRIA," the photoplay now occupying the Knickerbocker Theatre, came to us much heralded as the highest yet achieved in this particular form of art and entertainment. In many ways it justifies the promises made for it. The scientific use of the camera has been pushed to the utmost. The play is also notable in being written by D'Annunzio, the first novelist or dramatist of great distinction to lend himself to this new art. D'Annunzio, in the story, has kept himself within the limitations of the form. While there is some historic basis for this story, it is preponderatingly romantic, with every opportunity sought for the pictorial The time of the story is in the third century before Christ, when the Romans were engaged in their warfare against Carthage. Cabiria is a Sicilian child who is saved by her nurse at the time of an eruption of Mount Etna. A series of adventures then begin. The girl and nurse are captured by Phoenician pirates, and nurse are captured by Phoenician pirates, and the girl is about to be thrown into a fiery furnace as a sacrifice to the god, Molloch. But she is rescued by a Roman, Fulvius, aided by a giant slave, Maciste. After various adventures Fulvius and Cabiria are married. This, of course,

is after a lapse of a number of years. In that time Cabiria has been the slave of an indulgent mistress; the Roman fleet has been destroyed by light reflected from mirrors. In short, D'Annunzio's genius has been put to practical use in supplying pictures that make up a story, possible only because the action takes place in a period as remote as three centuries before Christ. The Italia Film Co. of Turin show a certain supremacy in the mechanical and photographic effects macy in the mechanical and photographic effects they gave.

CANDLER. The Candler Theatre has two photoplays in its bill, "Pierrot, the Prodigal" and "The Naked Truth." The photoplay industry, naturally enough, is taking hold of everything that has acquired authority on the stage proper, and it is engaging the most distinguished actors, whose mimetic qualities, at least, may be seen on the film. "Pierrot" is adapted from the opera of the same name, by Mario Costa, and the title part is acted by Mlle. Francesca Bertina. There is an augmented orchestra of thirty-five soloists under the direction of Modeste Al:schuler, conductor of the Russian Symphony Orchestra. The story of Pierrot's is a familiar one. The Prodigal, errant from his vows, returns, after vicissitudes in his folly, to the woman who loves him and now forgives him. The production is made by Mr. George Kleine.



CYRIL MAUDE The popular English actor who will appear again next season in "Grumpy"

"The Naked Truth" is a photo-dramatic version of the sensational French novel, "La Femme Nue," by Henry Bataille. This also is the story of one who abandons his wife, leads a prodigal life, returns and is forgiven. In its details, however, it is wholly modern. The abandoned, suffering and forgiving wife in this play required for its portrayal a distinguished actress and Mr. Klein found her in Mlle. Lydia Borelli.

CORT. The Cort Theatre has in picture form Paul Armstrong's drama, "The Escape." The play when originally produced on the stage proper was a frank, and necessarily dramatic, study of evil social conditions which would demand remedy. The scenes were of the underworld and startlingly true to the perverted nature of its people. The purpose of the play, however, was not merely to display vice. There is the rescue and final redemption and happiness of one sister and the ruin and unhappiness of the other sister, a weaker character. In the play in the films the intent of the author is reserved while some of the thrilling effects are softened and saved from brutality by the absence of speech. However, that may be, the film play is purposeful and effective. It owes many of its improved qualities to its producer, Mr. D. W. Griffith, who has prepared a motion picture prelude to the play, preparing us for the significance of the sociological drama. He unfolds the lesson of nature by means of pictures of microscopic organism; and then carries on the lessons of life as shown in the careful selection in the breeding of animals up to the carelessness of mating in society without regard to results. This preliminary treatise. the careful selection in the breeding of animals up to the carelessness of mating in society without regard to results. This preliminary treatise, unusual as it is in a place of entertainment, authoritative enough in a scientific way, absolutely true in its philosophy, in no way offends, and greatly instructs. "The Escape" has thrilling scenes, a moving story and characterizations of great fidelity to type.

REPUBLIC.—It is as rare a treat to see beautiful Lina Cavalieri in a photo drama as it is to hear her sing. No vehicle could prove more satisfactory than the picturization of "Manon Lescaut," now being shown at the Republic Theatre. The film play was adapted from Abbe Prevost's novel, rather than from the operatic version. To see Cavalieri in this, one of her favorite rôles, together with her handsome tenor-husband, Lucien Muratore, with whom she has often sung it on the boards, and to listen to the orchestra in the Massenet music, one would almost expect the players to burst into song. The entire cast and setting are excellent.

Columbia Records

The Pavlowa O. K. has been put to the Columbia Modern dance records. The announcement of new records for July naturally makes much of the unqualified endorsement by this, the greatest living dancer.

To back it up there are eight new dances recorded under the supervision of G. Hepburn Wilson M.R.

Wilson, M.B.

Wilson, M.B.

The principal musical offering among the July Columbia records is a double-disc of orchestral recordings made under the direction of Felix Weingartner—on one side the Overture and Intermezzo from "Carmen" and on the reverse the Prelude and Adagietto from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne Suite." In these two numbers, particularly the latter, there is not only conspicuously fine musicianship—that was, of course, inevitable with such a conductor—but the original tone coloring of the orchestra is retained to an unusual degree.

Miss Margaret Wilson whose records, announced last month, found instant favor, is again represented by the Scotch folk song "Will Ye No Come Back Again." The sympathy and sweetness of her voice are most pronounced and she interprets the piece with absolute fidelity and sincerity.

and sincerity.

The principal operatic item on the list is a notable duet by Hector Dufranne and Henri Scott. The number chosen was the famous "Suoni la Tromba" from "I Puritani"—an heroic number, heroically sung. On the reverse side of the record Dufranne sings the aria from Massenet's "Thais," "Voilà donc la terrible cité."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER 50 cts. per case—6 glass-scoppered bottles

Our Cover

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of The Theatre Magazine each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of The Theatre Magazine is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. This month we present on the cover a handsome portrait of the distinguished English actor Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in his greatest rôle—Hamlet. Sir Johnston is of gentle birth. His father, a Scotchman, was a celebrated art critic and historian. He, himself, decided to become an artist, and studied at the Academy with that end in view. At twenty-one, however, although experienced only in private theatricals, he was given a part in "Marie Stuart," and has been on the stage ever since. He has not dropped his art work entirely, for throughout his career he has designed and sketched the costumes and scenes for his throughout his career he has designed and sketched the costumes and scenes for his own productions, and has also painted many celebrities. His first appearance as Hamlet was at the Lyceum Theatre, London, and he met with extraordinary success. Later he repeated his triumphs in America. Among his best known rôles are Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." the Passer-by in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and Cæsar in George Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra." Last year he was knighted for the splendor of his attainments as the foremost actor of the English stage.

EATRE

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CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: A recent photograph of Nan Campbell.	PAG	
TITLE PAGE: Alexandra Carlisle, who plays the leading rôle in "The Mo		I
"THE MOVIES"—To-DAY AND To-Morrow		2
MARY PICKFORD—Full-page Plate	5.	3
Fannie Ward—Full-page Plate		
THE Moscow Art Theatre—Illustrated		5
Scene in "The Third Party"—Full-page Plate		
THE REAL RICHARD MANSFIELD—Illustrated		
ELSIE FERGUSON—Full-page Plate		
EMILY STEVENS—Full-page Plate	6	-
An Interview with Franz Lehar—Illustrated		
CHRYSTAL HERNE—Full-page Plate	6	40
PITY THE BROTHER	Archie Bell 6	F
THE FAILURE OF THE AMERICAN PRODUCER—Part II		
PAULINE FREDERICK IN HER DRESSING ROOM—Full-page Plate		-
WHAT'S WRONG IN DRAMATIC CRITICISM?	·	
MARGARET ILLINGTON—Full-page Plate		_
LONDON APPLAUDS AMERICAN PLAYS	C TO TITLE.	
	George R. White 7	
THE PRESS AGENT	. Cecil I. Dorrian 7	7
TRYING IT ON THE DOG	George C. Jenks 7	
GENEVIEVE HAMPER AS OPHELIA—Full-page Plate		
How a Child Became a Tragedienne—Illustrated		2
VIOLA DANA AT HOME—Full-page Plate		3

THE COVER:-Portrait in Colors of Miss Hazel Dawn

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of The Theatre Magazine each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of The Theatre Magazine is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Hazel Dawn will star next season in a musical play called "The Débutante." Miss Dawn, whose real name is Tout, is a Mormon. Her father was a music teacher in Ogden, Utah. About ten years ago the family went to Europe and the four daughters settled down to serious musical training. On account of an accident, which resulted in a broken arm, Hazel Dawn was forced to temporarily give up the violin, on which she was a proficient performer. She secured an engagement to sing in musical comedy with George Edwardes, of the Gaiety Theatre, London. Her first appearance was in "Dear Little Denmark." Later she was seen in "The Balkan Princess" and "The Dollar Princess." It was Ivan Caryl, the composer, who suggested her for the title rôle in "The Pink Lady," and it was in this piece that she made her first appearance in America. After playing the title rôle in "The Pink Lady" for two seasons she was seen in "The Little Café."

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by raphs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in The Theatre. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts hotographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XX. August, 1914

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ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

This well-known actress, who recently played the leading part in "Driven," at the Haymarket Theatre, London, will play the leading feminine rôle in Charles

Klein's new play, "The Money Makers," to be seen in New York early in September

THE MOVIES"- TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

OMPARATIVELY a few years ago the moving-picture was projected upon a screen amid a blinding glare, and was viewed by the theatre-going public alone. To-day nearly one-fourth of each city's population throughout the land daily sit before a mute screen and worship pantomime mechanically perfect. From an incident in a few theatres, the pictures have developed into monopolies housed in their own buildings, and represent the most popular amusement in the world.

There is no diversion in existence for which an admission is charged, where one apparently receives so much for his money as in the picture-show. A nickel gives one an average performance of an hour and one-half, including music. And it is a poor person, indeed, who imagines he can not afford five cents for such a prodigal return on his investment! Coupled with the cheapness of the attraction is the universal appeal of love for excitement, crowds, and the desire to be amused; with the result that the audience represents absolute democracy. Here one finds rich and poor, old and young, white and black, good and badall under the hypnotic spell of the figures dancing upon the screen.

Some popular magazines, as distinguished from trade journals, are devoted to the "movies"; the daily press gives news space to accounts of current films and those appearing in them; and the names of many "movie" actors and actresses are now household words. In short, the moving-picture show, whether good or bad, is here—and here tremendously. It is obviously quite impossible for such a proposition to remain neutral in its influence

The question naturally arises, then, what is the public viewing that so compels its attention and wrests millions of dollars from it each month?

Three "services" control the moving-picture production activities in this country. The manufacturers belong to these delivery trusts and release only through the one to which they are attached. In addition, there are "feature-companies" that specialize on elaborate drama, comic and educational subjects; but their output is comparatively limited, and distributed through their own agencies. It is quite evident, therefore, that for whatever may be good or evil in the business, the local manager is entitled to neither credit nor discredit. He must take what the trusts give him, for they alone can supply his demands.

It may be interesting to note that, of two hundred and twentyone pictures (pictures are shown in one, two, three, and even six reels), seen in nine different theatres, representing a week's run of films in each house, and the entire display in a city of sixty thousand, a careful study resulted in the following statistics:

Not objectionable melodrama, sixteen.

Objectionable melodrama, twenty-six.

Moral, sixteen.

Near-moral, ten.

Humorous, thirty.

Near-humorous, twenty-six.

Salacious, eighteen.

Depicting criminality, thirty-two.

Travel, eight.

Educational, eight.

Indifferent, seventeen.

Bad, fourteen.

The unobjectionable melodrama consisted of pathos and unoffending tense situations.

Objectionable melodrama, however, was different. In this

type the most diabolical and ingenious methods were employed to sustain interest. Briefly, it was the "Relentless Rudolph" of comic fame portrayed in dead earnest viciousness. The effect upon the mature mind was one of decided agitation; and as

these pictures were being run, one frequently heard exclamations that were by no means limited to the juvenile patrons.

Parents have no hesitation in permitting their children thus to view an intensified "Diamond-Dick" story, which is indelibly impressed upon their memories; yet if these same children would be caught reading a yellow-backed novelette, they would probably be severely reprimanded.

The moral type of picture was, of course, elevating; and usually began with a display of wickedness, showing the consequence, and subsequent reformation. Wholesome stories, also, were placed under this head.

Those styled near-moral were insidious, in that they attempted under the guise of morality to show pictures which better would have been left undisplayed. For example, a young man is shown passing through the entire category of crime. In three reels of fifteen minutes each, one is introduced to an overdrawn and suggestive pictorial tale of vice, when suddenly he is confronted with a "lead" which reads: "And it was all on account of this," which is followed by a picture of a whiskey flask. The flask was the "joker" getting it past the censors; whereas, in reality this feature created little or no impression.

Humorous: Entirely unobjectionable.

NEAR-HUMOROUS: Objectionable, not owing to their lack of laugh-producing qualities, but because the subject generating the laugh was either bad or suggestive. Thus, a humorous picture based upon the effects of alcohol or a poker game, presents crime from an amusing standpoint and thereby lessens the general respect for law, particularly in the growing mind.

SALACIOUS: These pictures showed suggestive evidences of passion, and were bad only in spots; but the spots generally were high-lights.

DEPICTING CRIMINALITY: Showed everything from petty larceny to murder. In eleven films there were actual murders, as distinguished from their suggestion. This type of picture offers ideas which youthful enthusiasm attempts to imitate. Many cases of juvenile delinquency are thus accounted for.

TRAVEL: Including pure travel and stories set in foreign countries, were thoroughly entertaining.

EDUCATIONAL: Showing industries and dealing with history, were interesting and instructive.

INDIFFERENT: Time-killers, non-classifiable—just pictures.

BAD: Objectionable, inasmuch as the subject matter was bad; for example, the life of an opium-eater or the white-slave traffic. They were frequently highly colored and overdrawn.

Thus it is to be observed, that, of the entire two hundred and twenty-one pictures, nearly two-thirds were either objectionable or of no real value. As the "services" are general, it is not unfair to say that the pictures above referred to represent the usual type displayed throughout the country. The conclusion is, that from a moral and elevating standpoint, the moving-picture show to-day is scarcely a success. Yet in the exploitation of crime and suggestive situations the moving picture does not stand alone; the so-called "high-class" vaudeville frequently presents criminal and prurient features as offending as the movie-show.

Speaking generally, many films are shown whose plots remind one of the musical-comedy story; they are fairy-tales for grownups and offend intelligence. Everything, in all pictures, is sacrificed to the one absolutely essential factor of successful pantomime; to wit, attention.

This fact was most forcibly illustrated by a picture showing the events leading up to the birth of Christ. A purer and more elevating theme could scarcely be employed. But the producers realized that the audience would likely become restive, and to save the picture, inserted a bacchanalian feast which



Photo Floyd



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CARROLL McCOMAS
Who will play a leading rôle in Paul Wilstach's new play, "What Happened at 22"

disgusted a young man at the festivities—and quite logically—so that he turned away, walked into the deserted street, where he was beset by robbers and left to die. Suggestive and thrilling, certainly; but one carries away with him those scenes of revelry and near-murder almost to the exclusion of the other features. It is no concern of the manufacturers that oriental debauchery, highway robbery and personal violence are out of place in a holy theme. The people must be kept awake, attention must be held.

In addition to the pictures, there are other features of the picture-show that somewhat condemn it. Here it is that women and girls form objectionable acquaintances that frequently lead to bad results. Vice investigators generally have arrived at the conclusion that the picture-show often is an aid to the amateur and professional profligate.

Again, the very character of the amusement precludes sunshine; as an hygienic force it is lost in these places, and in lieu thereof disinfectants are used, at best a poor substitute. This complaint may be laid against the legitimate house, but the necessity for sun-cured air is there not so great; they are large auditoriums and, excepting the top gallery, accommodate a good class of patrons. On the other hand, the "movie"-theatre is small, patronized by all conditions of humanity, and frequently used for twelve hours at a stretch. Crowded and overcrowded, the atmosphere is never the best, and frequently the worst.

The moving-picture proposition, bad as it may be is far from hopeless; on the contrary, it appears bright. This diversion is in a state of evolution. Time was when the audience was satisfied with pictorial necromancy, but they soon tired of that; they demanded at least a semblance of congruity with a limited, but no less certain, appeal to reason, which is its present status.

Reformers cry for rigid censorship, home influence and social centres; and if adopted these will undoubtedly accomplish a great amount of good, but in the last analysis what we really need is not these things, but patience.

The moving-picture problem will largely solve itself. Already audiences are tiring of the wild-west and crime-laden films; productions of this character, after all, can only follow general lines, and people will not much longer tolerate repetition. Complaints even now are frequent; and no one appreciates this better or more significantly than the producers themselves. Consequently, legitimate drama is being promoted for the "movies"; actors and actresses "of standing" are deserting the conventional stage for the screen; and able authors are being employed to write plays for depiction by the camera. Briefly, the "feature" film is rapidly arriving. Good plays and superior acting then will not be limited to those who can afford two dollars for a two-hour performance, but the same thing will be exhibited to all, rich and poor alike, at a poor man's price. And when this is realized, the worst phases of the proposition will vanish Instead of the now isolated exhibitions that uplift and teach. the "movie"-show's influence as an educational factor will then be generally felt.

Moreover, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the scientific mind will in the near future solve the talking-picture problem—the last step in the evolution of this business. Decided improvement in this field has already been attained; and when its perfected state becomes an accomplished fact, the possibilities of the "movies" from the standpoint of amusement and education will be fully realized. Meanwhile, we must wait, and not condemn too harshly.

J. Clarence Funk.





White

FANNIE WARD

This attractive actress will continue to play the title rôle in "Madame President" during the coming season



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The Moscow Art Theatre

exemplified than by the Moscow Art Theatre. Beginning as an amateur theatrical society without funds or wealthy members it has become in little more than a decade one of the foremost theatrical organizations in the world. Its home is perhaps the best equipped playhouse in Europe. And its productions are the most perfect given on any stage.

Although in Russia the Moscow Art Theatre is looked upon as the first theatre in the land it is almost unknown outside of the Czar's Empire except in Germany. Its company has only

appeared in the leading cities of Russia and Germany. Moscow is so far off the beaten track of travel that few American writers on theatrical subjects have visited it. However, arrangements have been made for the appearance of the Moscow Art Theatre company in London in the fall in connection with the big Russian art and industrial exhibition which will be held at that time. The company is to alternate with the Imperial Russian ballet at the



EXTERIOR OF THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE

Drury Lane and its art will then receive attention from English critics for the first time. Naturally, as Russian is understood by so few people interested in the drama, the Moscow Art Theatre company can never create a world-wide sensation. Nevertheless, its influence is already so great that no one interested in theatrical affairs can afford to be ignorant of it.

The Moscow Art Theatre was the first playhouse in the world to have a revolving stage. Prof. Max Reinhardt adapted the idea for the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin and later the idea was copied by the designers of the New Theatre in New York (now the Century Opera House). The Moscow Art Theatre now has a double-decked revolving stage which permits of even greater latitude in staging plays than heretofore. In fact, its stage equipment is unique in the theatre world. There is no direct lighting, the orchestra pit is under the stage and there are separate greenrooms for both sexes. In almost every respect the Moscow Art Theatre is the last word in theatre construction.

But it is in the conduct of the theatre and its productions that the Moscow Art Theatre claims our attention. It is a co-operative organization, being owned by thirty odd actors and actresses who appear on its stage. The entire organization consists of 360 men and women who devote their entire time to the artistic, financial and operating side of the playhouse. In addition to its two directors, who have practically equal responsibility, there is a governing board that passes on all important matters. After ten years' service an actor or actress becomes a shareholder, and there is a pension system for superannuated players as well as funds for cases of emergency. Every player is given ten weeks' vacation with pay—their services being contracted for by the year. Thus it will be seen that from the actors' standpoint the Moscow Art Theatre is about ideal.

Only three new productions are made each year. However, a repertory of twelve is given, former successes being repeated as often as the receipts warrant. At least three months are devoted to the preparation of each play. Consequently, only finished productions are given. While the theatre is the home of the Russian

drama the dramas of other countries are not neglected. Shake-speare, Ibsen, Hauptmann are al-

most as much in evidence as Tolstoi, Gorky, Gogol and Tschechoff. This year, for instance, the three new productions are "The Possessed," a dramatization of one of Dostoevesky's novels; "Thought," a new drama, written especially for the Moscow Art Theatre, by Andrieff, and "La Lonandiera," by Goldoni. Among the principal repertory offerings are "Hamlet," staged by Gordon Craig; Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird"; "The Living Corpse," by Tolstoi, and "Three Sisters," a drama by Knut Hamsun. "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet" have also been given

in the theatre as well as several modern Englishdramas. However, during the fifteen years of its existence the Moscow Art Theatre has not given a play by an American author.

It is very difficult to obtain a seat for a new production at this unique theatre. For the first ten performances of each new play every seat is subscribed for—which, of course, gives the theatre working capital. The expenses of the organization are about \$350,000 a year, but

as its receipts are always over \$400,000, it is very prosperous. However, it makes very little money in Moscow, where a full house represents only \$1,500. Its season in Petersburg, where it plays in the Imperial Mikhailovsky Theatre (the Royal French Theatre) means \$4,000 a night and in Kieff, Warsaw and Odessa it plays to enormous business.

Fortunately, I was able to get a seat for "The Possessed," the new Dostoevesky dramatization at the playhouse. I was warned to be in my seat at eight o'clock as no one is admitted to the auditorium after the play has begun. I arrived early in order to study the audience. One glance was sufficient to convince me that it was a gathering of "intellectuals." Not one person in the house was in evening dress, yet the orchestra chairs are from \$1.50 to \$2.50 apiece. And they are the most comfortable chairs I have ever known.

Promptly at eight o'clock the curtain rose, disclosing the interior of a Moscow home in the sixties. Scene followed scene with only the darkening of the auditorium for a moment while the stage was moved. Unlike other revolving stages it moved noiselessly. The acting was magnificent. The players on this stage strive to be natural. Although I did not understand a single word it was evident that M. Katchaloff, Madame Knipper (the widow of the famous Tschechoff) M. Moskwin and Mlle. Koreneff are artists. I expected an outburst of applause at the end of the act, but when the curtain fell the audience silently left their seats for the foyer-promenade. Applause is never accorded the artists at the Moscow Art Theatre. Curtain calls are never allowed. Realism and naturalness, above everything else, are striven for.

During the second act M. Stanislauski, one of the directors of the theatre, took me behind the scenes to see the double-decked revolving stage in operation. There I saw three Russian priests. Priests are not allowed to witness theatrical performances in Russia, but several of the leading churchmen in Moscow never fail to see all the productions at the Art Theatre—from behind the scenes. The equipment in every particular is most admirable, in short, a model institution.

K. K.



ROBABLY no actor during The Real Richard Mansfield

his lifetime was more widely discussed or inspired more anecdotes regarding his character, temper and habits, than that most temperamental of stars, the late Richard Mansfield.

About midsummer of the year 1904, after I had had six months' experience playing leads and general utility with a cheap Western company, I came to the conclusion that the best thing was to join some good company, at no matter what salary, that I might gain experience which would help me in my chosen

profession. I had Mr. Mansfield's company in my mind's eye, and, thanks to influence, I was soon on the roster of that famous actor's organization.

Mr. Mansfield's business manager, Mr. Ben Stevens, informed me that members would be notified by mail when to come to New York for rehearsals. In due time the notification came, and in September, 1904, all the members of the company gathered in New York for rehearsals for an October opening. Needless to say, I started at a very small salary, with the understanding that I was to play "bits." I wasn't worried on that account. At least, I was with the star with whom it was my ambition to be. Mr. Mansfield's plan for that season was to play a repertoire of his most widely known successes: "Beau Brummel," "A Parisian Romance," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Ivan the Terrible," "King Richard the Third," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Misanthrope," a comedy by Molière never previously played. The stage chosen for rehearsals was the roof garden of the old New York Theatre.

The first several days of rehearsal Mr. Mansfield did not put in an appearance, his stage manager reading his various parts and directing. Finally word came to the effect that "father"—as Mr. Mansfield was always called by his people when not within earshot—would be there the next day. Sure enough,

he appeared on the stage the following morning while some of the company were being "put through" the first act of "Beau Brumpel"

As he came forward, there was not a sign of recognition from him to any of the company. Partly out of respect, but chiefly to ascertain what scene Mr. Mansfield wanted to start rehearsing, the stage manager stopped the rehearsal. Instead of this mark of attention pleasing the star, it only exasperated him. As soon as he reached the stage he exclaimed petulantly, "Well, why don't you go on; why stop, why stop?" The chances are that had the rehearsal not been stopped he would have burst out angrily: "You blithering idiot. why don't you show some respect when I arrive? Your manners are execrable; stop the rehearsal immediately." The man possessed an extremely contrary disposition. The only way one could tell whether he was pleased was by his silence. When Mansfield was pleased he said nothing.

Docily following instructions, the stage manager proceeded from the point where he had stopped, and when Brummel's cue came, Mr. Mansfield paid no attention to his own part whatever, but let the stage manager read it for him, while he strutted back and forth across the stage near the footlights in his inimitable, discontented manner. When he heard a line or speech read wrong by one of the new members, he would stop his walk instantly and show the actor or actress how to read it. Even the

casionally grate upon him. He would make them go over it several times, although possibly they were reading the lines precisely as they had done the previous season, when they were not reprimanded. After about forty-five minutes of this "Brummel" rehearsal had taken place, Mr. Mansfield thought it time for luncheon, and dismissed the company until two o'clock.

"Richard III" was to be rehearsed in the afternoon. He

had not played this piece for several years, and he realized it would require considerable work to put it back in the repertoire, owing to the fact that all the members of the present company, with one exception, were new. That afternoon he decided to "go through" himself with one of the acts of "Richard." During the rehearsals previously one of the utility men had been reading the line, "My Lord, stand back and let the coffin pass!" It is where the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III, stops the funeral procession of Henry VI. Mr. Mansfield called for the scene. When the company formed the procession and started the march across the stage, Mansfield, who was on the opposite side, came limping to centre as the crippled Duke of Gloucester. Using an umbrella to represent a sword he confronted the procession in barrier-like manner, so as to woo Lady Anne over the bier of her dead husband, whom he, Duke of Gloucester, had foully murdered. At this point the utility man in question bounded forward, reading his line, "My Lord, stand back and let the coffin pass!"

reading of some of the old members of

the company would oc-

Mansfield gave him one look, and then, calling for a chair, deliberately seated himself. Adjusting his glasses, he turned from the trembling actor to the stage manager. In accents more of grief than anger, he exclaimed: "Warde! Warde! where did you

get this man! How is it that I encounter people in the company speaking lines like a Bowery 'Hick'?" Turning to the actor he went on: "Young man, you can handle the baggage, or something like that, but never again speak a line on my stage." He then gave an exaggerated burlesque imitation of how the man read the line. The humiliating reprimand was entirely uncalled for, as the man read as well, if not better, than a great many of the men of the company drawing larger salaries could have done.

Yet it was not only the humbler members of his company he criticised. At times he would give the more important people unmerciful abuse, and they all accepted it with good grace, knowing well that if they didn't they would have to seek another engagement. Even with the ladies of the company he was frequently sarcastic and inconsiderate. For instance, Lady Anne's "business" is to attempt to seize the Duke of Gloucester's sword. but she is interrupted from securing it by a gesture from Gloucester. At rehearsal and even during performances, the actress playing Lady Anne could never do that particular "business" to suit Mansfield. Each time he would snarl and under his breath mutter, "Hopeless! Hopeless!"

The opening date that season was set for about the middle of October, and the intended route was New York, Pennsylvania Maine Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, west to Chicago, then through all the Southern States as far as Texas,



THE LATE RICHARD MANSFIELD





MAY ALLISON
In Lawrence Rising's farce, "Apartment 12-K," at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

then back northeastward to Michigan, in order to close in Detroit some time in June. This route represented a season of about thirty-four weeks. At this time Mr. Mansfield was closely approaching the half-century mark in years. He was at the very zenith of his career as the foremost actor of the American stage. The entire Mansfield organization, including the working staff, numbered about sixty-five people, and the company always travelled on a special train, which consisted of three sleepers, two or three day coaches, two baggage cars, and Mr. Mansfield's private car. The engineer was ordered to regulate the speed of the train according to instructions from the star's private car, the instructions being issued by Mr. Mansfield himself. He had a speed indicator in his car, and seldom allowed the engineer to exceed forty miles an hour. Should the indicator jump past the forty-mile notch, one would suddenly see the bell-cord. running through the cars to the cab of the engine, suddenly grow taut as a signal to the engineer to slacken his speed. When travelling, the private car was always on the rear of the train, and on the one-night stands-of which there were about fiftyfive-Mr. Mansfield would have his car side-tracked in some quiet spot on the outskirts of the town, and he would live in the car instead of going to a hotel. At 7:15 in the evening a carriage would convey him from his car to the theatre, and after the performance, from the theatre back to the car, where the principal meal of the day, prepared by his cook, awaited him. On the one-night stands that year he usually played "Ivan the Terrible," that historical drama being new to the country at large, and, incidentally, to show the public what a great piece of character portrayal his impersonation of the Russian tyrant, Ivan, was. It was always the general belief that the dual rôle of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was Mr. Mansfield's hardest part, and one that exacted more strain on his nervous system than all his other rôles combined. Newspapers throughout the country exploited the statement that Mansfield played "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on Saturday nights only so he could have all of Sunday to give his wrecked nerves a chance to recuperate. Let me say right here that the rôle of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was the easiest part for him to play of any in his entire repertoire, and did not tax him nearly as much as some of his other rôles. In fact, whenever Mansfield wanted a rest he would play "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." His range of voice was truly marvellous, and the grewsome depth to which he delved vocally, combined with the uncanny green light thrown on him while portraying Hyde, explained the sensational vogue of the play. Mansfield was a shrewd and sagacious business man. He thoroughly realized the inestimable value of sensational advertising. He always had a clever press agent ahead of the company, and by nine o'clock each night knew just how much money was "in front." Very often, before the performance began, one would hear him dispatch his manager with this admonition: "Mr. ----, have the statement in my dressing-room by nine-o'clock, do you understand? Not ten minutes before, or ten minutes after, but nine o'clock sharp."

He commanded higher prices than any other star. Through all the Southern States, choice main floor seats were three dollars for Mansfield, and usually the entire house would be sold out days before he reached town. As is the custom with travelling troupes, the first place the members of the company would make for, on arriving in a town, was the theatre, in order to ascertain from the theatre people the desirable hotels at which to stop. Invariably would this sign greet us in front of the theatre: "All Sold Out for Mansfield To-night." The star did not object to one-nighters in the least, as he received a larger percentage of the receipts from those than he did from theatres in the larger cities. Furthermore, he suffered none of the inconveniences of travel that confronts the vast majority of theatrical folk. His private car was his home while playing the smaller towns, and he lived as comfortably as in New York. His income was in the neighborhood of \$75,000 a season, over and above all his theatrical expenses. Yet in spite of this earning capacity he was not a rich man. He was very extravagant and managed to spend the greater part of his income each year. He maintained a beautiful home on Riverside Drive, in New York City, in which he seldom lived, and a summer home at New London, Conn. To add to his many luxuries he sported a private yacht, on which he cruised during part of the summer months. His wife, who at one time was his leading woman, known to theatregoers as Beatrice Cameron, retired from the stage after the birth of their son, George Gibbs Mansfield, and in later years seldom travelled with her husband, her time being occupied with her son's education.

One of Mansfield's many admirable qualities was his hatred of street publicity. He would always avoid crowds and would never attempt to make himself conspicuous. While walking the most secluded path he could find was always his choice. The average actor is prone to be just the antithesis of this, flaunting himself as conspicuously as possible wherever he can be the object of the gaze of the multitude. He detested the loafing, posing type of actor, and was a profound student and scholar in every sense of the word. When any members of his company



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JANE VAN RELLIN TWO ATTRACTIVE ACTRESSES WHO RECENTLY APPEARED IN "SWEETHEARTS" ON THE ROAD

were in trouble, real trouble, not of their own fault or making, such as serious illness, he always played the good Samaritan with unstinted generosity, and he would never accept thanks. He never personally proffered assistance, but always sent an envoy in his stead, in the person of his manager or his treasurer. Many times when one in his company was stricken with illness, Mansfield paid doctor, hospital and nurse bill, and furnished the convalescent with transportation to his or her home. An incident I well remember, an act of generosity to which Mr. Mansfield was not in any way obligated, was when he came to the rescue of some of his actors arrested for a poker game. We were in Texas on the one-nighters, and were just about to make a jump from San Antonio to Austin. Our special train was due to leave San Antonio at one o'clock in the morning. Five or six of the men of the company had gathered in one of the coaches for the purpose of playing poker. Texas has a law which prohibits gambling on any train in the State. The game had just started. and the train would have left in one or two minutes, when suddenly two deputy sheriffs rushed inside and declared the card players under arrest. The officers had all the evidence necessary, for the players had money scattered on the board. It was explained to the sheriffs that it was the Mansfield special train, and that a serious delay meant no performance the following day. The sheriffs agreed to compromise on a fine of \$25 for each player. This meant \$125 or \$150. None of the card players had anything like \$25. The ultimatum was: either raise that amount or go to jail. Word had been sent of the predicament to Mr. Mansfield. He immediately instructed his treasurer to pay the sheriff the required amount for the release of the actors, and to inform the gamblers that it would not be deducted from their salaries, but that the game was to be considered "on" Mr. Mansfield. A few days afterward one of the actors involved in the game met Mr. Mansfield on the street and took it upon himself to thank the star for his generosity. Mansfield did not notice the man when he approached, but continued on his walk. Afterward he summoned his manager, requesting him to tell the man never to accost him on the street, and that if it occurred again it would mean his dismissal from the company.

Mansfield's sense of humor was highly developed, but he seldom exercised it, although when he did, it was when least expected. A stage hand once made a remark to him that or-

dinarily would have resulted in his being ejected from the theatre. The occasion was during a performance of "Richard III." Mansfield's suit of armor, for which he had paid £300 in England, was a superb outfit of war regalia. A stage hand, in a halfdrunken condition, sat perched in a chair tilted against the wall near Mansfield's dressing-room. As Richard made his way from the dressing-room to the stage, clad in the armor, the stage hand caught sight of him and cried: "Say, Dick, ye look like a new stove!" Mansfield stopped abruptly and glared at the man; then burst out laughing and remarked: "Bright young man, all right; witty fellow. You should go into vaudeville." Apropos of "Richard III" that season, it was the first time Mansfield had produced the play in possibly twelve years, the last time being when he produced it in England and lost a great deal of money in so doing. The opening night for "Richard III" was scheduled for Boston, at the Colonial Theatre, and it was the only time I ever heard Mansfield "go up" in his lines. His first entrance was in an obscure position with the procession. Near the centre of the stage was a large "prop" rock, and the business of the part required him to sit upon this rock until the remainder of the procession had left the stage. Then followed the long soliloquy: "Now is the winter of our discontent; made glorious summer by this son of York." After that opening line Mansfield suddenly stopped, a blank stare overspread his countenance, and drawing his sword he made a few flourishes, in order to cover the fact that his memory had failed him, and strutted off the stage, signaling for the curtain to be rung down and leaving the remainder of the speech unspoken. In every performance of "Richard III" thereafter that season he omitted the entire scene of that opening soliloquy, although possibly for the reason that he thought it unnecessary for his version of the play.

To illustrate the marvellous power of his voice, in the battle scene of this play, every member of the company had instructions to don armor, stand in the wings and create as much noise as possible by shouting and slashing each other with their swords on each other's armor to lend the asmosphere of battle. The effect of this caused such a clatter and din that if one wished to speak to the one next him in the wings it was necessary to form a trumpet with both hands and yell in the ear of the other. In spite of this deafening demonstration, when Mansfield bolted across the stage, wildly flourishing his sword in the air, the



famous words: ". I horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horsel" were distinctly heard from

him like the roar of cannon. The timbre of his voice in this battle scene fairly shook the rafters.

His portraval of Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance" was a masterpiece of character work. The death of the Baron occurred in the supper scene. The men in this scene were in full dress and wore white dress gloves. One night all the dress gloves I possessed were badly soiled, so I decided to go on the scene without gloves. Before the rise of the curtain on this act the star used to look over the scene to see whether everything was in readiness, chairs in their proper places, etc. The first thing Mansfield spied was myself, bare-handed. "Young man, where are your gloves?' he inquired sternly. Evading the truth, I informed him that in my hurry to be in time for the act I had left them in my dressing-room. "Get them as quickly as you can, you'll have

time before the curtain rises," he commanded. I started for the stairs leading to the dressing-rooms, hoping I should meet some one who could lend me a pair of clean dress gloves. On the first landing I met one of the men of the company holding a box about a foot long. He asked the cause of my rush, and I informed him that I must have gloves immediately. Without a word he opened the box, took out a pair of new dress gloves and handed them to me, Pulling them on, I rushed down the stairs to the stage. Mansfield saw that I had gloves and called to the stage manager, "All right, ring up the curtain." After the act was over I sought my friend to thank him. "They're not mine," he explained, "they're Mansfield's. They were in one of his trunks and I was taking them to his dressing-room." I nearly fainted from the shock.

One of Mansfield's actors had been with him continuously for seventeen years. Naturally this man was more intimate with the eminent star than any other male member of the company. Often during the summer months Mansfield would invite him to spend a few days on his yacht. This particular actor told the present writer that he always accepted the invitation, not daring to offend "father," but that he always made his stay as brief as possible, owing to Mansfield's peculiar manners. While on the yacht, should the guest happen to drop a burnt match on the deck. "father" would instantly call a servant and have the match thrown overboard. It goes without saying that this scrupulous neatness made it embarrassing and uncomfortable for anyone fond of smoking. The odor of smoke in the dressing-room of a theatre drove him into a frenzy. Not for a dislike of the odor, but for fear of the playhouse burning, and he being held liable for the negligence of his employee or employees. He rarely, if ever, entered a barber shop. When he wished his hair trimmed,



Seen as Anne Clutterbuck in "The Queen of the Movies"

he had a barber come to the dressing-room before the performance, and he always

shaved himself. One night, somewhere in Texas, when he were just about to leave a town. I happened to be standing on the depot platform near his private car. Through a window 1 could see Mansfield before a mirror shaving. The engine was not yet attached to the train, and in backing up for coupling the engineer probably miscalculated the distance, causing the engine to severely jolt the train of cars. Mansfield was thrown across the car, although he managed to remain on his feet, but several pieces of furniture in the car were overturned. When the coupling was made, Mansfield, who had left his car and was pacing the depot platform, mistook some switchman standing near the engine for the engineer. Rushing up to him he cried: "What is the matter with you, you nincompoop? I could sue your road for damages for what you just did, you idiot!" The switchman, from all ap-

pearances a rough and tumble Texan, stood open-mouthed at this unexpected outburst of wrath, not knowing the cause or the man delivering it. He finally recovered his senses and gave utterance to a volume of terrifying oaths directed at Mansfield. By this time I came up. I remonstrated with the railroad man, told him that it was Mr. Mansfield's special train, and to run on about his business, whereupon the fellow, becoming more and more belligerent, said he didn't care who the h--- he was talking to. A conductor who had appeared upon the scene acted as peacemaker, and Mansfield returned to his car, but not before threatening to sue the railroad; which, incidentally, he never did. In moments of anger he would make the most extreme threats, and a half hour afterward would have forgotten all about it. Often while putting a new play in preparation he would become impatient, discharge the whole company, tell each to look for another engagement and stalk out of the theatre in a rage, talking retirement and thanking the Lord he had saved a few pennies on which to live; only to return about fifteen minutes later and resume rehearsal. The company knew his idiosyncrasy and would hold their places until his return. As a matter of fact, Mansfield was angry about three-quarters of the time. This state of mind apparently never affected his health. Until a few weeks prior to his death he was always the picture of rugged physical strength. His physique was as well proportioned as any man could desire; broad shoulders tapering down to a waist seven inches smaller in circumference than his chest; powerful arms, large neck and symmetrical legs. Although only five feet seven and one-half inches, or possibly five feet eight inches in height, owing to his well-proportioned physique, he appeared much taller. At a glance one would guess him to be five feet ten or ten and one-half inches tall. (Continued on page 88)



Photo Otto Sarony

F you happen to drop at the corner of the

in the Café Museum An Interview with Franz Lehar

Gattin" (The Ideal Wife), is at the Theater an der Wien, and has proved the biggest success of the present season.

Friedrichstrasse and the Operngasse about four o'clock any afternoon your Viennese host-or the Kellner if you were alone -would point to a group of men in a far corner of the café

"There sits the celebrated Franz Lehar."

If you are indiscreet enough to ask which one of the group is the famous composer you will be looked upon as a very ignorant person. For everyone in Vienna knows Franz Leharby sight, at least-and as much is expected of American visitors.

However, there is really no occasion for asking which one is Lehar. His photographs have appeared in American papers and magazines too many times for one not to be familiar with his appearance. And besides on the wall directly over the table at which the group is gathered is a marble bust of the composer with his name lettered in gilt beneath it.

This is the famous "Lehar Corner" and in it gather all the leading composers of Vienna between the hours of four and six every afternoon throughout the year. But pecause Lehar is recognized as the greatest of their set the corner is named for him and his bust and pictures adorn the walls.

If you are fortunate enough to have an acquaintance with one of the famous Viennese composersor a mutual friend-you will have a delightful hour in the Lehar Corner. The pleasant faced American looking man who is chatting over his coffee-no other than Franz Lehar-will greet you with

the most democratic of handshakes and make you feel instantly at home. One by one he will present you to Emerich Kallman, the composer of "The Gay Hussars" and "The Little King"; to Heinrich Reinhardt, the composer of 'The Spring Maid"; to Oskar Nebdal, whose opera "Polenblut" is one of the biggest hits of the season: to Oscar Straus, of "Chocolate Soldier" fame, and perhaps to Dr. Leo Fall, whose "Dollar Princess" is still remembered. Vienna, you must remember, is the musical centre of the world. Practically all the famous composers of what we term "light operas" live in the Austrian capital and practically all of them take their coffee at the Café Museum.

If you do not speak very good German Herr Lehar will ask Leo Stein or Robert Bodansky, who have written the librettos of so many Viennese operettas and who are sitting close by, to act as interpreter. For the composer of "The Merry Widow" and "The Count of Luxembourg" does not speak English and, of course, his native tongue-Hungarian-is quite incompre-

It is a little more than eight years since "The Merry Widow" was first produced at the Theater an der Wien and a practically unknown composer made famous throughout the world. while one of Lehar's operettas ran 240 nights in Vienna before "The Merry Widow" was produced his fame-if it can be called that-was purely local. He was simply a poor young Hungarian with several scores which he was anxious to sell to Vienna managers. To-day, it is no exaggeration to say, he is the most celebrated and popular composer in the world and a millionaire besides. His operas for the next ten years are all contracted for-royalties are pouring in from a score of countries-and what gratifies him quite as much-his latest work, "Die Ideale

Yet, in spite of his success and his rapid transformation from poverty to affluence. Franz Lehar is the most modest of men. He dresses as simply as in his poorer days. While he has a beautiful home on one of the finest streets in Vienna he lives simply. The fact that all his brother composers are daily in his society speaks volumes for his unselfish popularity. He does not know what jealousy is-at least so all his friends declare. And one has only to chat with him about other composers to discover an entire absence of ego. It was surrounded by Kallman,

Reinhardt and Strauss that I found Lehar at the Café Museum taking his afternoon coffee, as is his custom. Wilhelm Karczag, the director of the Theater an der Wien and the Raimund Theater, and Leo Stein the librettist, were at the next table. It was early and the otners-Eysler, Ziehrer, Nebdal. Fall and Granichstädten had not arrived. Herr Lehar had been informed by a mutual friend that my mission was to interview him and he good-naturedly consented.

Hardly had the Kellner placed a glass of cream-topped Vienna coffee before me than I plunged into the interview.

"First and foremost," I asked, 'why have you never come to America?"

"Because I have never had the right operetta," the composer of 'The Merry Widow' and the 'Count of Luxembourg,' answered directly. "When I have found the right piece I shall certainly come to



FRANZ LEHAR Composer of "The Merry Widow," which operetta made him a millionaire

New York and conduct at its première."

"I have heard you are afraid of the ocean," I suggested.

"No, no," he laughed. "Why, I used to be director of a marine band. Seriously, when I am satisfied that I have the right piece I'll come over. Perhaps it will be with 'Endlich Allein.' I really want to visit America. I want to hear some of Herbert's compositions. Yes, I'm surely coming.'

"Endlich Allein," Kallman explained, was Lehar's newest operetta which is to be produced in Vienna next season. "Die Ideale Gattin," his present piece at the Theater an der Wien is such a big success that it may run until spring.

"Why were you not satisfied with "Gypsy Love?" I asked, "In fact, we expected you to come to America for its première."

"Gypsy Love?" he repeated. "It was far, very far from the right piece. I want a good book first of all. That's the hardest thing to find—a good book—there are plenty of men who can write good music, but a good libreito, a good story, I mean-is very, very rare. Yes, the success of an operetta-especially of the first performance—depends upon the book.'

"But its cornerstone is a waltz?" I interrupted.

"Of course, for a Viennese operetta," answered Herr Lehar. "But not for your American musical pieces which you wrongfully term opéra comique. Everyone says American musical plays are better staged than ours—so it must be so. Still I believe our operettas are better sung. I will find out for myself when I visit America.

"You must remember," he went on, "that you have touring companies. Your managers can invest twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars in producing a play with some hope of getting it back. Here in Vienna when an operetta has had its run of



fifty, 100 or even 200 nights, that is all there is to it. Each theatre has its own permanent company, and there is no road tour. Consequently, productions cannot be as lavish as in America."

"But your dreadful chorus girls?" I asked.

"Viennese operettas are not written to exploit the chorus,"

said Herr Lehar seriously. Nor do producers here take liberties with an author's book or a composer's score. I understand that some of the Viennese operettas that have been produced in New York were so changed that they were hardly recognizable. One of mine was terribly mutilated, so I am told. A New York producer would not think of changing one of Gilbert and Sullivan's pieces. Yet they change our operettas. Ours are just as sacred as Gilbert and Sullivan's - at least, they should be so considered.'

"Yes, there were just two of my numbers left in one of my operettas which was produced in New York last season," agreed Emerich Kallman, who had been listening in silence.

"'The Man With Three Wives' and 'Eva' were failures in New York for the same reason," said Lehar. "'The Merry Widow' and the 'Count of Luxembourg' were produced there exactly as they were done here—and you know with what result.

"Really, I would like to

come to New York with a repertoire company and give all my operettas, he said earnestly. "I would like America to see how we present operettas in Vienna. But, of course, that's impossible."

"Do you think there will be any change in the type of operetta in the future?" I asked.



"No, so long as the world is as it is light operas will be popular," he replied. "It is a form of stage entertainment the people like. I don't see how there can be any change.

"Why is it," he asked suddenly, changing the conversation, "that your American composers do not try to get a hearing in Vienna? Of course, I know it would not mean so much from a money standpoint, but surely a composer like Victor Herbert ought to have a hearing here. We have had only one American musical piece—'The Belle of New York'—and that was a big success. But, aside from the money standpoint, I should think a great composer like Herbert would like the stamp of approval from Vienna. Perhaps he, too, has not found the right work—it is hard to be satisfied with one's compositions."

"And harder to be satisfied with a libretto?"

"That's the whole thing in a nutshell, as you say in America. Yes, I believe the prayer of every composer is, 'Lord, have mercy upon me and send me a good libretto.'"

The chimes of the nearby cathedral reminded me that it was time to leave. I knew that Herr Lehar was expecting to conduct the fiftieth performance of "Die Ideale Gattin" that evening, and I also knew that theatrical performances in Vienna begin at the time when most New Yorkers sit down to dinner. So I bade good-bye to the "Lehar Corner" and its friendly crowd. An hour later, when I entered the Theater an der Wien, the famous composer was conducting his operetta. When the usher handed me a program he pointed to the leader of the orchestra and said:

"That is the celebrated Franz Lehar."

In Vienna, at least, they do not wait until a great man is dead to honor him.

KARL K. KITCHEN.



Pity the Brother

THE son of a famous American author once admitted that the greatest handicap to the literary worker was to be the son of a famous writer. Siegfried Wagner is said to have uttered a similar remark in regard to musical composers, realizing his own battle for fame in view of his father's amazing genius. The sons of great painters have labored in vain, usually, when they attempted to gain public recognition for their work. And much the same has been true of the artists of the drama. Actors, almost unanimously, declare that nothing has been more difficult to suppress from the public mind than the inevitable comparison of their talents to those of their sires. "Not so good as his father" is the trite remark constantly feared by the actor and constantly resounding in his ears, because drama, more than any of the arts, seems to be communicable by heredity.

But there is something worse than to be the son or daughter of an actor or actress, something that seems to submerge the aspirant to honors and fame to an even deeper cave of oblivion than parentage. While the percentage of famous men and women who had famous children is small, Lombroso, usually a dependable authority in such matters, places the likelihood of famous men rising to eminence as only $13\frac{1}{2}$ to 100, and it is quite likely that the percentage among actors is even smaller. The famous brother is the saddest spectacle—in the theatre at least—to his male or female kindred who aspire to histrionic greatness.

Ethel Barrymore, assuredly in a leading position among American actresses, recites as the greatest impediment to her early progress, the fact that her father and mother, grandfather and grandmother were actors; but in this recital, Miss Barymore fails to note that at the present time she stands as the "famous brother" of her family. Her fame far outshines that of her brothers, who are, nevertheless, undoubtedly actors of talent. History rarely grants the coveted laurel wreath to two members of one family in a single generation. Notable exceptions at the present moment are Sir Herbert Tree and his brother, Max Beerbohm, the critic and author; Georgette LeBlanc Maeterlinck, and her brother, Maurice LeBlanc, author of "Arsène Lupin" and other plays; and a few like the McCutcheon brothers, of Chicago, among American persons of the stage. A conspicuous example in England is that of the Terry family, all of whom from a standpoint of comparative histrionic merits, must bend the knee to Ellen Terry, as they literally did on the occasion of her jubilee performance at Drury Lane Theatre in London.

H. B. Irving, son of the late Sir Henry, seems by popular opinion, to be a talented actor, while the late Lawrence, his brother, was generally classed as an ambitious son of his father.

Sanderson Moffat and the various other Moffats, who happen to be brothers and sisters of Graham Moffat, who became suddenly famous as the author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," have little chance to rise to their brother's eminence, although like the late Joseph Jefferson, he seems to use his name and influence in placing them among the dramatis personæ of all his programmes.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's brother has had to content himself playing the Ghost in "Hamlet" or similar parts in other plays of his brother's repertoire, or with trouping the one-night stands in his brother's cast-off garments—in a word, he has known what it is to live from the crumbs falling from his master's table. James Lackaye, thought by many critics to be a better actor than his brother Wilton, has been completely overshadowed by the latter on the American stage. The brother of Tyrone Power is so inconspicuous in small parts on the stage as to be barely recognized. E. H. Sothern has for many years enjoyed greater fame than his brothers, although his father remarked: "poor Eddie, he is such a nice boy, but he will never be an actor."



Copyright Moffett

GERTRUDE DUFFY
Concert singer now appearing on tour

Trying to avoid what invariably happens when several members of the same family are on the stage, one soaring high, to what is believed to be, the detriment of the others, the Crelin family long ago decided to take "stage names" and care being taken to make them all different, thus Frank Celli, Herbert Standing and W. T. Carleton. John Wilkes Booth was thought by many audiences to be an exceptional actor, but it is believed that he was always underrated on account of comparison to his more famous brother, Edwin Booth. The brothers of Sam Bernard, Lew Fields and the late Peter F. Daly were always ranked in second place. Sidney Drew never had anything like the reputation of his brother, John Drew. Dion Boucicault, the London stage manager and producer, seems to have inherited some of his father's genius for the stage; and a younger son, Aubrey Boucicault never reached anywhere near his popularity. William Farnum admits that "Brother Dustin is a better actor than I am." but the inevitable comparison to "Brother" which he has been obliged to endure throughout his career, has been much of a handicap in the race, while a (Continued on page 88)



HERE is one other source of distrac-

tion that only too

The Failure of the American Producer

PART II

shoulders a bove most of his fellows, even though he has wandered

often mars the average American production; and the producer is at least negatively responsible for it, since it should be his duty to see that nothing is allowed to interfere with the interest in the unfolding dramatic story. Why the stars-far more intelligent people than the producers-should continually overdress, forgetting every canon of reticence and taste, is a stage mystery. Some of the cheaper productions are little more than parade grounds for the latest styles in clothes. And even the so-called "first-class" productions suffer from the parading of extreme or even bizarre creations. For instance, "Bought and Paid For," which in some respects approached so near to real drama, was marred by an inexcusable exhibition of the ultrafashionable in dress. It is safe to say that everyone in the audience several times felt more interest in certain beautiful but very noticeable gowns than in the action of the play. To bolster up plays of frank artificiality the introduction of such features may be allowable-anything is, for that matter-but in a drama of serious intent it is distinctly an interruption: it is not art.

Looking back over the discussion, of the exterior and interior naturalistic settings, of the introduced irrelevant incidents, of overdressing, it should be clear to the reader that there is one underlying fallacy which nullifies the entire achievement of the American producer: he misconceives the mission of art and the method of the artist. For, after all, art is conventional and selective, affording a unified impression to the spectator; whereas the creation of the American producer is slavishly imitative, strained and episodic. It is unnatural just to the extent of its straining after naturalness, and its appeal is primarily that of vaudeville. It has sacrificed the imaginative element, the beauty of thought, and the typically dramatic, cumulative, emotional interest, for the superficial appeal of perfectly imitated surface detail, and of unconnected episode.

Since the productions of David Belasco have been chosen almost exclusively for comment, it is only fair to outline now his real service to the American stage. For he does stand head and

from the true confines of art. In the first place, Belasco combines to a certain extent the offices of manager, producer, playwright, stage director, scene designer, and electrician. Belasco's is one of the very few theatres in which every element of the production goes through the hands or the mind of one man. And there can be no doubt that one of the great needs of the theatre to-day is the existence of a number of such all-commanding directors. The thoroughness of Belasco's work is indeed a lesson to those other producers who blindly delegate their duties to a dozen individual workers, thus bringing forth an uncoordinated whole. Again, the American theatre owes Belasco a debt for the lesson of painstaking care which his preparation of a play affords. For Belasco never hurries a production. He puts forth a very few plays each year, and he spares neither time nor expense to make them perfect according to his standards. Their shortcomings mark simply the limits of his artistic ability; his faults never are those of the managers who are forever scrambling to get something on the stage as quickly and as cheaply as possible. Again, Belasco has perfected certain mechanical devices that can be used quite as readily for artistic as for naturalistic effects. In lighting, especially, he has been able to advance far beyond his American fellow-producers. His lighting methods and lighting effects are less important than those of certain Continental stage artists, perhaps, only because he is concerned with producing a natural light where they seek chiefly a beautiful light or one suggestive of the mood of the action. And, lastly, Belasco served the American stage by developing the box set interior to a certain solidity, by discarding the old style "flat" set for the more satisfying "plastic" sort. In other words, he discarded the most ridiculously unnatural elements of the naturalistic setting. He made the always unsatisfying naturalistic setting as satisfying as it ever can be.

Thus Belasco has accomplished much for the American theatre; but at the same time he has nullified the chief value of his service by mistaking the fundamental principles of art. He





Sarony

JOBYNA HOWLAND
To appear shortly in a new play

JANE SALISBURY Playing Shireen in "Omar, the Tentmaker"

White CARREE CLARKE
In "A Pair of Sixes," at the Longacre

is the incomparable mechanician, rather than the man of vision, the inventive genius rather than the imaginative poet. His failure as a stage artist is the more pathetic because he sees the right goal, because he wants to create an atmosphere. But he tries to accomplish it by an accurateness that is commonplace, rather than by a symbolism or a suggestion that is beautiful. He is like a man who finds the right road to his destination and then walks in the wrong direction. He describes his work as the poetic adaptation of nature; but he is constantly travelling away from poetry and into prose.

Belasco presents the spectacle of a man who is worse than his fellows only because he has been more successful in realizing their ideals. He is the worse offender in naturalism only because he has arrived at a more accurate perfection; he is a more dangerous force in the American theatre because he disguises his tricks with all the outer semblance of art; he plans an effect that is photographically natural, and then leads up to it as to a dramatic climax, with the most finished artistry. Klaw and Erlanger, or the Shuberts, or any one of a score of lesser producers, might have yielded the examples for this discussion. Their settings, or at least those that they presumably direct, have all the same strained naturalism, and their ideal embraces the same episodic sort of action. Their work differs from his simply in that it lacks the disguising gloss, the insinuating semblance of art by which he has led even discerning critics to an acceptance of fundamentally false productions. In England, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has achieved a similar hollow success, and deserves to stand with Belasco himself-but that is another story.

In summing up the failure of the American producer, it is necessary only to repeat a sentence from the opening paragraph: his achievement is the perfect realization of a false ideal.

Forsaking the commercial producer, it is worth while to examine the signs that point to an ultimate revolution of stage production in America. For outside of New York (where the entire progress in the new stage-craft has been limited to the work of two of the younger managers) there are encouraging beginnings of a better era in the staging of plays, Two move-

ments are chiefly concerned in the work of redeeming American production from absolute stagnation: first, the growth of the so-called experimental or art theatres; and second, the development of dramatic departments and dramatic activities at the universities.

In the experimental playhouses the most valuable work has been done at the Boston Tov Theatre and the Chicago Little Theatre. At the Toy Theatre the plays, ranging from poetic drama to the most realistic of modern drama, were staged by Livingston Platt, who put into practice the fundamental principles formulated by Gordon Craig. While modifying the Craig method according to ideas of his own, Platt has sought consistently to build up unobtrusive backgrounds, gaining atmospheric effect by simple suggestion rather than by elaborate detail. Very recently he has staged some Shakespearean plays at the larger Castle Square Theatre in Boston, and in spite of the limitations of equipment, achieved in certain scenes a very unusual success. In his productions of "The Comedy of Errors" and "Julius Cæsar" there were some very interesting combinations of hangings and columns, that were made to serve adequately with slight changes for several scenes of differing atmosphere; and the street scene in "The Comedy of Errors" and the garden scene in "Julius Cæsar" were such simple imaginative backgrounds as would have done credit to any of the more advanced Continental theatre designers. At the Chicago Little Theatre the staging has been even simpler, the background often consisting of mere hangings. Occasionally the settings have been more elaborate, creating atmosphere or mood by symbolic suggestion. But never has the aim been mere imitation of nature. Under the direction of Maurice Browne the Little Theatre designers always have worked as artists and never as naturalists or historians. In both the Tov Theatre and the Chicago Little Theatre the stage directors have exhibited those qualities that the American commercial producer so sadly lacks: good taste, reticence of touch, and concentration of effect. With similar experimental theatres and stage societies just beginning their work in a half-dozen other American cities, the revolutionary gospel of simplicity and good taste promise to spread very rapidly. At the universities the dramatic renaissance has taken the shape of revivals of plays of other times in their original settings, and occasionally the production of modern drama in experimental settings based more or less upon the new stage-craft as practiced

in the European art theatres. Many Greek plays have been presented, sometimes on the severely bare Greek stage, sometimes with partial concession to the modern desire for scenery, sometimes incongruously in the full mediocrity of modern, "stage art." Elizabethan dramas have been played before backgrounds that left everything to the imagination of the audience, and Miracle Plays have been presented with only the crudest of stage devices and stage properties. All these productions have served to teach the younger generation of playwrights and the younger generation of playgoers how independent good drama is of all the clutter of the usual commercial setting. At least one university, Harvard, has an experimental theatre, wherein the most advanced ideas of staging are tested. Recently the Harvard Delta Upsilon Society presented "The Comedy of Errors" in simple symbolic settings designed by Gardner Hale, a student. The production, inconsequential as it was in certain respects, nevertheless was notably more artistic and truer to the spirit of the playwright than any commercial Shakespeare production seen in this country. More recently a graduate student, Sam Hume, has been creating settings that are among the finest examples of the new stage-craft in America. Hume had the benefit of two years' work under Gordon Craig in Europe, and naturally follows out Craig's progressive ideas, though not slavishly. His experiments are bringing a new and very refreshing note into the American theatre.

Returning to the more professional productions. one finds that the new stage-craft has crept into the commercial theatre to a slight extent. Winthrop Ames has exhibited an interest in the simpler sort of settings, not only recently at his Little Theatre in New York, but as far back as the days of his directorate of the New Theatre. His productions of the past two years have stamped him as the most consistently artistic of the American directors, though he has yet to free himself of the last traces of traditional influence. A comparative newcomer in the producing field, Arthur Hopkins has presented "Evangeline" with four of the ten settings as finely simple and suggestive as anything in the European theatres. Among the actors, William Faversham has turned to the new stage-craft, rather timidly, perhaps, but with enough interest to give promise of better settings for his future productions. Margaret Anglin was one of the first to revolt against the inartistic naturalism of the average American production, and to recognize the beauty and fitness of the work of the European secessionists. Her productions of Sophocles' "Antigone" and "Electra" at the Greek Theatre at Berkeley were notable reversals of all the accepted rules of the American theatre; and more recently she has commissioned Livingston Platt to direct the staging of her Shakespearean productions. When "Chantecler" was produced in America, John W. Alexander collaborated with J. Monroe Hewlett and W. H. Gilmore in designing and executing some woodland scenes that were far above the average, but not so successful as the still simpler work of Platt and Hume and Hopkins.

At the Boston Opera House, Joseph Urban, an Austrian artist, has designed some beautiful settings, that seem to be based on a combination of the principles of the new German stage-craft and those of Léon Bakst and the other Russians. Some of his backgrounds have been admirably

(Continued on page 85)



REGINALD BARLOW AS SCARAMEL IN "PRUNELLA"

This popular actor will be seen shortly in a leading rôle in Paul Wilstach's play, "What Happened at 22"







Strauss-Peyton EARLE GRANT
Seen in "The Temperamental Journey"

than we have it

now, with details as

CHARLES PURDY
Appearing in the "Ziegfeld Follies"

the soul of

What's Wrong in Dramatic Criticism?

wit—and error. For instance: the title to this inquiry. It is like the question: "What's wrong with democracy?" We can't really answer
either question, because we have had so rarely, if ever, experience with either institution.

This is not to disparage our dramatic critics. We have some—some excellent ones—although the majority of them do not publish their work. Nor is it to lay contempt on our dramatic reporters. They labor hard at an unpleasant task, and often even produce pleasant reading.

That is possibly the first, though not the most often noted fault with our attempt at dramatic criticism. We do not distinguish between it and reporting. Almost every morning paper in New York that boasts a special critic of the stage—and, therefore, by implication, the value of dramatic criticism—will, when several openings occur on the same night, sent its critic to one, possibly a sub-critic to another, and to the remaining, mere reporters. The next morning all the so-called reviews will appear unsigned, leaving the reader to ascertain from internal evidence which is the critic's judgment—a task often rendered extremely difficult by the reportorial tendency of the critic or the critical tendency of the reporter.

The interesting question as to whether dramatic criticism is of value in a newspaper is too important to be discussed within the narrow limits of this article. But if it is, then, surely, since

criticism is always individual, the value of it lies in always getting one individual's Otherwise, reaction. we might as well read a different newspaper every day. And if dramatic 'criticism is not of value to a newspaper, then let us have undisguised reporting, unmixed with direct critical opinion, as is the reportorial rule in other fields, and fuller to the color of the scenery and the cut of the costuming, the speech before the curtain and the number of seats occupied and paid for—this or nothing.

Of course, the evening papers do no suffer so. Readers of these appear generally to be content to wait to hear their own critic's critical opinion. And when he has one, their patience brings reward.

Many, however, have no such opinion, or express none. They give us impressions solely without reasons, at times even without reason. In some cases they may seek to compensate with "cleverness." Shaw and Chesterton have played havoc with our press. An editor once said that every morning play review was a grouch and every evening one a quip. Such evening newsmen do not realize that the cleverness of Shaw and Chesterton is merely a means to make more pleasurable the reception of their ideas—reception of ideas being to most men a fatiguing exercise, to be avoided, unless they are to be cajoled into it by some such means. Cleverness is not an end in itself. Indeed, it cannot stand alone. No better proof is needed than the perusal of some of these evening "quips."

Why we get such empty phrasing may be due to the critic's desire not to bore us, or to his critical emptiness itself. In either case the incumbent is unfit. It is the problem of a critic to criticize and yet be readable. The place for him who doesn't know anything about the drama, but who knows what he likes,

is, if he must write, the Letter column.

There are, however, some really capable critics on our papers. Don't smile. Remember that there can be capable critics with whom you do not agree. Remember that two directly opposing views may both be really critical. Remember, if you are a radical, that a reactionary turn of mind (Continued on page 91)

Sketch by G. A. Coffin

E. F. ALBEE'S HIGH-SPEED YACHT BEAUMERE

The high-speed day cruiser Beaumere was built by the Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury & Company, Consolidated, for E. F. Albee, Vice-President of the B. F. Keith theatrical enterprises. This yacht is 63 feet long, 10 feet beam, 3 feet draft, and has what is known as a Vixen stern, a type designed and originated by the builders



F there is one outstanding feature of the now clos-

London Applauds American Plays

Queen of the Movies." That exhausts the list of the present Ameri-

ing London season it is undoubtedly the Americanization of the theatrical entertainments of the English capital. August sees the close of the London theatrical season, and September is the first month in the manager's calendar. Now is the time to take a backward glance at the successes and the failures.

Last April, at the Queen's Theatre, a new play was announced. The papers told us that it had met with some success in the States. London is always sceptical about New York successes that are to be produced in London, so they prepared to laugh—if not at the show, at least at the folly of the producers. Then came an evening when "Potash and Perlmutter" burst upon an unexpectant audience. The next morning the newspapers were full of the clever epigrams from Mr. Montague Glass's play. Now the advance booking is for three months ahead. To my own knowledge many people go again and again to see this clever play, the shrewd humor of which comes as a delightfully cooling draught after the sultry atmosphere of the so-called new or sexual drama.

Then there is the Adelphi Theatre, where Sam Bernard is called "some comedian" in "The Belle of Bond Street," once known in England as "The Girl from Kays." This is the play that Marion Winchester made her London début in some years ago. A few steps further along, at the Gaiety, Joseph Bickerton, Jr., presented "Adele," and, in spite of some drawbacks, such as giving an American musical play in the stronghold of English musical comedy, the critics welcomed "Adele," saying that it had pleasing features. It was, perhaps, not strong enough fare to withstand the counter summer attractions.

If we turn aside while walking from the Adelphi to the Gaiety

we shall see illuminated signs calling attention to "Broadway Jones" at the Lyceum Theatre. Seymour Hicks and his charming wife, Ellaline Terriss, have been playing Cohan's play to crowded houses, and this after having produced it at another house, the Prince of Wales. When "Broadway Jones" finishes at the Lyceum it will be succeeded by another American play, "The Belle of New York." Sixteen years have passed over our heads since the Belle first saw the light of London at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Since then the play has been revived once, at the Adelphi, with Madge Lessing in Edna May's part. It will be interesting to see how the Belle goes at the Lyceum, which is a popular price playhouse. At the Comedy Theatre, Israel Zangwill's play, "Plaster Saints," is repeating its American success, as did "The Melting Pot," the piece that preceded "Potash and Perlmutter" at the Queen's.

Cyril Maude scored an instantaneous success with "Grumpy," both press and public fully endorsing the New York verdict. At the Shaftesbury Theatre. "The Cinema Star" has caught on in no uncertain fashion; this play is known in the States as "The

can plays in London. Actors and actresses that have made and are making good in London during the now closing season include: Ina Claire, who made her first appearance in London in "The Girl from Utah." She is already an established favorite, but her imitations of well-known stage people, which she is doing in "The Belle of Bond Street," came as a revelation of talent or even genius. Joe Coyne is resting at the moment, but he, too, is a popular idol. Walker Whiteside made a great impression in "The Melting Pot," and Hale Hamilton followed up his appearance at Drury Lane by producing "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." Besides the people already named, there are many other Americans who, in "Broadway Jones," "Adele" and "The Belle of Bond Street," are jointly and severally making good.

Another huge success in London was "Within the Law," but two or three earlier American productions, with the exception of "Officer 666," did not meet with much success.

Two farces that came on with a bounce collapsed like pricked bladders. They were "Oh! I Say" and "This Way, Madam." The latter play is known in the States as "All for the Ladies."

The London season has not been too good. There are at the time of writing only nine new English plays running in London. On the other hand, there are five revivals and seven plays with a foreign origin.

The number of plays that did not run for fifty nights—a very small number for London—is almost pathetic. The outstanding successes of the season were: "Milestones" (Royalty Theatre), "My Lady's Dress" (still running, Royalty Theatre), "The Great Adventure" (still running, Kingsway Theatre),

"Within the Law" (Haymarket Theatre), "Mr. Wu" (still running, Strand Theatre), and "Pygmalion," which which was produced in the middle of April at His Majesty's Theatre, and is still a gigantic success. The revivals include "The Lights of London," an old, old melodrama; "When Knights Were Bold," James Welch's screaming farce; "Kismet," as popular as ever, and the "Duke of Killicrankie," in which Marie Tempest is starring. The latter lady has had a number of failures lately. Neither has luck been too kind to Sir George Alexander; he has now revived Wilde's "The Ideal Husband." Charles Frohman has a good success with "The Land of Promise," at the Duke of York's Theatre.

In addition to the already mentioned American plays there are foreign musical comedies at the Shaftesbury, Lyric, Lyceum and Daly's Theatres. Madge Lessing has returned to London after seasons in Paris and Berlin. She is making a success in "The Blue Mouse," another foreign play, at the Criterion.

Now for vaudeville. If the American theatrical manager has had considerable influence in the London theatre,



White

ALICE BRADY To appear early in the coming season in "Sylvia Runs Away"

(Continued on page 90)



White

REHEARSING A SCENE IN "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"-SHOWING A NUMBER OF SUPERS

S OME of my friends have been

Romance and Pathos of the Super's Life

By GEORGE R. WHITE, King of the Stage Mobs

150 men, someone said to me, "Weren't those nearly all college

good enough to call me "King of the Stage Mobs." That is very nice of them. A little flattery never does anyone much harm. Come to think it over, I might lay some claim to that title, too, having handled more men on the stage than any other man in the world, and for more than thirty years, nearly a whole generation. By way of apology, I began very young.

Taking him rough and fine, the stage super is about as interesting a specimen of humanity as one could capture in a whole day's hunt along Broadway. He is more interesting. There are so many sides to him, and all the while he is so human. I ought to know. I have nearly 5,000 of them looking to me all the time for jobs.

When you stop to recollect that more than half that big number are absolutely depending on a few cents a day for food, and, if you don't take care, some of them will spend it on drink instead, it does not take long to figure out that my stage mob subjects are some responsibility for a king with a sensitive heart. If I had not started with the motto, "Nothing for Nothing," and stuck to it hard and tight, no matter how I felt about it now and again, I would have had to get out into some other sort of business years ago. A man with a soft heart can pick up as much misery as is good for him, and a bit more, in my office any day, and not have to worry himself trying to find it. But the super is a fascinating study all the same. That is, he is if you look at him right and don't close up your heart so hard that it hurts you to breathe.

Few people have any sort of correct idea about stage supers, and hardly anybody has any notion of the vast numbers in which he can muster every day of the year in this big city, nor of the enormous amount of good which is done by means of this simple calling. Some people think supers are all wastrels or misfits. Others fancy most of them are college boys and sports who do it just to get on the stage for fun. Well, neither of those notions is exactly right. The truth is that the old-time drink soddened super has been practically weeded out. He is no use in the game and isn't wanted. The trouble is that circumstances just now seem likely to bring him back. But some of the most romantic cards and some of the bravest sports I have ever known have been supers. In the past year I have sent more than 16,000 men to super's jobs in New York City alone. You can reckon that at least half of them were down and out and facing starvation when they came to me. But a man can easily get that way in New York or any other big city without being a good-fornothing.

The first night of "The Girl and the Pennant." in which I had

boys you had in that rooting crowd of fans?" That would have tickled me to death, only I was sickening for an attack of the grippe and had to be careful. I have never once yet knowingly had a college boy get a super's job from me. I've had many a man who was a college boy once and has done his best to forget it. They are common. But lads actually at college and knowing where their next meal is coming from get no glad hand from me. It is hard enough as it is to find jobs for those who really need them, and need them mighty badly.

Many and many a time I have seen men stand at my office rail and known they were staking their lives on a last throw. And I have seen brave lads do it so that not a soul without the sharpened eye of long experience could have told that it was a case of food to-night or the river to-morrow. I have had men stand there in suits that they paid \$50 for, but ill-luck has struck them, and rather than try to borrow a dollar from a friend they have set their teeth and come to me to earn one. They are the genuine sports, the men who can meet misfortune and beat it without a whimper at the pain the battle causes.

Generally it is the pathetic side of the super's life which stands out and hits you. But the romance of the super is still more striking. His humor is usually of the grim kind. Often his pathos is inextricably mixed up with romance and sometimes due to it in such a way that it becomes positively humorous. I came into the super providing business by accident, and have remained in it because I like it. Had I been novelist, I might have chosen the field purposely and would have done wisely. I could have found material for more novels than any two men could write. The stories I have known—and I have found them to be true—would wring tears from a statue.

Yet I have known men who voluntarily became supers, not because they were in dire need of a dollar nor because they wanted to get on and become actors, but just because they could not conquer their irresistible longing to be near and to catch glimpses of some beautiful actress with whom they were desperately and hopelessly in love. There are scores of men among the stage supers of New York to-day who have given up their lives for a woman whom they would never, and could never, speak to or even approach except by the accident of passing in the wings maybe. It was enough for them to be "in the same company" with her. And they have remained supers, thinking only the one thought and happy in worshipping at the sacred shrine of memory, years and years after the inspiring cause, innocent and unconscious of their ruin, has vanished from their sight. There is not one old super who has not some romantic



White

VENITA FITZHUGH
Singer and dancer seen lately in "The Laughing Husband"

or pathetic story of his past life buried within him.

One of the most pathetically humorous characters is the super who was an old actor and has dropped out. As a rule he is a man of the old school, and his contempt for the ways of to-day keeps him alive by the sheer force of his irritation. The way he shows how the leading man ought to play his part makes the hungriest super forget that his empty stomach hurts him when he laugns. The young super who is determined to be an actor, and means to show he already is one by attracting attention, is hardly less amusing to his fellows. When he and the old one get together, no farce was ever furnier than the outcome.

There are two main classes of men who seek to become supers. Half of them are unfortunate. Half are only poor. Half of the unfortunates deserve what they have got and, as a rule, I won't have anything to do with them; at any rate, not more than once. It seems to me like throwing money away to help a man already

saturated with rum just soak immself some more. With the other half it is different; they have had misfortune thrust upon them. A poor chap cut of work may soon find himself in a hole in New York City. Sometimes a bout of sickness does it. A super's job enables many a man, just out of a good position, to hang on until something turns up. I could name even an actor and an actress who are starring big in New York to-day and who "came back" from out among the supers and are grateful for the help it was to them in such a time of sore pinch as may come to anybody obliged to earn his living.

The halt who are merely poor are mostly young fellows of a fairly good class nowadays, salesmen, clerks, and what not, who haven't money enough to indulge in such luxuries as friends even of their own sex, and who live in hallrooms that are too small to do anything in but sleep. They come to the theatre and at the end of each week are at any rate able to put away their room rent as savings. I've known young men set themselves up in business in this way, just saving \$3.50 a week. Some of these young fellows are stage struck, and, believe me, there is no better school for the would-be actor if he has his wits about him. Some very good actors have been produced out of supers. I could point out several whose names are in the big type now, but they would not like me to mention it. Some day they will tell it proudly themselves—that is, they will if they become big enough not to mind their lowly start. Some of them will, I fancy. But what is depriving the stage of niany a good actor is the iniquitous system of not paying for rehearsals. Many young men cannot take up the profession because they cannot afford to live six weeks on nothing and with the chance ahead that they may hear the stage manager say at the end of the first or second week of the run: "Please look at the Notice Board as you go out to-night!" and they find the run is over.

The effect of a stage crowd on an audience is very marked. It gives atmosphere and greatly helps the actor in getting the necessary illusion. If the mob is deadly dull when it ought to be lively, nothing on earth can save the scene; the illusion is destroyed. It is odd, but none the less a fact, that all audiences seem distinctly out of touch with the supers until some definite effort establishes a sympathetic connection. It is just the reverse with the actors, probably because they are speaking.

Big numbers of supers are principally introduced to lend realism to a stage picture, as, for instance, a street mob or a crowd at a race course. They are not difficult to train for that. They are told what they are supposed to be, and after a few rehearsals drop into it as naturally as can be. It is just a part of the regular existence of many of them. Such crowds I put on in the "Sporting Duchess," "Sporting Life," "Suburban," and "Checkers," each of which needed 250 men. Such a number needs some little handling. But a few practised men are always among them to give

them the lead. One night in a race scene a horse became restive in the wings. You should have seen the poor supers beat it for their lives! But one of them, by as perfect a bit of ready presence of mind as I have ever seen on the stage, saved the scene by raising a cry of "Welsher!" and the flight passed off beautifully as a pursuit! Supers have wit sometimes.

It is a curious fact that supers are, as a rule, so easily taught and managed that a humorous mishap on the stage hardly ever occurs through them. The only one I have seen in thirty years worth remembering happened when Booth was playing "Richard III." The supers were lined up on each side behind the wings ready for the battle scene, and had been told that at the word, "Go!" they were to rush on and struggle with one another until the curtain fell. A side cloth failed to drop properly and a carpenter in the flies called out "Let it go!" At that "Go!" on rushed all the supers on one side. Booth had (Continued on page 90)



Copyright Moffett

MAE MURRAY Who has been appearing in vaudeville

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MINNA GOMBEL Seen in "Madam President" and now appearing in stock

Copyright Moffett

ELSIE WARWICK Recently seen in "The Sunshine Girl"

N considering the press agent we do nothing but "slam" him. For generations we have taken him lightly; some

have taken him resentfully, and no matter how rare the plantings of his imagination they have reaped for him nothing but suspicion and distrust.

Recently the hostility against the press agent has taken an aggravated form. Dramatic editors have become almost leagued to discredit him. They conduct desultory campaigns against him, and since his very existence almost entirely depends on these gentlemen, the press agent is indeed in trouble. One is provoked to inquire what he has done to bring on the vigorous and angry attacks which one reads in the daily press from time to time, and it seems that the complaint against him is not as a man or a father or a business integral, but as a linguist and rhetorician. It is his style that hurts. One's curiosity is aroused when a newspaper man's sense of style in language is hurt. Is it not?

The press agent, of course, owes his being to the dramatic editor. It is to save this being trouble that he exists. At all events, this view holds in newspaper offices. He not only advises the dramatic editor of the forthcoming productions of his manager and provides him with cheerful data of all sorts concerning current plays, but writes notices which the dramatic editor can print verbatim instead of taking the trouble to write "stuff" of his own. And here is where the hitch comes.

He writes, says the dramatic editors, atrocious English not a sentence of which they can use in their journals without the most intricate editing. His exasperating superlatives, they complain bitterly, are out of all proportion to the merits of the play he describes. What puzzles these journalistic exponents of the English of DeQuincey and Matthew Arnold is that, although many of the men who are now press agents were once competent newspaper men themselves, they no sooner plunge into press work than they begin to write things that, to quote the irate dramatic editor of a Pittsburgh paper, "are, from an ordinary newspaper viewpoint, not only unprintable, but ungrammatical, inept, immature, and otherwise impossible for serious matter to describe and assist the publicity of the plays for which they were intended."

Phew!

One of the interesting features of the campaign against press agents is that the editors are not complaining of the extra work they are put to in order to eliminate the "ineptitude and immaturity" from the publicity notices before they use them. They complain only of the personal hurt they feel in the murder of the language; which attitude has its pleasant, if surprising, side. Some one of the picture men who are daily drawing the history of the times-Maurice Ketten would make a masterpiece of it-

The Press Agent

should record this matter by sketching an ennobling cartoon of the American Press standing as a bodyguard for the protec-

tion of fine diction against the onslaught of inept press agents and others who use the language without regard to precedent.

Unprecedented it is, certainly, the language of the publicity men. The public should know what this press agent's language is, for it is unique. It is a creation of their own. Just now the reader is so rigorously guarded from the contamination of it that hardly a soul outside of the dramatic departments of the daily press and the publicity offices whence it springs knows what it is. The public is saved the linguistic degradation, but it is a pity. The publicity "slanguage" has its points, and they are going to be revealed here. The exuberance, the fancifulness, the dash and swing will perhaps appeal to the imagination of those unburdened with responsibilities of diction. Maybe they will enjoy having their spirits raised by its fizzy effervescence. And, anyway, they will be interested in learning from what they are being saved day by day. It always is a comfort to know from what one is saved. That was no doubt the basic attraction which drew our pleasure-loving crowds to the Maxine Elliott to "The Lure." It was such a comfort to see from what the majority of us are saved by the police and other knights of Malta.

Some examples of the language of publicity men may give the public an inkling of what it has missed. Perhaps coupling specimens of the notices that are never allowed to appear in print, together with transcriptions of them as rewritten by the editors and published, may give the best idea. Heavy contrast is the color note of all melodrama. While the comedian is babbling playful trifles up left, the black-garbed heroine blubbers over her "bay-bee" down centre, from which the audience is left to deduce in one magic glimpse that life has its ups and downs. The deadly parallel is the sure thing that brings tears to the eyes. And as it is in melodrama, so, doubtless, in writing.

For instance, one Sunday when "The Red Widow" was playing in New York, these words appeared in the dramatic pages of a leading New York newspaper describing it. The words are, needless to say, those of the editor:

'An enjoyable entertainment. It is a musical play with a coherent story that is developed in a sane way."

Whereas, the notice sent to the editor by the press agent to be run in the Sunday paper, and thus save valuable editorial time, ran as follows:

"Gloom goes a-glimmering when Raymond Hitchcock glides out from the wings. His new musical weapon completely annihilates the melancholy germ and in its place joy cavorts, pirouettes, sings, dances, and laughs. Mr. H. appears in a rôle that allows full latitude for his droll artistry.

The press man also enlarged upon the "whistleable melodies," and declared that "the book and lyrics were soaked with pungent Which notice would sing more persuasively to the hesitant and often unwilling Two Dollar Bill down in one's jeans, we wonder?

Another interesting parallel is afforded by comparing the following notice of Lulu Glaser when she was touring the country a season or so ago in "Miss Dudelsack," with the translation of

it used in a Pittsburgh paper. This was the press agent's bit of jubilation:

"All of the star's buoyant spirits and effervescent good humor are in evidence in this her latest and best vehicle. There is also a vein of pathos in the rôle that will be a surprise as well as a revelation of unsuspected versatility in the favorite comedienne whose mission hitherto has been exclusively to make the world laugh."

The version that appeared in print was:

"In her new rôle Miss Glaser will have a chance to reveal her versatility by doing some serious work."

And there you are!

Up in the tall tower of romance where the hopeful press agent seems perpetually to dwell, things must have a very rosy look, for, sure enough, he has built his speech into a language of joy. Never a gloomy or despondent thought rolls from the goldent ip of his fountain pen.

Phrases leap to memory from a horde of the press notices that tumble in every day to the dramatic editor's big mail box. One theatre where a farce is going on is described as a place where there is a "congestion of amuse-

ment." Another notice once declared that "Officer 666" provoked at every performance "a resonant tantara of merriment." A description of a comedy that came to the Manhattan Opera House for an engagement of seven consecutive nights started off with these high-flown phrases:

"Of course, we are not to discover anything in 'The Girl From Rector's,' at the Manhattan Opera House, at all affecting the drama or its future, though we may have through the swirling mists of pleasantry a suggestive glimpse at that happy but unfortunately restricted little field of the drama where peace has shouldered aside, as in very jest, the serious frown of egotism and ignorance and brought something of that beauty into the theatre to be enjoyed without tears other than those of laughter."

If only the audience, now, had the imagination and the poetic rhythm in their souls that press agents have, times would not be as prosperous for the theatrical cold storage men as they are. But a whole seasonful of the best natured audiences in the world is collectively incapable of one-half the gaiety of one press agent. "Joyiety," for instance, is a word they are fond of in press offices. You can't find it in the dictionary, but the dictionary is amply compensated for such occasional high-handedness. There are many press notices that no one but Dr. Murray himself would understand, except with the aid of an unabridged dictionary.

"The huishers," reads a notice of the opening of a new theatre, "are to be decked out in plumy habiliments of a color scheme that would make a peacock throw his tail down the well in shame."

And if one has only a working vocabulary he is driven to the dictionary to find out that "huishers" are simply ushers. But

how awake the sluggish attention will be to those "plumy habiliments" when the time comes!

A leading comedienne is "advanced" as "a million-farad joymagnetizer." "Farad," says the faithful dictionary (hitherto so much neglected), "an electro-magnetic unit of electric capacity."



Photo Morrison

MARILYNN MILLER

Comedienne and impersonator in "The Passing Show of 1914" at the Winter Garden

No doubt that if the publicity man's language should ever spread beyond the waste paper basket, where it now glows phosphorescently, it would soon come to pass that no home would be complete without a dictionary. Even in newspaper offices, then, a dictionary would not be the only article of furniture that never wears out. In one of the downtown newspaper offices the librarian is used to complaining of a college girl who labors on the Sunday staff because she is always running in to look up something in the dictionary.

"She must be awful ignorant," he growls.

This point of view would, perforce, vanish in a twinkling if press agents' English were to come into general use.

Nowhere, however, are the publicity man's apt phrases and recklessly original speech so valuable as in the description of a vaudeville program. What, indeed, would a vaudeville "show" be without them? It is hardly too much to say that he has built up the whole variety business with his language. The "singing, laughing

skits" are his invention. The "tabloid dramas," the "world's most irresistible laugh producers," the "singing wonders," the "terpsichorean miracles," the "breathless thrill provokers," the "prophylactic humorists," are all his creations. What would there be to enjoy in a third-rate East Side damsel singing The Kangaroo Yodle, if it were not for the press agent's stinging phrases glittering in the program to inform you that "she is known as the East Side Farrar and is the yodliest little yodlerine that ever bounced into fame in a single night."

An enthusiastic press man writes:

"Here is a program that drives dull care away out to deep centre field and is guaranteed to transform the most confirmed bore into the most companionable chap that ever grabbed a front 'bleecher' seat opposite the third sack on a sunshiny championship day."

Another, in speaking of his "star act," declares:

"The comedian will patter volubly, clowning through a quarter of an hour of pantomimicry with charming didos."

The editor, to whom the above notice was sent, translated it in his paper as follows:

"The comedian will offer a novel talking skit."

The joy language seems not to be, however, a language of which one can catch the knack merely by accepting a job as a press agent. One must, indeed, be born a press agent and have the genius germ in him. One example of what the ordinary man achieves when he tries to toss phrases into "publicity stuff," will probably give sufficient proof of this. Here is the effort of a college man who became a press agent for pecuniary reasons rather than through choice of a profession. He is prefacing his "boom" by a bit of general philosophy: (Continued on page 86)

Trying it on the Dog

MONG the numerous processes which culminate in the production of a successful play, there is none more important than that euphemistically known as "trying it on the dog." Since it is an axiom in the theatrical world that "you can't tell anything about a play until it has been done before a regular paying audience," it is considered advisable to find out what the public of an outside city thinks of it, before incurring all the heavy expense and responsibility attached to a New York

We say "successful play." As a matter of fact, this caninetesting operation applies quite as generally to plays that are dismally unsuccessful. Many a drama, comedy, farce, or what not. is rejected by the "dog" so uncompromisingly, that its sponsors have not the courage to present it anywhere else-much less on Broadway. More often than not, the new offering is declared by the critics and public of the "dog town" wanting, but not impossible. Then the piece is "fixed," and trimmed, and rehearsed, and rewritten, and run through the "one-nighters" for weeks-or even months-before it is regarded as safe to take it to New York. There are cases within easy remembrance where a play that ultimately runs on Broadway for a season has come to New York only after a whole year or more on the road.

Where are the "dog towns?" Well, there are half a dozen cities within a day's ride of New York that fulfil that useful mission. Among them may be mentioned New Haven, Hartford, Albany, Syracuse and Washington. These are all important centres, with papers whose dramatic reviewers are recognized as competent judges, and whose opinions are respected. They should be, for the critic in a "dog town" has a harder and more delicate task to get at the true worth of a new play than his brethren on the New York journals. The reason is not far to seek. The first presentation often is made under conditions that veil the real merit of the play-actors unfamiliar with their rôles, scenery not quite finished, "effects" not yet working smoothly, etc.—and the critic must make just allowance for these in forming his estimate.

There have been first productions where the costumes have failed to arrive, and the company has been compelled to appear

The critic of a "dog town" is not too easily pleased, even if the performance is unmarred by first night accidents. Pampered as he is by successive feasts of fresh-baked—and sometimes underdone-drama, his disposition is to regard each new offering with doubt. The first night audience in a city used to "tryouts" is a great deal like its professional critics. It seldom shows the undigested enthusiasm that frequently makes a play in New York seem a success at its première, only to be scored from overture to final curtain by the papers next day, and neglected by the public afterward.

Not that the people of a "dog town" are unappreciative. If they think the offering is worthy and sincere, they will warm the hearts of producer and actors alike by their spontaneous applause. But-they have to be "shown."

Of course, it sometimes happens that the play incontinently condemned in a "dog town" goes to New York and proves a great and enduring success. But not often. Playgoers are much alike in any American city, and what pleases one audience will usually be accepted by another. The exceptions merely prove the rule. Chicago occasionally is used as the "dog town" of New York, and vice versa, and nearly every season there are plays which make a hit in one city, only to be violently rejected by the other. The tendency is the other way, however. The experienced manager who has achieved a success in New York is pretty certain he can do the same thing in Chicago, and the "knock-out" on the shores of Lake Michigan generally can be repeated on Broadway.



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MOLLIE KING Lately seen on tour in "The Passing Show of 1913"

The first move in producing a new play in a "dog town" is made there some ten days or two weeks before the opening night. The suave business manager (a functionary who used to be called the "advance agent"), drops off the train and waits upon the dramatic editors of the daily papers to tell them the joyful news. They receive the information unemotionally.

"Who's in the cast?" is the curt inquiry of the first critic he

"Oh, we have a great company, Mr. Snapper," gushes the business manager. "Our leading man is William Jones-

"Who's William Jones?"

"Why, you remember!" purrs the B. M. reproachfully. "He made that tremendous hit in Boston in-"

"Huh! That's the man, eh?" interrupts Snapper, deprecatingly. "I thought you had John Smith. That's what your press matter has been saying. Smith is a favorite here."



Copyright Moffett JULIETTE DIKA Who recently appeared in "The Honeymoon Express"

"Well, we did consider Smith for the part," explains the B. M. "But," sadly, "he wasn't strong enough-

"Nor cheap enough," throws in Snapper, with a grin.

The B. M. would enjoy wringing Mr. Snapper's neck, But he cannot afford to show resentment now. So he forces a creaky laugh, as he says hastily:

"No, their salaries are about the same. Fortunately for us. Jones was at liberty, and, judging by the rehearsals, he will give a wonderful performance. The part was made for him." He lugs from his pocket an appallingly long typewritten document, and continues: "Here's a brief synopsis of the plot."

"I've printed that already. You ought to read our paper," grunts Snapper. "Carry any scenery?"

The B. M. throws up his hands. He is hurt, and his working countenance shows it.

"My dear Mr. Snapper! Why, this is the biggest thing scenically that ever came here. We have two carloads-cost \$15,000—and some of our mechanical effects will be the sensation of the season.'

Snapper refuses to be carried away by all this, however. He takes the "full cast" that the B. M. forces upon him and scans the list of names cynically. The last thing the B. M. hears, as he goes out, is Snapper's lament that the lead is not to be played by the talented Smith.

The company arrives several days before the opening, and there are rehearsals daily. The "producer" wants the people to become accustomed to the stage on which they will do the play for the first time, and there are numberless details to be looked after which can be attended to only in the last few days. The scenery must be fitted to the stage, and there are

always "props" and odds and ends of costumes which have been overlooked and which must be got ready.

As the opening night draws near everybody is frantic. Nervousness shimmers in the very atmosphere of the theatre. The two carloads of scenery have been "set" over and over again, and after the "producer" has solemnly declared a dozen times that "not a stick of it will do," it is at last grudgingly accepted by him as the best that can be done, and is stacked up to await the first performance. And always he is yelling at "Props" and the electrician.

Very often the scenic artist goes with the company to the "dog town," to superintend the setting up of his work, and he and the "producer" have many a merry bout of argument and vituperation together. The stage manager and his assistants-working under the supervision of the "producer" —the carpenters, property men, and particularly the electrician and his men, are harassed and overworked to the limit of human endurance. The actors are all nerves.

Sunday night sees the dress rehearsal, and by that time the author, whose script has been cut all to pieces, is convinced his play hasn't a chance. He feels still worse, if that is possible, when the rehearsal is over-somewhere in the small hours of the morning—and refuses to be comforted.

Only one person connected with the enterprise is calmoutwardly, at least. That is the manager. He has many thousands of dollars invested in the play, and its success or failure will mean a great deal to him. But he has more or less of the gambler's temperament, or he wouldn't be a producing manager. So he chews a cigar and says nothing. But he is busy. It is he who on Monday quietly makes suggestions to the "producer" that are always sound; who meets the mayor, the chief of police, (Continued on page 87)



EVA LEONARD BOYNE Seen as Dora Delaney in G. B. Shaw's "Fanny's First Play"



How a Child Became a Tragedienne assume that the home of the greatest prises of re-

cent seasons was the acting of little Viola Dana in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." As everyone knows, she made this remarkable success at the age of fifteen, revealing an extraordinary insight of tragic feeling.

Viola Dana is so tall and well developed for her age that a great many people do not believe that she is a child, yet down in the Gerry Society's office every Thursday afternoon of every week during her long engagement at the Hudson Theatre she was registered, and a special permit had to be issued for her performance of the week following. Furthermore, anyone who has met Viola knows that she is a child, knows it by what she thinks and what she likes.

And yet, behind all this natural expression of her tender years, one senses the spiritual quality, the poetic instinct for every expression of those youthful years. In the case of Viola Dana, Nature seems to have specialized. In the theatre, where she has appeared professionally since she was five years old, there are still illusions

"At every performance," her mother said to me, "when she comes to the tragic moment of transition in the first act of the play, where she goes into the land of make-believe, she comes off the stage with her heart beating so fast that she frightens me."

"Is that really true," I asked her, "or are you just pretending to your mother?"

With wide-open eyes she looked up with surprise for a second before she spoke.

"I always feel so sorry for myself when I am playing the part. My heart begins to beat faster and faster, just before the stage grows dark and I hear the thunder."

"But you know the thunder is being made by the property man in the wings?"

"Oh, no! it isn't make-believe, at least, not to me. It's like a real thunder storm, and the woods are real, and the oozy mud and the leaves."

Here was a slight indication of how this little girl revealed a tragic sensibility in her work. Of course, she knows nothing in real tragic experience, but in her childlike nature is the blossom of pure delight, the joy of a little suffering, the pleasure of trying to feel as deeply as the grown-ups. When she told me, very earnestly, that she had to "feel her part," it sounded very much as though she was saying it because she had heard it said so often by grown-up actresses. Later I realized that she is not ingenuous, but on the contrary she is lacking in ingenuity. She was not quite sure of the meaning of the word spirituality. It sounded to her very much like something from the prayer book. She was thoroughly conscious, however, of the meaning of the word "feeling." Not in the sense that it is so often used by actors and actresses, but in the more real sense as it always has been in youth. Some famous tragediennes have always claimed that to interpret tragedy the artist must have real "shivers." We have all seen tragedy so badly done that it gave the audience "shivers" of a different sort, however, than was intended. What Viola Dana means when she says her heart beat fast when she came to the tragic moment of her part is the real tragic shiver of the artist. She has the temperament of keen, swift appreciation for feeling. It is often in her face when she does not put it into words.

life of artists is an indication of their art. This is quite as absurd as if one were to assume that any home atmosphere is essentially artistic. It isn't. It is merely restful and wholly unartificial. Viola Dana's home is not any contradiction to this fact. It is small, comfortable, a suburban house in furthermost Bronx, with some ground and trees around it. It was summer when, with the camera man, we finally reached her home. The lilacs were in bloom, the sky was blue the birds were singing; it was a beautiful day. Viola was struggling with a lawn mower in the garden. In a very short time we all went indoors, intrusively seeking information.

How had this child become a tragedienne, what were the pe-

culiar advantages under which she had been able to foster her genius?

It is customary to

The whole thing, the whole artistic idea—was in the family. Two of her sisters were artists, the one only twelve years old, the elder sister, perhaps, nineteen. Her mother, red-cheeked, nervous, quick in thought and action; her father, a stolid German, domestic. unruffled by the public clamor of praise that had come upon his household. The artistic atmosphere of the home itself was in the beauty of the little tragedienne, and in her practical domestic simplicity toward her surroundings.

"You know," she said to me, "if I could only get over worrying so about things. If my little sister is out by herself, I worry myself to death till she gets back. I am always afraid she will get run over-she is such a tomboy.'

"You don't worry about yourself?" "No, I'm never worried about anything concerning myself. It is always about some one else."

It must have been a mild form of anxiety, after all, just a child's desire to suffer. As far as the attitude of everyone in her own family toward her, she had no fault to find. They were so proud of her that they were all-adoring. This, however, she very

. VIOLA DANA Who played the title rôle in "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

prettily parried. Her modesty toward her work and her success is very real. In a little frame on her table in her dressing-room at the theatre was a picture of her younger sister, who, by the way, is her understudy. She was showing it to me.

"I think she is a very much better actress than I am," she said. This was a rather unusual display of generosity between artists, even if they were sisters.

But it seems to be the way of the Flugraths. They have no artistic jealousies, only a united anxiety for greater success. They do criticise one another very severely, for when Viola was rehearsing her part in the play her twelve-year-old sister frequently pointed out to her how she would speak the line, or what gesture she would make.

"She roasts me, too," said Viola speaking of her twelve-yearold critic, "but it's good for me, no doubt," she added, with a little shrug of amiability.

During the hours that she is away from the theatre the little tragedienne pursues her own course of happiness and recreation. Her amusements are the things that consciously or unconsciously contribute to her desire to feel truly and vividly. She is fond of reading-serious books, not novels-and when not acting herself is greatly attracted to the theatre. She is also very fond of music.

She tried very hard to succeed as a pianist, but for some mysterious reason, was not successful. So she took up the violin in

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES



Photos White

No. 6: Miss Viola Dana



place of the piano, and has become a very good violinist "My favorite piece is Ruben-

stein's Melody in F," she said.
"Not the Traumerei?"

"Yes, I like that, too, but not nearly so much as I do the melody in "F."

There was no ragtime music in sight anywhere on her piano, or in the room. Naturally, there were the two songs which had been dedicated to her, inspired by her performance in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Copies of these were on the piano, and they, too, were in the key of her artistic nature, a little melancholy, intrinsically poetic.

There is a comfortable corner in the house, which owing to the sudden evolution of Viola, the child, into Viola as a tragedienne has become exclusively hers. Curled up on this divanshe studied her part which has made her famous. And, when that study was over, she still reserved this corner in which to study other things, among them Shakespeare's Juliet. Of all the accessible characters in classic

drama, which she might have selected, she prefers. Juliet. And yet, she really has no understanding of the play as she reads it, beyond the fact that it gives her pleasure to read the lines aloud.

"I could never really act the part of Juliet, or get any useful conception of her," she said, "until I had rehearsed the part."

This, of course, means that having no actual living experience from which to stage her feeling, she is obliged to depend upon a stage manager's explanation of what Juliet ought to do. She is still a child, but doubtless her adaptation of Shakespeare's tragic heroine, would be something quite beyond a stage manager's suggestion. Still, she is reading Shakespeare, skimming the feeling of the great poet, and mixing it with her own—at sixteen.

While Viola Dana is not the sort of little girl to put on any airs, one perceives that she is modish in her domestic ideas. The picture taken of her in her bedroom, with the modish French nightcap, reveals this. Then, too, her little morning gown which she slips on to pour tea for her mother at the late breakfast is very suggestive of the grown-up. Still, Viola Dana is only within a year or two of complete womanhood, and if it wasn't for the sincerity of her child nature, there would be nothing unusual in these little indications.

Nothing in her conversation, in her way of saying things, ever contradicts her real age. It is doubtful whether her ideas are really very different from other girls of her age, excepting that she expresses them with more assurance because of her experience in facing large audiences. She is inclined to philosophy, which is not an unusual trait either in young girls who have minds. And Viola undoubtedly has brains.

"You know," she said to me, "there is an impression that children like to have nonsense written for them. It isn't true at all. I should say that children are usually more serious than older people, because they are just beginning life; now I think



RUTH CHATTERTON

Appearing in Chicago in "Daddy Long Legs," which will open in

New York early next season

that is a very serious thing, don't you?"

"Many grownups think so," said the writer.

"Just because I wear short dresses, and my hair in long curls, doesn't mean that I can't talk to gray-haired people intelligently. I don't believe in children's plays. They like all sorts of plays, and then, they are moody just like other people. I don't think they are fond of clowns and funny things on the stage more than they are of sad or serious things. I never cared for a fairy play at all. I never cared to read fairy stories, because they seemed to me so very impossible. You know, dolls and fairies and all those sort of amusements for children are forced upon them. They just pretend to like them, because they have to.

"And then, children pretend a great many other things, the older they get the more serious they become, the more anxious they are to see the really true things, not the just pretend. I can remember when I was a lit-

tle child I never cared to play foolish little games with other children. I used to like to make mud pies, but I never cared for dolls. in fact, I never cared to be with children at all very much.'

"Why not?"

"Well, children argue so, and I hate disputes of any kind. I much prefer being with older people, because I was always anxious to know about a lot of things that they could tell me. One thing I just had to have, and that was lots of petting from my mother. I can never get enough affection from her. Don't you think children need a great deal of affection, much more than they need fairy stories or dolls."

"Do you feel sorry for children who don't get a great deal of love?"

"Yes, I do, though I don't think there are very many of them. I am going to let my own children do just as they like. I am never going to scold them, and I am never going to take them to see fairy plays that they don't want to see. My own life, in a way, has been to pretend I was grown up. I never wanted to be a little child. Almost as soon as I could walk I used to put on long train dresses and pretend I was an actress. Oh, yes, I always had an ambition to go on the stage. From the time I became a child actress I lost all interest in playing with children. It may be because they used to worry me so. They used to call after me, 'actress—actress,' but, of course, that was because they didn't know anything about an actress. However, it would make me angry and lead to disputes, so I made up my mind that I would keep away from children.

"The most beautiful part of my life, so far, has been with my mother. I still have to be petted by her all the time or I feel neglected. The principal pleasure I find in earning money is to save some of it so as to take care of my father and mother in their very old age. I am quite sure

(Continued on page 86)

Failure of American Producer

(Continued from page 71)

simple, and adaptable to every sort of play; but, as a rule, they are conceived pictorially rather than decoratively, and are applicable to such mixed productions as opera rather than to pure drama—and so are less important to the progress of American dramatic art as a whole. They are comparable to the setting for "Boris Godunoff, by the Russian artist Golovine, imported for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; they mark the highest achievement in the old-style pictorial background. In the commercial theatre, too, we have had occasionally such fine examples of the new stage art as the Reinhardt production of "Sumurun"; but they hardly deserve mention in an essay on the American producer, since plays and settings were imported complete from Europe. "The Yellow Jacket" was the exceedingly rare exception to the average rule: a drama conceived poetically and staged suggestively by Americans. It was a thing of great imaginative beauty—one of those fine flashes of genius that sometimes suddenly illumine the dark periods of an art.

The American stage has cutgrown the exaggeration of action and thought of melodrama, but still clings to the sensationalism of scenery and stage mechanism of the ripest melodrama days. Melodrama "insisted on the obvious"—and passed with other hollow phases of drama. But the American producer continues to pursue naturalism in setting, which is merely the accentuation of the obvious in outward material detail. So the American producer has failed ignominiously. In his perfection he has become just what his false ideals would tend to make him: the great master of unimportant detail. The next stage in dramatic progress will be the passing of the producer as we know him—and with him will go the false gods of naturalism, of commercialism, of Belascoism. We have seen how the experimental theatres and the universities are training artists to take his place. Let us hope that their success will merely be the brighter for his failure.

brighter for his failure.

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New Columbia Records

New Columbia Records

The big star at the head of the list of new Columbia recordings for August is Ottilie Metzger, the famous contralto of the Hamburg Opera. For her first double disc she has sung "Ah, Mon Fils" from "The Prophet," and "Amour Viens Aider" from "Samson & Delilah."

The latest addition of college music comes from Williams. The Glee Club of that college has sung "The Mountains," and on the reverse side of the disc are "The Royal Purple" and "Come. Fill Your Glasses," played by the Mandolin Club of the same college.

Carolina White is recorded in a Tosti doubledisc, "Serena'a" on one side and "L'Ultima Canzone" on the other. These are two of the best, and at the same time the most hackneyed, of Tosti's many celebrated songs, and Madame White's recording of the "Serenata" is particularly noteworthy.

The cause of opera in English is again advanced by a double-disc sung by Louis Kreidler, of the Century Opera Company of New York. Both of his selections are from the old Italian school, comprising as they do "Tempest of the Heart," from "Il Trovatore," and "Tis Thou Hast Sullied," from "Un Ballo In Maschera."

Dance music is inevitably an important feature on the list. This month sees the first dance music recordings made by Joan Sawyer's Persian Orchestra, who have played the "Joan Waltz" and Bregeiro," a real Brazilian Mattchiche, for the benefit of talking machine owners. Advt.



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THE PRESS AGENT

(Continued from page 78)

"It, of course, is not to be imagined that one sees even the promise of the day when the theatre is to be given over as merely the place for the exhibition of bits of pleasantry, or when less nefarious duties hold dominant sway, as the time when the world's stage shall, consequently, present more happiness, fewer tragedies in the struggle of the great duty of charity and justice against all others."

This man has since gone into the ministry and one can easily see how this calling must become him. As contrasted with his mystic phrases that resound splendidly without parting with their meaning, observe the brief and graphic wit of the press agent of a Coney Island vaudeville house:

the press agent of a Coney Island vaudeville house:

"Henderson's third week program should push the ocean hard for attractiveness."

Surely nothing can equal the blitheness of the genuine publicity man's lingo. It is quite the brightest feature of the Lane that is called The Great White. Quite as bright, in fact, as the figure that he cuts as he comes glimmering down Broadway with a bonny smile and a nasal complexion certainly not born to blush unseen. As for the newspaper men he chances to meet, whether they ask him for a match or a seat for one of his "shows," it's always,

"Certainly, my dear fellow, command me."

In spite of which they attack him, behind his back, as it were, in print. Yet he "cavorts, pirouettes, sings, dances and laughs" along the way despite the bruises he inflicts on the eardrums and eyeballs of the linguistically chaste. After all, as someone has said, "joy is a cruel thing."

CEPEAT DEAD SPRING WATER

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A Child Became a Tragedienne

(Continued from page 84)

the time will come when my father will not be able to work; then I want to take care of him. Goodness knows he's had trouble enough with me. No, I don't believe that grown-ups always understand children.

"For instance, children are terribly fond of poetry. Not just nonsense verses, foolish little rhymes, but real poetry, about love, and hate, and revenge, and all the big things that the grown-ups talk about so widely. Then, too, children are very fond of pretty clothes. Often I have gone to the theatre just to see what the actresses were wearing, to see what the fashions were. I always prefer a play that has a beautiful love story. Children understand those plays sometimes much better than the grown-ups, who have become tired of such things. I am quite sure all children like heroes, and they hate villains. Anything that will make me feel, not make me cry, but make me dream, I just love to see. I think, too, I like to cry sometimes, just as grown-up people do.

"There is nothing in the world, I believe, that children like better, than to be treated as if they were not children. I was always made to believe that I could understand everything that was talked about, even when I was a very little child. Then, too, children have ambition, just like grown-ups. I know I had my ambitions, and everything I could read about the stage, all the pictures I could see of plays and actresses, were a delight to me. Another thing, I was never asked to behave like a child, I was just allowed to say and do and feel as I pleased."

This summary of many talks with Viola Dana, off guard talks, is an interesting brief of her case as she is to-day, a child tragedienne. To-morrow, she will have grown up, and her interviews will probably be full of her ideas of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Shakespeare, and the French dramatists. She will be telling us all about emotions, and magnetism, and all the other "isms of the actresse célèbre. Therefore, this little page. torn from her childhood, may be something worth while, some day, to look back to.

Riesenfeld Engaged for the Century

Sargent Aborn, one of the two general managers of the Century Opera Company, has completed arrangement for the services of Mr. Hugo Riesenfeld as concert master at the Century Opera House for the coming season.

Mr. Riesenfeld was formerly concert master at the Metropolitan Opera House under Conried, and filled the same position for four years at the Manhattan Opera House.

Trying it on the Dog

(Continued from page 80)

the head of the fire department, and other municipal officials in his spare moments, who writes a score or so of "passes" for people whom he knows in the city—for the successful manager is cosmopolitan or nothing—and who keeps a sharp eye on the "publicity" work done by the B. M.

It is the manager who causes the B. M. to make much of the fact that Miss Eva Peachblow, the ingenue, is a native of this city, and that she is delighted with the opportunity to appear in her "home town." An appeal to "local pride" is always a good advertising asset. As for Miss Peachblow, she is rather embarrassed to find herself of so much importance all at once. Her part is a small one, and until it became known that the opening would take place in the particular "dog town" which gave her birth, nobody noticed her particularly. But it is different now. There is no question that Miss Peachblow's name has helped the box-office sale. Her friends will be at the opening in force.

Evening comes and the manager, to say nothing of the indefatigable B. M., is pleased to see a full house. Two or three representatives of New York papers are there—for the production is an important one—and the local critics are all in their places, including Snapper, who, while he cannot forgive the absence of Smith, is pre-

is an important one—and the local critics are all in their places, including Snapper, who, while he cannot forgive the absence of Smith, is prepared to watch the performance with open mind. When the curtain falls on the first of the three acts, there is enough applause to warrant a second curtain, but the manager feels that the fate of the play still hangs in the balance. He stands in the lobby to catch the expressions of the few who go out between the acts, but cannot decide from them what the general opinion may be. Some are lukewarm, a few favorable, and an equal number the other way. He goes back to the stage.

an equal number the other way. He goes back to the stage.

"Going splendidly," says the perspiring "producer." "We've got 'em. But this next act will cinch it. You just wait."

The people on the stage are always more hopeful after the first act of a new piece in a "dog town" than the manager who has seen it from the front. Why this is has never been fully explained. But the fact remains.

Up goes the curtain for the second act. Fortunately, this is the strongest of the three, and when it is over, the thunders of applause convince the manager that he really has a "winner." Again and again the curtain goes up and down, when it is over, the thunders of applause convince the manager that he really has a "winner." Again and again the curtain goes up and down, and then an usher runs tearing down the aisle to the footlights with the flowers. There is a bouquet for the leading woman and a large floral horseshoe for Miss Peachblow. Ordinarily, the former would resent the giving of a larger and more expensive floral piece to a subordinate than she gets herself. But it is understood in a "dog town" that the local member of the company is generally recognized in this way, and Miss Peachblow is congratulated by everybody on the stage afterward, with none more effusive than the leading woman. It is the little ingenue's one big night. She may never have such another as long as she lives.

The third act is all right, and off rush the New York newspaper men to wire their papers that the piece has made a hit, while the regular correspondents who live in the town content themselves with stating that the play was performed, and offer no opinion of its merits. The New York critics will attend to that when the piece is given on Broadway. Seldom is an outside correspondent permitted to infringe on their province.

Snapper goes to his office and writes an ex-

Snapper goes to his office and writes an exhaustive review, generally favorable, but with the slight misgiving that Jones, in the leading part, is hardly as strong as he should be. Snapper is thinking of Smith.

The manager sits up half the night with the "producer," the B. M., and others of his staff, and decides that they will have to play a couple of weeks on the road, with daily rehearsals, before he will venture to take the new work into New York. Fortunately, he has the theatre there when he wants to take possession.

But the strain is off now. They have tried the piece on the "dog," and that discriminating animal has enjoyed it and licked the plate for more.

GEORGE C. JENKS.

A. H. Woods will make his first New York production of the season on Thursday, August 6th, when he will present Douglas Fairbanks in "He Comes Up Smiling," a dramatization of Charles Sherman's novel of the same name. This will be the first dramatic production to be made at the Republic since Mr. Woods took over the lease of that theatre. "He Comes Up Smiling" is a comedy by Byron Ongley and Emil Nyitray, the authors of "The Typhoon."



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See page 89 for particulars

The Real Richard Mansfield

(Continued from page 62)

For this reason he would not, during a performanme, allow a tall man to stand near him on the stage; thereby avoiding his appearing short in comparison. He was a thorough master of all the "tricks" of the business from A to Z. Furthermore he well knew his power from a business standpoint. If the theatrical potentates who controlled the different theatres throughout the country would not come to Mansfield's terms, he would declare himself in stentorian voice, to the fact that he didn't have to play in their theatres and that he could "pack them in" in any white-washed barn, which undoubtedly was true. To this day, when a member of a company becomes arrogant and expostulates vociferously, the other members of the company will comment that the particular one is trying "to pull the Mansfield stuff." Several years have now elapsed since he passed beyond the great divide, but no star has yet been able to take his place in the affection of the American theatregoers. theatregoers. PAUL T. CASE.

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PITY THE BROTHER

(Continued from page 67)

still younger brother, Marshall Farnum, is prac-

still younger brother, Marshall Farnum, is practically lost sight of, with two brothers ahead of him. E. M. Holland's fame was dimmed by that of Joseph and George Holland. Flo Irwin once told me that the most terrifying criticism a newspaper could give her would be to add that "she is a sister of May Irwin."

Harry B. Smith has his brother help him out writing lyrics and books for musical plays, but brother remains unknown to an extent, while Harry B. is known as the most prolific of his clan. Blanche Ring corresponds to the "famous brother" in her family, Julie, Frances and her younger brother never having had anything like her popularity. Ada Rchan became so famous that her brother changed his name. The mother of Elsie Janis has done the same thing.

Sometimes the name of another famous relative seems to be beneficial, but is rarely so in the case of the brother. Mrs. Fiske, aunt of Emily Stevens, has quite likely been an inspiration and helps wife along the thorny road to success, or wife helps husband, as for instance, E. H. Sothern who has gained in popularity since he became the husband of Julia Marlowe; Julie Opp, who was not conspicuous as an actress until she became the wife of William Faversham; Marie Booth Russell, late wife of Robert Mantell, who might never have undertaken Shakesperean rôles but for the encouragement and inspiration she received from him. Julia Dean has attracted attention in certain quarters where her aunt of the same name was famous, before she had the opportunity to prove her own merits. Famous fathers have discouraged their sons, when they expressed a desire to follow similar professions and arts, acting mothers have begged of their children to keep away from the stage, although they often did so to test them and to see if they really wanted the theatre; grand parents and aunts and uncles are not usually considered a "help" to the youngster who wants to try his wings; but none of them may be ranked with the brother who arrives in the world first and reaches the high rungs of th

According to a cable received in New York from William Faversham, who is in Lucerne, Switzerland, Mrs. Faversham (Julie Opp) has entirely recovered from her illness, which was at first pronounced tuberculosis.





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London Applauds, Etc.

(Continued from page 74)

his vaudeville brother has revolutionized matters in the English music halls. I say English in preference to London, because the change has spread throughout the English provinces.

A little more than a year ago Melville Gideon and seven other young Americans walked into the Hippodrome one evening, and the next morning London awoke to ragtime. Since that night England lunches, dances, teas, dines and sups to its strains. The words of the songs have become intermingled with the language. Nowadays one is used to the expressions, "some," "O, you kid!" "quit," etc. London is Americanized in no uncertain fashion. The Hippodrome continued the good work with the review, "Hello, Ragtime," and completed it with "Hello, Tango," the present huge success. Just glance at the list of artistes who are Americanizing London at the Hippodrome. Ethel Levy, the idol of London; Shirley Kellogg, and Frank Tinney. In addition, Lew Hearn, Bonita and Willie Solar have all done their best to teach London to get a move on.

At the Alhambra, Teddie Gerrard, Lee White

At the Alhambra, Teddie Gerrard, Lee White and Eileen Molyneux are helping to keep the Stars and Stripes flying. The Hippodrome and the Alhambra keep up an endless warfare; each tries to outdo the other with American scenic effects. The Giant Staircase, from the New York Winter Garden, was put into three London reviews within a week.

The Strand these days resembles Broadway; artiste meets artiste, and barmen get busy mixing gin slings and Bronx cocktails.

Alfred Butt, of the Palace and Empire theatres, believes in American artistes. At the former house Elsie Janis is the bright particular star. Nora Bayes strolled into London the other day and was snapped up quickly by Butt for the "Merry-Go-Round," the new review at the Empire

"Merry-Go-Round," the new review at the Empire.

Shirley Kellogg's husband, Alfred de Courville, is in the States looking for novelties for the next Hippodrome show, so there is apparently not to be a lack of Americanism next fall. And, of course, mention must be made of the Anglo-American Exhibition at the White City, which is full of Coney Island attractions.

The manager of a London suburban vaudeville house announces an "All American" week, when every act is to be composed of American artistes. After this I should not be surprised if it becomes possible to get a glass of ice water in London.

London. HARRY J. GREENWALL.

> GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER 50c, the case of six glass stoppered bottles

Romance of the Super's Life

(Continued from page 76)

just cried, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" and Catesby was offering to get him one, when down those supers swooped upon them. The mess they did make of poor Richard! There was hardly enough of his royal outfit left for him to go on in and be killed in the next scene! One of the easiest stage crowds to handle is that for a procession, as in "Aida," in which two hundred men usually take part. Among the most difficult to get to work properly are those used for spectacular effect, as in the "Fall of Rome," "Nero" and "Julius Cæsar," where four hundred men have to be made do something out of their ordinary experience. All the time each of them is bothering himself over the belief that the uniform which would fit him best is being worn by some other fellow. But in Maude Adams' "Joan of Arc" at Harvard I had 2,360 men and they went through the performance men and they went through the performance without a hitch.

But of all the purposes of a stage mob, the

But of all the purposes of a stage mob, the most interesting is that where it has to be so used as to make the audience become part of the crowd. This is by no means easy to do successfully. If your supers don't work good and hearty they will muff it badly. One of the best recent examples of success in this was in "Midnight Sons," where I had three hundred and fifty men and women. They got the audience going in fine shape every performance and without any assistance in the front of the house itself. It was done in this case by having the supers sing. In my opinion the art of the use of a stage mob in any of its forms is far too little considered by playwrights. If it is to be used, it is an important feature; but, for the sake of the hundreds

of poor men to whom being a super temporarily gives a fresh start in life, I should be sorry to see the work go entirely to trained men or to the students of a school of acting.

Nowadays the moving picture business is providing many jobs for the supers. I am often called upon to provide a crowd at a given point in the streets, and as often send big crowds miles away into the country. I was the first to induce trained actors to act before the camera. They needed a lot of persuasion at first; but many a one has since been glad of the help given him by the five dollars earned in a day that way. I have a fear, however, that falling into the stress and competition of business may prove a grave misfortune to the simple super. There was a t me when his pay was five dollars a day; now it is one dollar and fifty cents. But some of the firms are trying to pay only one dollar. I do not think a super should be paid less than one dol'ar and fifty cents a day, and because it makes no difference to me I can say so with all my heart and not be misunderstood. Paying men one dollar and aday is nothing but making a profit out of their misfortunes. A starving man only too gladly accepts the one dollar, but such pay is likely to be his ruin. On one dollar and fifty cents a man can keep a quarter for himself and still take home enough to keep his family going. On one dollar

be his ruin. On one dollar and fifty cen's a man can keep a quarter for himself and still take home enough to keep his family going. On one dollar he is likely to turn to drink, for if he spends only ten cents on himself during the day so little is left only the strong man has the courage to take it home.

In all the years I have handled the super I have found him a human being, pathetic generally, terribly pathetic, but always human; and the more I see of him the more deeply I feel that those of us who have to deal with him have a grave responsibility put upon us. We have not only to think of our shows, we must think of the men as well.

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DRAMATIC CRITICISM?

(Continued from page 72)

is still a turn of mind, and not of lack of it. And, if you are re-actionary, remember that the opposite is also true. Grant us then some capable critics on our press.

What becomes of their work? Well, they finish seeing a play at eleven—and it is unfortunate for the play if it too does not finish then—and at eleven five they are writing down their judgment. The jury system is questionable now. Imagine what it would be if every jury were compelled to reach its decision five minutes after leaving the court room. Have you ever read in your paper: "This is so interesting a piece that justice cannot be done to it within this hasty writing"—or words to that effect? They are usually followed by a promise to do justice later, after, presumably, the critic has had time to think.

What do the words and the promise mean?

after, presumably, the critic has had time to think.

What do the words and the promise mean? They mean that critical evaluation requires time for thought. They mean that, according to our present method of publishing reviews immediately after the performance, the critic can not indulge in real thought. They mean that when a play arousing thought is presented, critical justice is not given it the next day. And they imply—when the critic is content to let it go at that with the majority of plays—something, well, not complimentary to the majority of plays.

If plays are worth criticising, if critics are worth paying, is it not better to wait an extra day and then read criticism? Would it not be extravagance to hire an architect and employ him as a bricklayer? Is it not extravagant for a newspaper, and wasteful for the manager, and disappointing for the reader, to look for criticism and receive—what they do? If the review must appear directly after the opening, why not give the critics a head start at a "critical dress rehearsal"? It has been done at times. It should be done at all times. These rehearsals could be arranged so as not to conflict.

Then, if we want dramatic criticism, we could get it—from the critics. And we would then be able to see more clearly just who the critics are, and what, if anything, is really wrong with the institution of which now we know so little.

EDWARD GOODMAN.

Century to Have "Opera Talks"

Century to Have "Opera Talks"

Arrangements have been completed by Milton and Sargent Aborn for a series of six Sunday afternoon talks to be given, beginning in September, at the Century Opera House. These are not to be "lectures" in the strict sense, nor is the series intended to be "educational." They are planned for the entertainment of the Century Opera subscribers.



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This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in Le Figaro, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant? "I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of leve."

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SOME NEW BOOKS

The Post Office. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Co, N. Y. \$1.00.

The latest of a number of books, and the second play, by "Rabindranath Tagore," published in English, is "The Post Office." Its author is the Nobel prize winner in literature for 1013. That this prize should have gone to India is significant, of course, of the universality, in its impressiveness of the pure and true in thought and feeling. "The Post Office" is in no sense a theatric play, only a quaint, simple little story of a boy, the adopted son of a rich man who is fond of him and so solicitous about his welfare that he forbids him to leave the house. The boy's health would seem to require this care. The boy longs to get out in the world, and he envies the free passers-by. It is in his talks with these various characters that we have an action, which has in it more of yearning and mysticism than in actual doing. The Postman, in answering the many questions, humors the boy and tells him that he will get a letter from the King. A little girl to whom he has talked comes with a gift of flowers. The Doctor savs the flowers will be given to him when he awakes. The boy has received his letter from the King.

The Drama To-Day. By Charlton Andrews. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$1.50.

This volume serves a very useful purpose as an introduction to the study of the stage of the day or, on the other hand, of a book of reference to him who is familiar with it. The index lists something more than three hundred plays, and of most of these plays the author makes a brief estimate. He writes with fairness, with an occasional opinion which does not agree with the popular one. The book being a brief compendium, naturally there is no room for much discussion. In small compass, however, accurate general information as to the leaders of the modern stage and their work and as to the tendencies of dramatic art and our day is given.

of the modern stage and their work and as to the tendencies of dramatic art and our day is given.

Nowadays. By George Middleton. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. \$1.00.

Mr. Middleton's work is characterized by refinement, both of feeling and of literary style. It is not meant that his plays have a literary merit that is superior to the dramatic, for a certain kind of literary merit in dialogue would be wholly inconsistent with the dramatic. Literary affectation or literary form would be ineffective in a drama with dialogue in the conditions of every day life. The play itself is distinctly in the support of the feminist movement for economic independence. A mother who has sacrificed her own ambitions and left unemployed her marked artistic talents in giving everything to home and husband sympathizes and secretly assists her daughter, who is determined to have her own way and to be independent in marriage. The daughter succeeds both in art and in sentiment, in business and in marriage. The characterizations are good, and the play served its purpose, whatever its popular sucess might have been in performance.

Victor Records

The First Hempel-Amato Duet. Traviata—Dite alla giovine (Say to Thy Daughter).

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E. Weatherly, and makes a most impressive sacred song.

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CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "The Dancing Duchess"				PAGE
TITLE PAGE: A new portrait of Julia Sanderson				97
RISE OF THE CURTAIN—Illustrated				98
GRAND OPERA AT THE CENTURY—Illustrated				102
PHYLLIS NIELSON-TERRY TO PLAY HERE—Illustrated				104
Scene in "Othello"—Full-page Plate				105
ACTRESSES WHO HAVE THEIR CHANCE THIS SEASON—Illustrated				
MARJORIE MURRAY—Full-page Plate				
Scenes and Characters in "The Miracle"—Full-page Plate				
At the Movies—Illustrated				
Scene in "Cabiria"—Full-page Plate		4 20		III
A WOMAN WHO FINANCED AND BUILT A THEATRE—Illustrated				
THE "CLOSET" DRAMA		Fanny Cannon .		115
SACHA GUITRY—FAMOUS SON OF A FAMOUS SIRE—Illustrated				118
LILLIAN RUSSELL AT HOME—Full-page Plate				119
GORDON CRAIG'S SERVICE TO THE THEATRE—Illustrated				
THE MOUNT TAMALPAIS OUTDOOR PLAY—Illustrated				
THE TROUBLES OF ROMEO—Illustrated				
Doris Keane—Full-page Plate				125
THE NEW PLAYS: "The Third Party," "Apartment 12-K."				130
SMART FASHIONS ON THE STAGE				142

THE COVER:-Portrait in Colors of Miss Ann Murdock

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of The Theatre Magazine each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of The Theatre Magazine is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Among the rising young actresses of the day, Ann Murdock has come to the front with almost startling rapidity. A native of Long Island, Miss Murdock was educated in a Quaker school at Philadelphia. She never studied the dramatic art but, strongly attracted to the stage, she chanced to meet the late Henry B. Harris, who gave her a small part in "The Offenders." Next, he let her play the feminine lead in "The Call of the North," in which she appeared all season. She was next seen in "A Noble Spaniard," at the Criterion, and the same year played in "Excuse Me." She was also seen in "The Bridal Path" and "Miss Phoenix." This last season she played Florence Cole in "A Pair of Sixes." Charles Frohman, after seeing her in this part, at once engaged her for his forthcoming production, "The Beautiful Adventure."

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in The Theatre. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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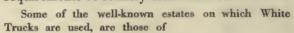


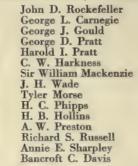
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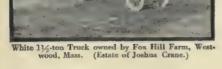
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THE THEATRE

Vol. XX. September, 1914 No. 163

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Sarony

JULIA SANDERSON

This popular star has the leading feminine rôle in the new London musical comedy, "The Girl from Utah," at the Knickerbocker Theatre





"The Beautiful Adventure," a comedy from the French, is announced to open at the Lyceum on September 5th. Charles Cherry, Ann Murdock, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and Ernest Lawford are among the principals. An earlier opening date had been originally arranged, but delay in Mrs. Whiffen's return from Europe made a postponement necessary.

Mr. Frohman has Hubert Henry Davies' new four-act drama, entitled "The Outcast," and "I Don't Want to Do It," by Margaret Mayo, both to be presented in October; two plays by Sir Arthur Pinero, one of which is soon to be presented by Sir George Alexander's company in London; and a new Barrie entertainment, described as something quite different from anything this well-known playwright has ever done.

Other productions to be made here by this management are "The Shadow," a play to be presented in Paris with Madame Réjane in the leading rôle; a new play by Ernest William Hornung, the author of "Raffles," based on his series of short stories, "The Crime Doctor"; a comedy from the Haymarket Theatre, London, entitled "Driven"; a farcical play adapted by Harry B. Smith called "The Love Trap"; a new play by H. V. Esmond; a piece entitled "The Rich Man," from the Renaissance Theatre, Paris; "Faithless Eckehardt," a German farce; and four plays by J. M. Barrie, each to be acted within five minutes, called "Why," "One Night," "When Kye Comes Home," and "The Bull Dog Breed." Following "The Girl From Utah" at the Knickerbocker, "Sybil," a new musical piece, will be given there, and "One Must Be Young," a musical play by Jean Gilbert, has also been scheduled for production.

Although David Belasco is to operate but one theatre this season, he is not curtailing his producing plans. Leo Ditrichstein will star in a new play, the title of which has not yet been chosen. About the middle of the season, Frances Starr, after she has toured for ten weeks in "The Secret," will be presented in a new play by a well-known dramatist. David Warfield will continue in "The Auctioneer."

Mr. Belasco has also several other plays, the openings of which at the time of our going to press have not been announced.

This season Winthrop Ames will present "Children of Earth," the play from the pen of Alice Brown, which won the \$10,000 prize. Great interest is, of course, centred in this production. Alfred Sutro's new drama, "The Two Virtues," which has already been seen in London, and Beulah M. Dix's play, "The Lonely Lady," will also be given by Mr. Ames.

The Messrs. Shubert have obtained for production here George Bernard Shaw's latest play, "Pygmalion," which has had a successful run at His Majesty's Theatre, London. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, if she is able to get here, will play the leading rôle in this piece—a part in which she scored a hit abroad. Marie Tempest, who has not been in America for several years, will make a farewell tour of this country in repertoire, including "The Wymartens," a comedy in four acts by Richard Henry Powell, in which she has been playing in London.



JOHN MASON



Douglas Fairbanks

Act IV. Jerabom Martin (Mr. Fairbanks)—"Billy," a cute little name for a cute little girl"

SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY, "HE COMES UP SMILING," TO BE SEEN SHORTLY AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

Cyril Harcourt's comedy, entitled "A Pair of Silk Stockings," which has been running in London at the Criterion Theatre, is scheduled for New York production, and "Consequences," a play by H. F. Rubenstein, which treats in a humorous vein the question of intermarriage between Jew and Gentile, will also be given here. This piece was originally produced by Miss Horniman's company at Manchester, and later given at the Coronet Theatre, London. Other English plays to be seen here are: "The Green Dragoons" and the new Drury Lane melodrama, by Arthur Collins, entitled "Sealed Orders," which is to have an elaborate presentation at the Manhattan Opera House in the fall. Walker Whiteside has a new play called "Mr. Wu," also a London success, in which he will appear in September. Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson (Gertrude Elliott) will return to the United States this season to give farewell performances in the Western cities.

The German plays which this management have secured are "The Cry of the Child," a farce comedy by Engel and Horst, which has met with considerable success abroad; Sabatino Lopez's play, "Der Haersliche Ferante," and "Ein Reizender Mensch," by Paul Frank and Siegfried Geyer. Other importations are "Endlich Allein," a new operetta by Franz Lehar, and "Miss I Don't Know," with music by Eugene Huska and Charles Bakonyi.

Yane Exiane, from the Scala Theatre, Paris, has been engaged to take Gaby Deslys' place in the Winter Garden piece which opens in November. She and Al Jolson will be featured in the cast. In addition to his repertoire of five Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, DeWolf Hopper will tour in a revival of "The Yeomen of the Guard."

The most elaborate of Liebler & Company's spectacular attractions will be "The Garden of Paradise," a romance in eleven scenes by Edward Sheldon. This piece will open at the Park Theatre, with Emily Stevens in the leading rôle. Phyllis Nielson-Terry, the popular young English star, will make her first

American tour this season in a repertoire of her London successes, including "Twelfth Night" and "Romeo and Juliet." Alla Nazimova has a new play, as yet unnamed, by B. Macdonald Hastings. At Wallack's Theatre in November, "The Highway of Life," Louis N. Parker's dramatization of Dickens' "David Copperfield" will be produced. "Polyanna," a dramatization of Eleanor Porter's "Glad Book," and a comedy by Grace Heyer, entitled "The Philosopher," are also to be given. In January, Brandon Tynan, who has been appearing in "Joseph and His Brethren," will be starred in a new Irish play written by himself.

To the Gaiety Theatre comes "Cordelia Blossom," by George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester, founded on the wellknown stories. Elsie Ferguson has "The Dragon's Claw," by Austin Strong. A musical play by Emmerich Kalman, called "Miss Rabbit-Foot," will be given an early production. Ruth Chatterton will open in New York in Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs," which has already met with great favor in Chicago. Ada Sterling's adaptation of Eugene Brieux's "La Robe Rouge," to be known in this country as "The Judge's Robe," will be given with Bertha Kalich in the rôle of Yanetta. "My Lady's Dress," the new comedy by Edward Knoblauch, author of "Kismet," which has been successful at the Royalty Theatre, London, is also scheduled for New York production. Edith and Mabel Taliaferro open in a new comedy by George Rollitt, entitled "Tipping the Winner." A stage version of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," by Hall Caine, will also be produced.

Selwyn & Company will be one of our most extensive producing managers this season. To the Cort Theatre comes "Under Cover," with William Courtenay heading the cast. Another interesting feature of their announcements is the production of Charles Klein's new play, "The Money Makers," described as a drama that visualizes the workings of an awakened public conscience. It will open in September with Alexandra Carlisle and Emmett Corrigan featured in the leading rôles. Margaret Illington has a new play by Henry Arthur Jones, in which she will

appear after a short tour in "Within the Law." In October, Owen Johnson's dramatization of his book "The Salamander" will be presented. Maclyn Arbuckle has "Back Home," a play by Bayard Veiller and Irvin Cobb, founded on Mr. Cobb's stories. This management also have a novelty farce entitled "Peace and Quiet," by Edwin Milton Royle, and a new comedy called "Rolling Stones," by Edgar Selwyn. In association with A. H. Woods they will present Jane Cowl in a new play in the fall, and they have a drama adapted by Charles Klein and Helen Ruth Davis from François Coppée's story, "The Guilty Man."

A. H. Woods' plans include the production of "The Grass Widow," a musical play by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf; "The High Cost of Living," a farce adapted from the German by Frank Mandel, in which Lew Fields will star; "Children of Earth," by H. C. M. Hardinge; "Innocent," a drama adapted from the Hungarian of Arpad Pasztor by George Broadhurst, with Pauline Frederick as star; "Cornered," the Owen Davis drama, in which John Mason opens at the Liberty in September; "Mam'zelle Tra-la-la," the London success which comes here in December, and "The Lodging House Ticket," an English version of "Billet de Logement."

Messrs. Cohan and Harris will place attractions this season in the Candler Theatre, which was recently opened as a moving picture house. The first piece to be presented there will be "It Pays to Advertise," a comedy by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. At the Astor Theatre "The Miracle Man," adapted from Frank L. Packard's book of the same name by George M. Cohan, will be presented with George Nash and Gail Kane in the cast. William Collier has a new starring vehicle called "Love Among the Lions," a musical comedy version by John Golden and Frank Craven of F. Anstey's story of that name. A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton's comedy drama, "Wanted, \$22,000," will have its première in October, and another comedy drama by Max Marcin, entitled "The House of Glass," is scheduled for the latter part of September. At the Astor Theatre, late in the season, the first of George M. Cohan's series of musical and dramatic satires, to be known as "Cohan's Current Revue," will be produced.

W. A. Brady has secured the stage rights of "The Lone Wolf," Louis Joseph Vance's novel, and he has a new farce by Lawrence Rising. The English version of Lucienne Nepoly's "Les Petits," entitled "The Elder Son," which has been tried out of town, will have a New York production. Grace George will continue in "The Truth" until December, when she will be seen at the Playhouse in Avery Hopwood's new play, "Miss Jennie O'Jones."

In October Robert Mantell will continue his American tour in Shakespearean repertoire, and later in the season will come to New York, appearing in a revival of "Richard II." Mr. Brady also has a new play by Lee Arthur, author of "The Fox." In this piece Madge Kennedy will play the leading rôle. A play by George Broadhurst, entitled "The Law of the Land," and a melodrama entitled "Life," by Thompson Buchanan, are also scheduled for production. Other plays which Mr. Brady will present are a dramatization of Miss Mullock's novel, "John Halifax, Gent.," by John Dunsmuir; "What Will John Say?" by Edith Orr; "The Decent Thing to Do," by Charles Rann Kennedy, "The Dreamer," by Jules Eckert Goodman, and "Little Men" and "An Old-Fashioned Girl," from the novels of Louisa M. Alcott.

Mrs. Fiske has a new comedy, as yet without a title, by John Luther Long. Lydia Lopokova, the Russian dancer, is to appear under Mr. Fiske's management in a new piece written especially for her.

George V. Hobart, whose morality play, "Experience," was given at the Lamb's Gambol, has signed a contract with William Elliott for the production of this piece as a full evening's entertainment. Mr. Elliott also has the producing rights of a new play called "The Alien," and three other pieces will be presented under his management.

The policy of the Princess Theatre, which will open about September 20th, will remain unchanged. The plays likely to be put into rehearsal are: "Brimstone and Hell Fire," a comedy by Frederick and Fanny Locke Hatton; "Little Face," a phantasy by Roland Oliver; "Dawn," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Percival Wilde; "The Forest of Happy Dreams," another phantasy; "Phipps," a comedy by the (Continued on page 141)



Alice Brady Albert Brown Tom McMahon Charles Homer Edward Langford Geraldine O'Brien Ned A. Spark SCENE IN "WHEN SYLVIA RUNS AWAY," PRESENTED AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Copyright Claude Harris Florence Macbeth (soprano) Mishkin Alfred Kaufman (basso) Opyright Mishkin Orville Harrold (tenor)

Agide Jacchia (conductor)

opyright Misl.kin

Albertina Rasch (prima ballerina)

Grand Opera

Bettina Freeman (soprano)

Henry Weldon (basso)

ORE than a year has passed since the movement to give "opera for the people" was started by the City Club of New York. The Century Opera Company, which was the result of that movement, began its career at the Century Opera House on September 15, 1913. The first season of any undertaking of this kind is always experimental. Such an organization can only be developed and improved by tentation. Errors and shortcomings that cannot be foreseen at the start point to changes and improvements to be made for the second season. If there were faults to be found in the Century series of last year, the wonder is that there were not more flaws. The artistic quality was, on the whole, much higher throughout than might reasonably be expected of a grand opera company during its formative period.

The Messrs. Milton and Sargent Aborn, general managers, have endeavored to take advantage of every suggestion for improvement made the first year, and promise many improvements for the season of 1914-1915. The first great stride toward better artistic results was the engagement of Jacques Coini, the former Manhattan and London Opera House stage director as artistic director of the Century. The next important step was the securing of Agide Jacchia, former musical director of the Montreal Opera Company and highly esteemed in Europe, as first conductor. Josef Pasternack, one of the conductors of the first season, and formerly of the Metropolitan staff, was retained, and Josiah Zuro, who formerly showed considerable skill and talent in conducting at the Manhattan, is added to the organization. Luigi Albertieri will devote his entire time to the ballet; Hugo Riesenfeld, formerly concert master in the same organization from which Coini and Zuro came, has been appointed to the same position at the Century, and Alexander Smallens, who was assistant conductor at the Boston Opera House, comes to this institution for the same post. One of the most important acquisitions is Herr Ernst Knoch, the famous Wagnerian conductor of Cologne and Bayreuth, who has been engaged to conduct all Wagner operas given in the next two years at the Century. With such a corps of conductors, directors and producers, seconded by two assistant stage managers, two répétiteurs, two prompters (one for English and one for Italian and German), and other heads of departments, the Century Opera Company will have an artistic staff, not only larger numerically, but also of double the strength and efficiency of the complement of last year.

In reorganizing and reinforcing the company the Messrs. Aborn have retained the most talented and popular members of their former list of principals: Lois Ewell, Helen Stanley, Kathleen Howard, Gustaf Bergman, Orville Harrold, Morgan Kingston, Thomas Chalmers, Louis Kreidler and Alfred Kaufman. All of these made a fine showing in the first season, and so demonstrated the desirability of their being retained. It



Louis Kreidler (baritone)

Kathleen Howard (contralto)

the Century

was the intention of the managers to endeavor to fill the balance of the cast with new artists as talented and experienced as those who have already stood the test of thirty-one weeks. For this purpose, Milton Aborn went abroad early in June and spent six weeks in a search of European opera houses. His quest was not for reputations, but for singers who are making their reputations-probable stars of the future-who have developed their talents by the school of experience in European opera houses. The impresario issued a statement before sailing to the effect that his first object was to engage artists of demonstrated ability, preferably native Americans, but that artistic considerations would not be sacrificed for patriotism or chauvinism. The surest way to judge the ability of a grand opera singer is to see him in regular performances of grand opera. American grand opera aspirants have to go to Europe to begin in the less important opera companies in the smaller cities, so as to graduate to more and more important companies as rapidly as their talent asserts itself. There are no such companies in America, and consequently there are no such opportunities here for a young artist to acquire actual experience and to establish a repertoire. There are hundreds of Americans singing in grand opera in Europe, and it is to that "market" that the impresario must go to obtain American singers.

This course was followed, and with apparent success. In London Mr. Aborn engaged Bettina Freeman, dramatic soprano; Florence Macbeth, coloratura soprano; Henry Weldon, basso-profundo, three American artists who have won the favor of European audiences, and Hardy Williamson, a young Welsh tenor, who is to be given only secondary rôles, but whose remarkable voice gives promise of his becoming one of the leading tenors the following year. In Paris, Milan and Berlin he engaged other artists of proved ability, some of whom are of o foreign birth, but most of whom are Americans. These are Muriel Gough, who has been singing lyric soprano rôles in Darmstadt for three years; Erzsi Guti, a Hungarian coloratura soprano who has appeared in prima donna rôles in eleven operas at Budapest; Marcella Craft, the American lyricdramatic soprano who has been singing in Europe for a number of years with success, and who has been termed the Dusé of grand opera; Sylvia Nilis, coloratura soprano, a pupil of Mme. Emma Nevada; Maude Santley, contralto, who has found favor with the Beecham and Covent Garden companies; Augusta Lanska, contralto, who has been singing for three years at Graatz, Germany; Elizabeth Campbell, a Canadian contralto whom Jean De Reszke calls the most promising pupil he has ever had, and others.

Of the twenty-one leading members so far announced, twelve are native Americans, five are English and four are from Continental Europe.

While the list of principals has

(Continued on page 140)





PHYLLIS NIELSON-TERRY

Phyllis Nielson-Terry to Play Here

THE announcement that Phyllis Nielson-Terry, daughter of the late genial Fred Terry, and his statuesquely beautiful wife, Julia Nielson, will come to America this season, under the management of Liebler & Co., is of more than ordinary interest. Her parents made a host of friends when they came here two years ago, and the fact that she is a niece of Ellen Terry, the well-beloved, is another fact that endears her to our public. That the youthful actress is herself beautiful and charming is enough to insure her a welcome, even without taking account of her own histrionic ability, which is as pronounced as her good looks.

Miss Nielson-Terry, as she likes to be called, thus using the names of both her parents, probably enjoys the distinction of being the youngest of Juliets to have appeared in a metropolis, and that the metropolis of the world, London. Rarely, indeed, does an actress still in her teens have a chance to attempt the rôle of Shakespeare's most youthful heroine, and the few really young Juliets have usually figured in performances in that vague territory known as "on the road," or in some small town whose inhabitants had local interest in the Juliet of a night. It would be difficult indeed to find another young girl who, like Miss Nielson-Terry, played the rôle for more than two months, night after night, in a large city, who was more favorably received, and who actually looked not a day older than Shakespeare's Juliet.

It is now about four years ago that this youngest of the gifted Terry family made her début as a star, although not heralded as such. She played the title rôle in the Baroness von Arnim's play, "Priscilla Runs Away," at the Haymarket Theatre. (The piece was done in this country, it will be remembered, under the title, "The Cottage in the Air," at the New Theatre.) She met with such an enthusiastic reception that, contrary to all expectations, the piece had a long run, and many postponements of other plays which it had been planned to follow with were necessitated. In the light comedy rôle, with but one emotional scene, a fit of hysterics, the girlish actress was charming. But from Priscilla to Juliet is a long step. Yet Miss Nielson-Terry accomplished it.

After she had been appearing as Juliet for about a month, the present writer had a chat with her in her dressing-room, and the

close quarters did not lessen the sense of her charm which had been evident on the stage. The most simple and unaffected of stars frankly expressed her delight at thus early achieving her ambition to play Juliet, and told how she studied the rôle. The young star is certainly "divinely tall and most divinely fair." Quite as tall as her mother, at least five feet ten, she is very graceful, and in the exquisite Juliet costumes presented a beautiful picture. Yet she was almost as pretty in the plain skirt and shirt waist in which she came to the theatre, with her fresh complexion, her golden brown hair and her true Terry eyes, deep blue, beautifully shaped and magnetic. In spite of her coloring, she resembles her mother as well as her father.

A charming Juliet from her first appearance on the stage, it was in the stronger scenes that this girl was at her best. Her facial expression in the potion scene was admirable, and one could but notice the grace of her gestures and the uncommon, expressive play of the hands, a trait which is found in fine actors of the French school, but seldom in Anglo-Saxons.

"I always wanted to be an actress," she said to the writer, "and Dad and mother made no objection to my trying; only they said I must see whether I could do something really worth while. I never studied at a school of acting, nor coached with anyone, but neither Dad nor mother approve of that, but they always let me attend their rehearsals and learn that way. Then I went on as an extra, with one line to say, or in a very small part, and in all kinds of plays.

"My first big rôle was when, at four hours' notice, I took mother's part in 'Henry of Navarre.'"

This was two years before the Juliet engagement, and she played the important rôle for several weeks, with much praise from critics and public, although this she did not mention.

"Then came Viola in 'Twelfth Night,' Priscilla, an emotional rôle, in 'All That Matters,' and Rosalind in 'As You Like It.' The latter is such a difficult rôle, much more modern, it seems to me, than Juliet. I think it demands a great deal more technique, and I hope to play it again later."

Asked if she were not the youngest actress to play Juliet, Miss Terry replied:

"Adelaide Neilson was, I think, (Continued on page 136)





Actresses Who Have Their Chance This

N the vocabulary of every actress there is a magic word. She begins it always with a capital in her thoughts or on paper She is prone to spell the entire word in capitals. It is the star in the high heaven of her hopes. It has no synonym in one

were not alert enough to spy him when he paid his brief call.

But it is a grateful task to record that Her Chance has come

this dawning season to at least a half dozen eager young women.

A large and juicy dramatic plum toward which many pairs of

word. Three words are required to furnish forth its meaning, "a great part." To some it comes this season, to others that, to a few perhaps never. At least so they think, though I firmly believe that for everyone the great Chance pushes the door open slightly. peeps in and signifies that though the opening may not be wide the door is open. He is no lingerer, the Great Chance, and some of us say he never visited us because we

within two years. Meanwhile the management considered and consideration led to eliminations. The choice after much reflec tion based upon varied experience was Janet Dunbar.

"Who is Janet Dunbar?" asked many when the announce-

ment was made.

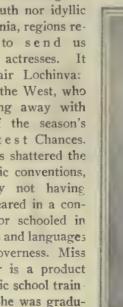
"Don't you remem ber her with Davic Warfield?" exclaimed the few. A searching in the galleries of memories and they brought forth a slender, vouthful person, soft eyed and soft voiced, with in telligent eyes and a sympathetic manner. Yes, they did remember her and pleasantly, but-

"Warfield's geniu, is liable to over-

shadow his support," said those who remembered her better. "But there is a pervasive quality in her personality, a gentle force, an exquisite girlishness. You'll see that she will be an admirable Dodo Baxter."

Certainly in being cast to interpret that complex young woman Miss Janet Dunbar has met Her Chance. Dodo's interpreter is

not from the languorous South nor idyllic California, regions reputed to send us many actresses. it a fair Lochinvar out of the West, who is riding away with one of the season's greatest Chances. She has shattered the dramatic conventions, too, by not having been reared in a convent nor schooled in the arts and languages by a governess. Miss Dunbar is a product of public school train ing. She was graduated from the Manual





Lilian George ELEANOR DANIELS



OTTOLA NESMITH



MAY ALLISON

in "The Salamander."

The rest of the cast

was filled long before the leading woman

was chosen. The

public having read

Owen Johnson's, bril-

liant contribution to

the best sellers, which

he has since drama-

tized, wondered. The

Rialto speculated.

Who would or could

play Dodo? There

was a comparison of

"past performances"

of a dozen of the

young women who

have made their im-

pression on the stage

of the United States



Strauss-Peyton JANET DUNBAR



MAJORIE MURRAY

This young Scotch actress, lately seen as Bunty in the Western States, will bead one of the companies on tour this season in Catherine Chisholm Cushing's successful comedy, "Kitty MacKay"



Photographic silhouettes are becoming very popular among professionals just now. The Moffett Studio has been making some interesting experiments in this direction. Among others they have silhouetted with the camera are Richard Bennett, Guy Standing, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Walter Jones, Taylor Holmes, Alma Belwin and Henry Kolker

Training High School of the city on the Kaw River. Thereafter the Dillenbeck School of Oratory claimed her and she is referred to as its most distinguished graduate.

Her first public appearances in New York were made seven years ago in divers offerings of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts at the Empire Theatre. She was seen in "His Alıbi," a comedy in which she played Mrs. Maddox; in "Joy is Dangerous"; as Venus in "Captain Walrus," a comedy in one act by Alexander Laidlaw, Jr.; as a chorus maid in the Greek drama "The Libation Pourers."

Her first professional appearance was with the Giffen Stock Company at Richmond six years ago, when she played in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Her first significant part she created in "The Right to Live," Jules Eckert Goodman's play then produced for the first time on any stage.

Chance began to beckon her when she was engaged for the ingenue rôle in "The Witching Hour." David Belasco, who rarely makes a mistake, saw her in the Augustus Thomas play and engaged her as leading woman for David Warfield, a coveted post made vacant by Frances Starr's elevation to stellar heights. The metropolis has seen her as Helen in "The Music Master," and Katherine in "Peter Grimm."

In selecting his cast to present "The Vanishing Bride," David Belasco paid a compliment to a young and comparatively unknown actress, Ottola Nesmith, who plays the bride. Miss Nesmith is an olive branch of the United States Army, her father being Captain Otto Nesmith of the Signal Corps, and her uncle, Gen. A. W. Greeley, the distinguished Arctic explorer. Her mother was Blanche Vaughan, who theatre-goers of twenty-five years ago knew as a star in "Blue Jeans," "The Still Alarm," and "The Silver Spur."

Like most army girls Miss Nesmith has travelled far, swinging with ease and pleasure through the arc between Cuba and Alaska. While her father was stationed at San Diego she demonstrated her possession of dramatic ability by making a favorable impression in an amateur performance given in the old Spanish home of Ramona, made famous by Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of that name. This success crystallized her spasmodic fancies for going on the stage into a well-defined purpose and she applied for a place, however humble, with the San Diego Stock Company. The company made a place for her in the drama story of "Under Southern Skies," in which Grace George once starred in the beginning of her career. She ad-

vanced rapidly after that beginning from ingenue rôles to "leading business," subsequently appearing in a wide variety of parts with stock companies in Omaha, Kansas City, and elsewhere in the West.

Some of the most delightful events in life "just happen." It "just happened" that Louis Massen, successor of the popular and lamented late William Dean as general stage director for David Belasco, had seen a performance of "Madame X" by a stock company for which Miss Nesmith was leading woman. Jotting down her name and characteristics in mental note book he held the jottings in reserve for an emergency. The emergency came when the great producer was casting about for not the type but the precise type to play the title rôle in "The Vanishing Bride." He told Mr. Belasco of his impression of the army girl just out of her teens.

Miss Nesmith exuberantly tells the sequel. "Like most girls who aspire to a stage career I thought the apotheosis of stage achievement would be to play in a Belasco production. I always thought that to be chosen from the rank and file by Mr. Belasco instantly stamped one with a mark of theatrical aristocracy. Such recognition was the heighth of my most mounting ambition. So one day last spring when I received a note engraved with the words 'Belasco Theatre.' I was so nervous that I could scarcely open the envelope and I twice dropped the letter and had to hold it with both hands while I read that Mr. Belasco would like me to call on him at his theatre. My joy knew no bounds."

Olive Tell arrived at recognition on the American stage by way of a dramatic school and preliminary stage experience in England. Two years ago she was one of the most promising young women graduated by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She went abroad and played in several English companies. Recently she returned to her own country and gained the stock experience she desired by a summer stock engagement at Pitts field, Mass., where the eclectic summer residents predicted that she would please captious Broadway. Mrs. Anne Flexner, the author of "The Marriage Game," being one of the summer visitors, heard others praise "that pretty girl who gives such fresh charm to her work in the stock company." "You should see her," they said. Mrs. Flexner saw, with the result that she communicated with Mr. John Cort and Mr. Cort engaged Miss Tell for the part of Mrs. Oliver in "The Marriage Game," which will reopen this month.

Miss May Allison was "born and

(Continued on page 136)



Copyright Byron

EMILY WAKEMAN HARTLEY, MANAGER OF THE NEW STAMFORD THEATRE

Who Financed and Built Woman

care more than anything else for proportion," said Mrs Emily Wakeman Hartley.

"Proportion is half of art," I mused. "Form is, at least. as important as color."

"Drawing is nearly everything," assented Mrs. Hartley. "Right drawing gives the fine balance in things. Proportion is what we need in art and life. Practically everything is well with us if directed by a sense of proportion."

I had called on her in her studio atop the long tongue-like arcade that forms a line of little shops at the entrance to her theatre. I say "her theatre" with forethought, for although the name, Stamford Theatre, appears above the design the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, has chiselled in its façade, it is sheer justice to thus refer to the institution which she conceived, for the rearing of which she secured every dollar, whose building she watched as sedulously as a mother guards the weak, first breathings of her babe, and whose manager and stage director she is.

A dark-eyed, strong featured woman, in whom graciousness tempers earnestness, is this mistress builder. She asserts nothing, claims nothing for herself in the achievement which has not its like among women in this generation nor country. Clyde Fitch said of her: "She is the greatest character actress in America," when she appeared in his play, "Lovers' Lane," and he was constructing a play for her starring vehicle when death overtook him. His untimely death arrested his career midway. His greatest play was his last and that which he was arranging for Mrs. Hartley would, in all probability, have topped it in greatness. As of Augustin Daly, in the passing of Clyde Fitch, many actors mourned the closing of the gate of opportunity. But the then Emily Wakeman made no pause to mourn at the gates. For her it should be no wailing wall like the place of mourning in Jerusalem. Mindful of what Emerson has impressed upon us that when one door is closed another will open to us, she pushed on in the path of attainment, going to school in stock in summer as assiduously and with the same deep student spirit that she had attended the American Academy of dramatic Arts, at the meeting of whose Alumni she recently gave an address, and filling engagements, always with her preferred character work. in winter bringing to them all the thoroughness of method and devotional spirit that characterizes that soul which has found its work.

Hereditarily she was gifted, particularly with the power of independent thought. Her father, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, was a brilliant attorney and founder of the University of Oregon. Her mother was a pioneer suffragist.

She married Randolph Hartley, the critic and librettist, to whom came the honor of a production of his opera in Berlin. They established a charming, restful, atmospheric home at Cos Cob in Connecticut. Came to them there an earnest faced little lad whom they named Randolph Wakeman Hartley.

Last spring Master Hartley gravely shoveled away the soil and officiated at the laying of the corner stone of the theatre. He is a healthy, hearty, happy boy, shining of eyes and cheeks and teeth, and guarded against the treacherous spring winds, by velvets and furs of the same rich brown as his eyes. What had become of the pale, wistful child of the mother who does public work? Vigorous young Randolph Hartley proved that child a myth. The presence of his mother in the centre of the group of distinguished Connecticut citizens at the laying of the corner stone of the theatre proved a further truth. That is that the intelligent woman who organizes well her powers and her work as mother and homekeeper, may contribute to the world's work the margin of time and the strength remaining from each of her days. The achievements of such women as Emily Wakeman Hartley demonstrates the triumph of system over family cares and household duties.

This of the woman. Now of her work. Stamford, a city of fifteen thousand all-the-year residents, a number that is doubled by those persons who spend their summers in its vicinity, was without a place of amusement, other than the small houses for moving



Photos White
MILLICENT EVANS
Leading woman with the Colonial Motion Picture
Corporation

Why not provide for Stamford a firstclass theatre? One that should be handsome in structure, artistic in furnishings, modern and hygienic in equipment, a beautiful playhouse of progressive policy?

The idea was not long in a nebular stage. Ideas have a way of crystalling into definite form in Mrs. Hartley's mind and are translated quickly into action.

She talked with citizens of Stamford and secured their interest and aid. She began with a banker who bought five shares of stock, telling her that he had no expectation of ever having to pay it. He pointed out the "impracticability" of the plan. He told her it was quite "impossible." Then he subscribed to express his admiration for her as an independent thinker, for at no time in

the discussion had she shown the slightest sign of a disposition to agree with him. For one and a half years, in odd times she could spare from her mothering and home duties, she talked with citizens of Stamford and residents in the vicinity and with a few outside investors of the practicability of her plan. Her enthusiasm and her demonstrated ability cut away the New England antagonism to change as a keen knife carves characters in a rock.

The result is the Stamford Theatre that opened its doors last month, inaugurating its policy of giving the best New York productions by their original companies. In other words she placed Stamford on the theatrical map in large red letters.

It opened with the Hungarian operatic success, "Sari." It continued with Michael Morton's "The Yellow Ticket" and

pictures and lesser vaudeville. Residents of the thriving Connecticut city disliked the inconvenience of travelling for an hour to and from New York for their dramatic and musical amusement. Others regarded the expense involved in the journey

To Mrs. Hartley in her picturesque Cos Cob home two and a half miles away came the same need, but with the need came a flash of inspiration. Why not fill that need?

"Potash and Perlmutter." Throughout the winter and spring it will present metropolitan successes. In the early summer there will be a stock season in which standard successes will be presented and new plays have a trial.

In physical aspect the theatre that Emily Wakeman Hartlev built, is a high red brick structure of Colosseum shape, a rounding octagon, from which projects the long arcade, opening upon one of Stamford's principal streets and that backs upon another. It is generously provided with surrounding, airy space. An adequate automobile clearing permits motorists to alight at the theatre entrance.

The interior of the playhouse, which Franklin Sargent on visiting it said, is "the most beautiful theatre in America outside New York," gives an impression of intimacy. It is so arranged that the chairs in the orchestra and the one large balcony afford every one of the auditors a sense and reality of nearness to the stage. The capacity of the orchestra is 720, of the gallery 550, and the boxes, so placed that "You can see from them" as triumphantly exclaimed their projector, hold twenty-four spectators. The total capacity therefore is 1,294, greater than that of the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Summarily the house, though so large, is, by reason of its great width and the generous

dimensions of its stage, a theatre intime.

The stage, large enough for any production ever made in America, has an opening forty by twenty-five feet. The depth of the stage is thirty-eight feet. Its distance to the rigging loft is fifty-five feet. That to the fly gallery is twenty-five feet. The distance between the side walls is eighty feet. The interior of the theatre is classically beautiful because of its form and space. The proportions are of Greek dignity and simplicity. The coloring, soft and unobtrusive as those of a tasteful drawing room, is of cream and brown tints.

At the back is what resembles a near two-story brick house, compactly built. So unlike the ordinary prison-like chain of dressing rooms is this rear of the stage adjunct that they have named it "Actors' House." Out of much suffering springs reform. Prisoners always bring to the world with their release,

(Continued on page 131)



RENE DETLING
Prima donna in "Sari"



MAY TORMEY In "The Passing Show of 1914," at the Winter Garden



ELIZABETH NELSON
Playing Mrs. Nettleton in "A Pair of Sixes" at the Cort Theatre, Chicago

THE play, written to be read and not to be acted, has no real right to the term drama. It is, in fact,

The "Closet" Drama

a distinct "digression" in playwriting. In spite of this easily provable point, many clever and cultured people hold various opinions as to the status of this intruder, though there would seem to be room for only one. Brander Matthews puts it succinctly: "We are on a false track when we allow the existence of a thing called the closet drama, the unacted drama, the drama not intended for the stage." Sir Adolphus William Ward, in the Encyclopedia Brittanica, expresses it even more forcibly: "Though the term, literary drama, is sometimes used of works kept apart from the stage, it is in truth a misnomer, since, properly speaking, no drama is such until it is acted."

The insistence upon the "misnomer's" right to live comes usually from those writers who have attracted attention by their ability in other fields, but who profess more or less to despise the drama as a sort of bypath or sidetrack of literary art, instead of "the highest and most difficult form of literature," as Henry Arthur Jones calls it. They desire to reach their public through the medium usual to themselves—the printed page, and propose to ignore the only complete medium of the drama—the theatre. It cannot be done.

In a book, all that stands between a man and his public is the print. To insure a reading, the author can pay for publication and give the whole edition away. But a play is meant to be acted. The very word drama is from the Greek, drao, to act, to do. The word play also implies action. Therefore, even though the dramatist may have the desire to spend his money, he is com-

pelled to consider several things before his play goes on. In a different way he can follow the novelist's example, rent

a theatre from a complacent manager, pay all expenses, and invite his audiences. But between himself and the spectator is something more vital than the printed page—the whole mechanism of the theatre: stage, lights, scenic effects, actors. If his material is not susceptible to such rendition through such mediums, of what use all the high-sounding phrases of a Doctor Johnson or the pointed wit of a Talleyrand? Yet there are people, otherwise cultured, who think writing a play means putting lengthy dialogues down on paper, ignoring completely this connecting link between author and public. A play is not a play in its fullest expression until it has been acted, just as a book is not entirely a book until it is in shape to be read.

The written description of any scene at which one is meant to look always falls short of the actual presentation of this silent moment as shown in the theatre. There are bits of pantomime in the acted play which no description ever equalled, when such scenes are rendered with all the skill of the finished actor, assisted by adequate surroundings.

Many well-known writers have tried to uphold the closet drama as a part of dramatic literature; but, though it may be "literature," an author has no more real right to use the play-form for unactable plays than has a writer in prose to declare his compositions poetry. An engine, built for any other than the presupposed use of engines, is really a waste of human energy and materials, since an engine is only an assembled mass of various metals, until it "goes." If it cannot go, of what use is it?



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ROSCHEN TURCK-BAKER AND PATSEY SHELLY
In their "Greek Story Dancing" performance at the Blackstone Theatre
in Chicago. They are here shown in the myth "Pandora"

Let me quote for a moment from "Drama and Life," by A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London *Times:* "Mr. Hardy (Thomas Hardy) boldly champions the cause of unplayable plays. To the question, Why, if you are writing a narrative to be read, forego all the privileges of narrative art and hamper yourself by the restrictions proper to a spectacle? Mr. Hardy answers that it is the artist's affair, and he has a right to his caprice, and the 'artistic spirit' is at bottom a 'spirit of caprice.' . . . This particular caprice of aiming by the medium of one art at the pleasure proper to another is noxious

Charles H. E. Brookfield, the English play-censor, says: "The most brilliant writer of our generation, Robert Louis Stevenson, who was endowed with almost every gift that a dramatist needs-humor, imagination, knowledge of humankind, knowledge of effect, characterization, and the power of writing beautiful dialogue-who ought to have enriched our stage with many magnificent plays, who made several attempts, was entirely unsuccessful in these efforts through underestimating the dignity of the work he was undertaking. . . . Stevenson is not by any means the only illustrious man of letters who has tried in vain to woo the drama in this amused, affectionately patronizing spirit. I remember how Besant's kindly eyes used to sparkle roguishly behind his spectacles whenever he talked of playwriting; he seemed to look at it as a larky recreation.

"It is impossible for anyone, however clever he may be, to write acceptable work with his tongue in his cheek." This disposition on the part of many of the writers of fiction explains why, with a few exceptions, they have been only moderately, if at all, successful as playwrights. And it yet remains to be

seen whether some of the works of those attaining a measure of success because of their wit and cleverness will outlast the lives of their popular authors.

The most obscure workman in the engine-room has a right to express an opinion regarding his machinery before even the most brilliant of theorists. No actor who has ever worked in a play, no director who has ever staged one, is to be considered incompetent to judge whether play construction is the amusing game which some of our cleverest satirists claim it is, in their pleas for the "literary drama," or whether it is the art dignified by Shakespeare, Molière, Ibsen, and the rest, as the workers in the theatre believe. For that reason it may be interesting to set forth some of the opinions of these satirists. Arnold Bennett says in "The Truth About an Author": "I have not spoken of the artistic side of play concoction because it scarcely has any. . . . How our princes of the dramatic kingdom can contrive to spend two years over a single piece, as they say they do, I cannot imagine. . . . I say that dramatic composition for the market is child's play compared to the writing of decent average fictionprovided one has an instinct for stage effect." The italics are not Mr. Bennett's; note well the provision. It is important, though Mr. Bennett dismisses it so carelessly. That a dramatist can spend over two years on one piece is true; much more than that time would describe the preparation and revision of



Copyright Moffett PATSEY SHELLY AND ROSCHEN TURCK-BAKER
In the story dance "Pandora," at the Blackstone Theatre, Chicago

some. The point is that they are dramatists. In justice to Mr. Bennett it is only fair to say that his book is more than ten years old, and he has probably revised his opinion since the days when he so adroitly tossed aside the difficulties of the drama.

Bernard Shaw, in his upholding of the so-called literary drama, takes his fling at the actor instead of the dramatist: "A literary play, I should explain, is a play that the actors have to act in opposition to the 'acting play' which acts them." This is more true than Mr. Shaw meant it to be, and in a different way. Many a "literary play" would be an impossible mixture did not the actors give it a semblance of drama by putting their best efforts into it: while the "acting play," written for the actual stage-as Shakespeare wrote-with due consideration for and knowledge of its mechanism, its limitations, its effects, and its medium of expression, acts itself, in a measure, because all the pieces dovetail and players have characters to portray, not photographic automatons. However, Norman Hapgood says of this most delightful of jesters: "The greatest part of his life is devoted to proving that things ought to be done some other way."

Another statement of Mr. Bennett's shows even more clearly the attitude of the average novelist to the difficulties of play construction. "Writing is a question of words." Is it? Let us see. Some of the most telling, most effective scenes in the drama are simple pantomime, depending on the actor's interpretation and dramatic ability, and not on any dialogue of the author, though the latter's directions give him his cue. The success of the motionpicture play proves that it is possible to tell a straightforward, dramatic story without the aid of words at all. In the drama, a Matzene significant action, gesture, or facial expression, is far more

suggestive of the contributing emotion than the paragraph in the manuscript in which the dramatist describes such action for the instruction of actor and stage director. In no place do actions speak louder than words more effectually than in the drama; the man who tries to make a play out of "words" will find himself, perhaps, on the highway of "writing," but, Mr. Bennett to the contrary, it will not be play-writing.

Literature in the modern theatre is not the impossibility these cavillers would seem to think. The point is that the writers of the drama of each epoch were quite unconscious they were writing "literature." Posterity made the decision for them. They wrote because writing was their medium of expression; they



tzene HILDA KEENAN

To play Winona Winter in "The Salamander"

wrote for the theatre because the theatre could use their plays and the public liked them. To-day, the littérateur, separating himself from the dramatist in self-conscious superiority, writes in a form which he does not understand, and which he disdains to study. When, however, the dramatist knows his form, and is gifted besides with imagination and inspiration, a successful play is the result. That it happens to be literature as well is because of this happy combination of skill and genius. No one can ignore "The Servant in the House" as literature, nor can anyone deny the beauties of "The Blue Bird." Yet both were successful plays from the theatrical standpoint. Also, both Charles Rann Kennedy and Maeterlinck know the theatre intimately, actively. It is this active intimacy which seems to count for so little among fiction writers.

O. E. Firkins puts the matter in a nutshell: "The writer of literary stage-plays must meet every demand that is met by the unhampered and unscrupulous craftsman, and must meet them with no less efficiency. He may think like Ibsen and write like Shelley, but this will not excuse him for dereliction in any particular from the standpoints of pure entertainment maintained by writers on whom Nature never wasted a thought or a lyric inspiration. The average playgoer has no objection to literature if he gets the other things he wants in the customary measure; he is in the position of the plain business man who is willing to see a bunch of carnations on the breakfast table, so long as it does not affect the amount and quality of the beefsteak. But let anyone suggest the sacrifice of a part of the beefsteak to meet the cost of the flowers, and his protest will be instant and stormy.'

The way to bring literature to the stage is not by means of the closet drama, which is merely a

mistaken effort to bring the stage to literature. Nor is it to be done by way of the revival of old literary dramas and dramatic forms, but rather along modern lines of realism, or the love of the unusual and the mystical. "If there is any literary drama, it is the drama our contemporaries are laughing at, or crying over, or declaring it a true picture of their lives," says Walter Pritchard Eaton. Revivals of old forms—let us confess it—are apt to bore any but scholars, and deaden even more effectually the desire for literary drama in those ordinary playgoers who pay for their seats and fill the box-office coffers. Many insist that the old forms are best; and occasionally when one hears the rounded periods and the sonorous rhythm of one of the old

dramas, one feels inclined to agree. But with the changes in the stage, and the evolution of theatrical machinery, these methods have grown more and more unnatural. "Each advance of the light," says Edward Goodman, "leaves part of the ground behind us in shadow. The best geographies published before Columbus were useless after him."

One favorite form used by the advocates of the closet drama is verse. Here, again, several disagreeing opinions have been advanced. Many plays have been written in verse with the definite idea of production in a theatre, and for that reason do not/come under the ban. The greatest of the plays now holding undisputed place as dramatic literature (Continued on page 132)

Sacha Guitry-Famous Son of a Famous Sire

My dear American Friend:

I do not see any reason why I should grant your request for a ticket to see "La Pelérine Ecossaise" to-night. I feel certain that you will buy a ticket to see my play, for I am acting in it. However, I shall be delighted to see you after the performance.

With profound respect. SACHA GUITRY.

"That's just like Sacha," said a mutual acquaintance to whom I showed his letter. "He knows you will pay to see him act. It's not conceit on his part. It's just self-confidence."

Both Sacha Guitry and our mutual friend were right. That evening I bought a ticket for the Bouffes-Parisiens, where "La Pelérine Ecossaise" was playing, to see the famous actor.

And I was well repaid. For of all the actors on the Parisian stage, Sacha, as he is called by everyone, is the most interesting. Here is an actor who believes that naturalness is the art of acting. Here is an actor who appears without makeup, who wears the same clothes on and off the stage, and who is so "natural" that you forget you are in a crowded playhouse and imagine you are a guest in his drawing-room.

Sacha Guitry is the son of Lucien Guitry, universally recognized as the foremost actor on the French stage. It was Lucien Guitry who enacted the title rôle in "Chanteeler" when Coquelin died. But in personal popularity Sacha leads his

famous sire. Last winter, for instance, Sacha was playing to packed houses at the Bouffes-Parisiens, one of the smartest playhouses in the French capital, while Lucien Guitry was hardly able to draw a corporal's guard at the Gymnase in Henri Lavedan's "Pétard,"

The reason is very simple. Lucien Guitry is the exponent of the old-fashioned declamatory style of acting. Sacha is as natural as anyone in your own home.

Then, too, a play with Sacha Guitry in it is a family affair. For the younger Guitry not only writes the plays in which he appears, but entrusts the leading feminine rôles to his wife, Mile. Charlotte Lyses. He designs his own scenery, and while he does not actually paint it the walls are hung with his paintings.

The furniture and decorations on his stage always come out of his own home and if you picked up the books which are lying on the library table you would find a volume of essays called "Jusqu'à Nouvel Ordre" (Till the Next Order) from his pen.

As a wit Sacha has quite a reputation. In fact, he is a many-sided man. One of his plays, "La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom," which was presented in London under the title of "The Real Thing," is worthy of a really great playwright. Of course, he is much sought after by aspiring dramatists who deluge him with manuscripts. Quite recently, he received a bulky manuscript of a play from an unknown woman who enclosed a note stating that she knew that he wouldn't take the time to read her play, and that she was so sure of his attitude she would bet him 100 francs he wouldn't.

Within five minutes after the manuscript arrived he returned it with a hundred franc note on which he had scribbled: "You win." At the races, in society, in fact, wherever one goes in Paris, one is certain to see Sacha. He is not a strikingly handsome

man, nor is he a careful dresser. But he has an air of good fellowship about him that makes him enormously popular with both sexes. And then he is the son of the

great Guitry who was a famous idol in his day.

Although he is only past thirty, he has

Although he is only past thirty, he has half a dozen successful comedies to his credit, including "Le Mufle," "Le Veilleur de Nuit," which had a run of 200 nights, and "Le Beau Mariage," which had an equally long career.

In "La Pelérine Ecossaise" (The Scotch Cape) his Chinese cook has an important rôle and his two dogs appear in "thinking" parts. The single scene in which the action of the piece takes place is a replica of the living room of his cottage on the Brittany coast. Is it any wonder that his admirers say he is at home on the stage?

"La Pelérine Ecossaise" is not screamingly funny. It is what would be termed a "polite" comedy in America. But it gives Sacha an opportunity to display his ability as a love maker—and no one of the French stage makes love better than Guitry fils. Love is the all important interest in life to the majority of Parisians and they pack the Bouffes-Parisiens nightly to see Sacha win back his wife who has



By Sem, the famous Parisian caricaturist

fallen in love with another man.

When the final curtain fell—Sacha is wise enough never to take curtain calls—I went around to his dressing-room, where I found him playing with his dogs. He was in his coat ready for the street—for he had no makeup to remove, no costume to change.

"So you paid to see me act, did you?" he said good-naturedly, offering me his hand. "Do you want your money back?"

"On the contrary, I hope to come again," I replied.

If there was any difference in Sacha's manner as we sat in his dressing-room from his "acting" on the stage, I was unable to appreciate it. His personal charm was just as all-pervading.

"My father and I often have heated arguments," he went on to say, "because he declares I am not an actor. He says I only play myself. But I maintain that is the greatest art of all—the art of being natural. I do not believe in makeup, unless it is absolutely necessary for a part. If I am to play an old man of seventy, well and good. But when I play a Frenchman of thirty, I offer myself just as I am, for I am not much older.

"What I strive for more than anything else is naturalness. That is why I try to stage my plays as I do, why I dismantle my home to make my setting realistic. However, my chief aim in life is simply to amuse. I am not a serious actor. People want to be amused. I am anxious to amuse them. Over in America you have plays for the tired business man. My plays are for the bored Parisian. If I am successful in amusing, I am the happiest man in Paris. After all, do you know of a better mission in life?"

K. K. KITCHEN.

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES



Photos taken especially for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Gordon Craig's Service to the Theatre

PERIODICALLY the question recurs: "What is the matter with the theatre?" It is asked, perhaps, by the actor, perhaps by the playwright, or by the theorist, or most often by the man of business in the box-office. At least, it indicates

a promising dissatisfaction with things as they are. At this time, when the cry is more insistent than ever before, it is worth while to turn to a man who asked himself the question fifteen years ago—and found the answer.

Gordon Craig, actor, artist and stage director, answered very simply: "There are no true artists of the theatre." The statement did not merely touch the fringes, but struck to the very foundations of the trouble. The chaotic condition in the theatre world to-day is indeed the result of a lack of leaders, of men who would be to the art of the theatre what the painter is to painting and the architect to architecture.

Pondering upon what passed current as the art of the theatre—a thing without unity or sense of design, with distracting detail and accidental effect destroying all directness and artistic truth—Gordon Craig recognized that in the average theatre no one worker cared for or had charge of the production as a whole: the playwright cared chiefly for literary quality or for commercial success; the actor cared less

for the beauty and dramatic quality of the play than that it should prove a good vehicle for the exhibition of his own individual powers of acting; the scene painter cared only to make his work attractive in itself, forgetting that it should be nothing more than a harmonious background for the action; and lastly, the manager, who really should be able intelligently to direct the whole production, was only a business man who of necessity delegated his duties to a dozen incompetent assistants. Indeed, the whole trouble lay in the fact that there were no true directors. As it was fifteen years ago, it is to-day. Gordon Craig's fondest hope is that he may be able to found an adequate school for the training of artists of the theatre. Without such artists the theatre can never develop its own characteristic art.

The ideal artist of the theatre will be a man who has had experience and training as actor as playwright, as scene designer, as manager—indeed, in every department of the theatre. Understanding thus every detail of his materials, and directing everything, he will be able to conceive, plan and carry out the entire production. Only when the production is thus entirely conceived and directed by one man will it be a matter of vision—of imagination and unified design, as every true work of art must be.

Those who have studied the matter of stage direction with an understanding of the requirements of art, have come to feel that Gordon Craig is himself the nearest approach to a true artist of the theatre that the world has known. Certainly no one is more fitted, by heredity and training and experience, to speak

authoritatively of the art of the theatre. He is a son of Ellen Terry, the foremost English-speaking actress of her time, and of E. W. Godwin, an architect who designed the costumes and stage settings for many of the finest productions of his day.

Gordon Craig himself was an

actor for many years, appearing first when a boy of sixteen with Henry Irving. So his first quarrel with the art of the stage was born of experience, and not of theory. He studied pictorial art, with William Nicholson among others, and developed that wonderful sense of composition and dramatic simplicity which distinguishes his very individual designs and woodcuts. Finally, he has staged a long series of plays, from the "Dido and Aeneas" of 1900 to the remarkable production of "Hamlet" at the Art Theatre in Moscow.

But Gordon Craig does not claim to be the dictator of the laws of the true art. He truly says that the materials of any art of the theatre are these: story, or plot; scenery, lighting, costume, dancing, movement; the spoken word (if the artist desires); and the actor or the marionette. He admits that there may be many combinations of these elements. He insists, however, that always the production must be born of vision, a thing of purpose, unity and harmony. So far only does he lay down his precepts dog-



From "Towards a New Theatre"*
IDEAL SETTING FOR ACT II, SCENE II, OF "JULIUS CÆSAR"

matically. Beyond this point he frankly says that he is only an experimenter; that the laws of the new art are but slowly being discovered. He is still changing, discarding and rearranging. But the things he has already accomplished are immensely interesting. The value of his experiments lies in two welldefined directions: first, in the creation of what is practically a new form of dramatic art; second, in the effect he has had upon the current art of the playhouse. Of the new art the world has heard much unthinking and hasty criticism; about Craig's influerce on the old almost every commentator has been silent. The present writer feels that in his enthusiasm for the newly created form, Gordon Craig has misjudged the value of the accepted theatre, and that he has made a mistake in turning his back upon it. But his attitude does not destroy the value either of the new mimo-drama, or of his influence upon the older form. It is worth while to examine his service to the theatre in both aspects.

First, then, let us face his plans for the new art in the farthest limits of their radicalism; let us face squarely those ideas whose expression has drawn the epithets, "Madness," "Revolutionary," and "Eccentric," from the very people who should be most concerned with the art of the theatre. First, he needs the story, the bare skeleton on which to build. This story, he admits, may be the work of another, if it be thoroughly realized by the producer; but it is even better if it be a creation of the director's own imagination. It may be little more than a bare plot of scenario; a statement or preachment, never. Its effectiveness must arise from imaginative beauty instead of realism.

"über-marionette," or su-

per-marionette, must ulti-

mately take the place of

the actor. Because the

living actor cannot subor-

dinate his personality or

temperament to the will

of the director; because

his expression and his

movement are always

subject to his own emo-

tions; and because the

artist, on the other hand,

must use only materials

that respond absolutely to

his will; therefore, the

marionette must take the

place of the actor. Only

thus can the artist of the

theatre keep absolute/con-

The scenery or setting of the story will be simple and unobtrusive. The artist of the theatre will not necessarily paint or construct it himself, but he will design it, and design it in such a way that it will be not a show in itself, but merely a background for the action, heightening the effect of the whole rather

than distracting the interest. It will be symbolic and decorative. rather than accurate, attempting to reproduce "an atmosphere, not a locality"-to borrow the phrase of Arthur Symons. Painted prospective will be entirely eliminated from scenic backgrounds, because perspective on the stage is invariably distorted from all but one viewpoint in the auditorium; and, furthermore, perspective lines usually serve to draw the eye out of the "picture." Instead of the flapping wings and backcloths of the usual



From "Towards a New Theatre"
SETTING FOR ACT II OF "MACBETH"

setting, Craig has evolved from his experiments a flat, neutrally tinted screen, made in various shapes and sizes, which is easily moved and adjusted. With a set of these screens he can arrange every setting called for in an imaginative drama, placing them in various relationships and various lights to get the effects of spaciousness, depth, height, vastness, or intimacy—in short, any atmosphere demanded by the spirit of the play.

Gordon Craig knows better than anyone else, perhaps, the emotional value of lights. The mood of the scene will invariably be suggested by the lighting. He has discovered, too, that independent of any drama in the accepted sense a whole story can be worked out by the interplay of colored lights on screens of various shapes and relationships. All his experiments in stage lighting, unlike those of others, have been purely for the beauty or suggestiveness of the resultant lights, and not to imitate nature. He can reproduce all of the beauty of moonlight, but he never is guilty of trying to show a rising moon.

In the matter of costumes, too, imaginative beauty instead of realism will guide. The costumes will be simple and decora-

tive, and like blocks of color in a great pattern—part of the color and decorative scheme.

In the massing, grouping and movement of the figures on the stage, there is anaesthetic value seldom before realized in stage production. Through line and rhythm of movement, Gordon Craig will heighten the essential beauty of the play. There will be no accidental tripping on a rug or falling over a chair to add a semblance of naturalness to the action. The movement will be in effect a continuous decorative pattern, always and consciously under the direction of the artist of the theatre.

The next point is that at which Craig departs from most of those who have followed him so far: he would leave the spoken word out of his materials in the ideal art. Because strong feelings can be better suggested

Here, then, is a new art, different from any the world has known; an art of silent wooden figures, moving decoratively among beautiful colored lights and harmonious backgrounds, acting out a primitive, imaginative story. Its appeal is not intellectual, but entirely sensuous. It is an appeal similar to that of music, which fails most completely when it tries to carry a didactic or intellectual message. The new art is aesthetic, imaginative and suggestive, a thing of movement, color and rhythm, and of sustained mood, bringing to the spectator that deep soul-satisfaction described as "poetic wonder."

by gestures than by words, and because the spoken word

is often an interruption of the mood, his ideal art is a

drama of silence—the mimo-drama. For the moment let us agree

that in certain types of plays his claim is true. And let us accept

for the moment his other most revolutionary doctrine: that the

Who shall judge of the new art? Certainly the most of us, remembering the occasional moments of profound emotional satisfaction experienced in the theatre of living action—imperfect though it may be—will not grant that Gordon Craig's creation is the *only* true art of the theatre. But who shall say that he is not developing an art that will play upon the heart-strings of future millions of theatregoers even more sweetly than the current drama plays on ours? And who of us, soaked as we are in the traditions of a commercial or literary theatre, can

judge fairly of this art that is so new, so foreign to all our standards? Nothing but a spirit of tolerance can bring forth a flowering of the drama, and it seems that a spirit of encouragement would better become us than one of blind condemnation. Certainly this is an art that is wonderfully suggestive and beautiful. It is, indeed, a thing that we should look forward to with expectancy and with every encouragement. And because it is truer to its own materials, and less dependent on literature, or painting, or music, it promises when completely developed to be the truest art of the theatre.

If Gordon Craig's service to the theatre ended with his creation of the new art—a service intangible, perhaps, because necessarily incomplete—the world still would owe him a large debt of gratitude. But let



From "Towards a New Theatre"

SETTING FOR ACT I, SCENE V, OF "HAMLET"



GAIL KANE

Who will appear shortly in George M. Coban's play, "The Miracle Man"

us turn now to the other aspect of the theatre's debt to him. In creating his new art he chose to ignore all that dramatic art had accomplished in several centuries. In his enthusiasm for the new he turned his back completely upon the old formin theory, at least—and thought of his own as the only true art of the playhouse. His achievement has been so fine that the world may easily forgive him. But the point just now is that he also has had an immense influence upon the current dramaupon that very art which he so carefully ignored.

For lack of a better name, this other art of the theatre may be

termed the psychologic drama, in contradistinction to Craig's mimo-drama, because in its best manifestation it is based on the development of character. It, too, is a legitimate art of the theatre, true to its own materials, and not dependent on literature, painting or music. It employs the same materials as the mimo-drama, substituting only the actor for the marionette, and adding the use of the spoken word. The change is absolutely necessary because the psychologic drama is essentially based on the more intimate appeal of character—character developed to a crisis through the living representation of the actor. Contrary to the suggestion in Craig's attitude, the psychologic play is not literature merely, because concerned with words; it is essentially drama—living action. In the hands of a real artist of the theatre it can be made, like the ideal mimo-drama, a unified whole, built of elementary and inevitable scenes and action only, never preachy and never didactic. Because it may be emotionally experienced rather than understood by the intellect, and because it deals with the characteristic beauty of life rather than the accidental detail, it is true art; and it is a legitimate art of the theatre because it is based on the materials of the theatre and not on the other arts; and lastly, it is immensely worth while because it touches the well-springs of emotion and breeds sympathy, the most humanizing of all forces.

The psychologic drama is not, as Gordon Craig's ignoring of it would suggest, hopelessly bound up in false traditions. The art is very defective as yet, is almost always given to cheap realism, false themes, and theatricality. But the leaven is working, and by a peculiar irony, the leaven chiefly of Gordon Craig's own ideas. What, then, is his service to the psychologic drama, to the theatre as we know it?

His most valuable service lies in the reaction he has started against realism in stage setting. The stage "artists" of to-day have, indeed, come to a wonderful perfection of realism, of photographic detail in setting. If we did not know that we were in a theatre, we might even accept some of their creations as the "real thing," the illusion of detail is so complete. But the fact is that we always do know that we are in the theatre. So it happens that the scene is unnatural just to the extent of its straining after naturalness. For, after all, art is a convention, selective rather than photographic, characteristic rather than accidental. A stage setting can be absolutely right only when it expresses the mood of the play, the spirit of the whole production. It is not right when it is made up of a dozen tawdry, flapping "wings" and backcloths; nor is it right when it is a photographic reproduction of a hundred material accidental details, distracting the spectator's mind from the essence of the play. Gordon Craig believes that it is right only when it expresses the mood and unobtrusively heightens the effect, by symbolism instead of realism, decoratively and harmoniously, as a background and not as a show in itself—and his teaching is quite as applicable to the psychologic drama as to his own created art.

Invariably when a student of Gordon Craig's work has become half convinced of the soundness and truth of his theory of stage setting, the comment comes: "All this is well enough for the setting of imaginative plays; but what about those dramas that call for scenes in modern interiors?" It is the most searching of all questions that must be faced by those who believe in Craig's fight against realism and at the same time in the psychologic drama. It is worth while to face it squarely. How are Craig's theories to be reconciled to the plays of Ibsen, of Pinero, of Augustus Thomas? Craig does not care to reconcile them. He is concerned only with the imaginative drama, with his back turned squarely upon the psychologic drama, and especially upon those modern plays which call for "up-to-date" settings. But the principles he has evolved apply to that sort of play none the less, and there is in his work a salutary lesson for the setter of modern scenes.

The interior of a modern room can suggest the mood of the play quite as readily as can an (Continued on page 130)

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THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS WITNESSING THE PRODUCTION OF "SHAKUNTALA" ON MOUNT TAMALPAIS

The Tamalpais Outdoor Mount

perhaps none have been held under more novel circumstances, nor more appropriate surroundings than that produced recently on top of Mount Tamalpais, in California.

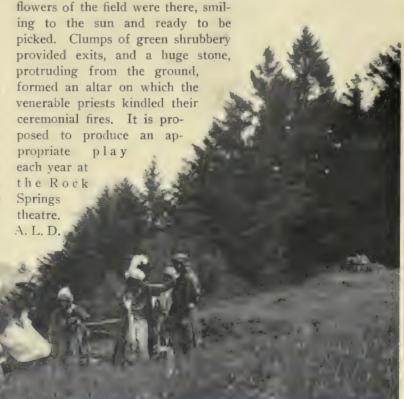
Under the auspices of the Mountain Play Association, the Hindoo play, "Shakuntala," was given its first public presentation in America, following an English translation made especially for the occasion by Dr. Arthur W. Ryder, of the University of California.

In a natural amphitheatre at Rock Springs, located 2,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean, which spreads out at its feet, and with a magnificent panoramic view of the surrounding country, this play of the high Himalayas, written more than fifteen hundred years ago, was enacted with a fidelity to detail, an approximation of physical surroundings, and with climatic conditions so perfect that the thousands of spectators who tramped the two miles of

mountain trail to witness the performance, will never forget the experience. In the clear California sunshine above the fog; with the odor of pines all around, and seated on the grassy

UTDOOR plays are not uncommon in this country, but slopes of the amphitheatre overlooking the ocean, the big audience followed the dialogue and action of the play with perfect ease, owing to the fine acoustics of the place.

Nature, alone, furnished the scenery, and as the pretty hermit maids pursued their task of gathering flowers, no stage director found it necessary to scatter blossoms over the way, for the



SOME OF THE DANCING GIRLS IN "SHAKUNTALA," PRESENTED ON MOUNT TAMALPAIS



The Troubles of Romeo



ROMEO—whom a magistrate in recent judgment of a divorce suit declared the ideal lover—had a cast in his eye. That is common gossip in Verona. The cicerone who stands, with doffed hat, by the abandoned cistern of the middle ages that pretends to be the tomb of Juliet, tells it in a whisper and with crossed fingers. For it is considered unlucky among Italians even to speak the word "jettatura."

It was a badge of all the house of Montecchi—that ocular slant that augurs crossed Fortune. 'Tis so related by Luigi da Porto, in what is about the earliest account of the affair that made Verona famous. I have that from a certain erudite guide, Nicola Baltazzare by name. And he added, with some bitterness, that he could trace his own hard luck to this baneful mark of the Montagues; some of his ancestors had served in the family as recently as the fifteenth century. "There is a Baltazzare in Shakespeare's play," the Signore may have noticed.

Of course, no hero of drama could be figured with such outward token of malefic fate as folk-lore puts upon Romeo. But it is certain that Shakespeare had the astigmatism well in his

mind's eye when he drew this character of a man persistently unlucky; throughout his writings he shows himself given to signs and omens.

Mischance, pursuing the actual Romeo to the tomb, has followed him beyond into the mimic life. He fails on the stage—at least in our day—and chiefly because he is unlucky. There are other factors, as we may see, that put him out of joint with the times; but mostly he has lost the interest of moderns because he fails to "get there." And that, too, for the worst of all possible reasons: he is—to put it in classic slang—a Jonah!

No revival of "Romeo and Juliet" in our time has been successful; not, at any rate, in the degree anticipated by preparations and hopes. None has met with general favor of critics, nor made on the public the profound impression supposed to attend even a fairly adequate performance of a Shakespearean play.

In accounting for the phenomenon, professional criticism has twanged all the familiar strings of fault-finding.

This Juliet was too mature; that one too fresh. One was too timid; another too gushing. Now she was too lean; now too plump. This one was too sophisticated for Juliet's scant four-teen years; the other wouldn't know love from colic. This Juliet looked the part, but couldn't act it, and vice-versa.

And the Romeos—which one of them in the revivals of recent years has been decreed more than, say, tolerable? Either he is too tragic or too flippant, too prosy or too fiery. This one minced, another strutted. One purred, another ranted. This one made love like a rake, and that one like an apprentice. As with Juliet, plenty looked the part—some were thought almost too pretty—but no Romeo of this day and here has been accepted for model. The greatest of English-speaking actors, after three separate attempts, gave it up as a bad job.

Ingenuity has cricked its neck in looking for reasons for Romeo's habit of missing the mark. His most effective speeches, an actor explains, are uttered under a physical handicap; he must

deliver his love-song under Juliet's window looking up at the balcony, with his head thrown back in a pose peculiarly awkward in a stage picture and sadly hampering declamation. But the top note of dissatisfaction with Romeo was reached by the critic who



scoffed at a performance of the rôle because the actor projected into it something of his own "respectable" views of life. It seems that the player in question is an orderly person, with a regular wife, a home in Central Park West, and such other attributes of plain living. The critic found them reflected in the actor's Romeo, to the complete undoing of the rôle as Shakespeare painted it.

To the inefficiency, fancied or real, of one or both of the central pair, is usually charged the ineffectiveness of the play with modern audiences. Now, may it not be that the difficulty lies in front of the proscenium frame rather than behind it? The mood of the audience rather than the quality of the acting?

In point of fact, the best mimetic talents and rarest stage graces of the time have gone to the illumination of this play. It is the circumstance of its usual failure, under conditions to the last degree favorable, that suggests a new hostility on the part of the audience. Since tradition, record and the memory of men not yet in dotage proclaim this the most moving of dramas, then its present impotency must be due to causes from without. The play remains unchanged, of

course, but it addresses itself to a new order of thought, life and sentiment—an order different from that which ruled not more than a generation ago. It is no longer in tune with Zeitgeist. And nowhere is the dissonance so strident as in the depressing career of the hero.

Romeo, as we learned from Nicola Baltazzare, was born unlucky, and he never outgrew it. And his persistent ill-fortune bars him from the cordial interest of moderns. Vae Victis! is the philosophy of to-day. To the ditch with the beaten! If blind fate of conscious stars foreordered defeat—as with Romeo—so much the worse; the case is all the more hopeless.

One of the commentators, who stands by him loyally through all his predestined blunders, makes defense for "the luckless gentleman" with Romeo's own words, moaned over the dying and angry Mercutio: "I thought all for the best."

But of all the patience-trying, they are the worst who marplot their own affairs and those of their friends, though meaning well. One can fight evil-wishers, but the bungling friends who "mean well"—and don't know! It was Romeo's "meaning well" that beat down the sword-points of Mercutio and Tybalt and swerved the latter's blade through Mercutio's gizzard. Had he only kept his ill-luck out of the affair, Mercutio would have done his man beyond shadow of doubt. He was the best swordsman in Verona. Juggled foils and rapiers as though they were macaroni. Left to himself he would have made Tybalt's im mortal-passado and punto-reverse and hay-hay look like comicopera fencing. But, alas! the one Jonah-man among all his kinsmen had to interfere. No wonder Mercutio turns on him with his last breath: "Why the devil came you"—with emphasis on the "you"—"between us? I was hurt under your arm."

And Romeo can only answer: "I thought all for the best."

Recall how he spoilt the Capulet's evening-at-home—a sort of coming-out party for Juliet on her fourteenth birthday. The dinner had gone off pleasantly—the dance in full swing—everything lovely until Romeo looks in on the scene with his biased eye. Then there's trouble. Calls for rapiers

biased eye. Then there's trouble. Calls for rapiers and threats of "rough-house"—to drop into the vernacular—hardly averted by old Capulet's good-nature. Romeo realizes that he's to blame for the contretemps.







I hoto White

PHOEBE FOSTER
Appearing in Roi Cooper Megrue's play, "Under Cover"

He had a hunch that his presence at the feast would set cockahoop. "'Tis no wit to go," he warns his friends, knowing his fatal gift of hoodoo; but he falls back on his constant excuse, "We mean well in going to this masque." One has more patience with the unlucky person who doesn't mean well, who hitches his chariot to his unlucky star and runs the appointed course pellmell without apology, without care for the consequences.

The imps of mischance have been busy with Romeo even before the curtain rises on the play.

Rosaline, his best love, because his first, has thrown him over. She had guessed his secret. Women have a sixth sense—wherewith to pick winners in the race of life. They hate failures and nose for success. It is not a matter of ethics, but of instinct, one of a partial Nature's provisions for the improvement of species. The lioness in the desert, the doe in the forest, the hen in the barnyard, all have the gift of prosperous selection. Rosaline knew Romeo for a loser, and would none of him. Had she not obeyed her intuition he would have involved her in

catastrophe just as he did Juliet and everyone else whose path he stumbled across, the County Paris, for instance, a harmless, well-behaved gentleman whom Romeo slays at Juliet's tomb—and then promptly apologizes for not having recognized him as Mercutio's kinsman.

By dint of piling on instances of Romeo's hard luck, even Shakespeare finally reaches the ludicrous. For surely there is an element of the ridiculous in the experience of Friar John, sent to Mantua with the momentous letter that should tell Romeo of Juliet's mock death. Had that letter been delivered in season the play would have had a "happy ending." Romeo would have learned how Juliet's confessor had flim-flammed her family with the potion that put her to sleep for forty hours, while they thought it was forever and a day.

But regard what happens: Romeo's hoodoo lures the messenger to seek another "barefoot brother" to keep him company on the errand. And forthwith they run against the Verona Board of Health! For, as the monk explains:

.... the searches of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth.

Can you beat it for mischance? Quarantined, the two of them, and probably infected with smallpox—and that, too, several centuries before Jenner discovered vaccination. And all in the service of the unlucky Romeo! If the full truth were known it would probably appear that the health officers had posted

proper warning on the convent's front door, but that Romeo's evil star led Friar John to go in by the back gate, so he shouldn't see the placard.

One commentator attributes the hero's astonishing chapter of accidents to the fact that he was always in a hurry. But even this apologist cannot hide his irritation at Romeo's persistent ill-fortune. "Why did he have to stipulate to the apothecary that the poison shall not be of slow effect?" he asks. "If he had been in less a hurry, if he had not felt it impossible to delay posting off to Verona for a single night—if his riding had been less rapid, or his medicine less sudden in its effect, he might have lived. The Friar was at hand to release Juliet from her tomb the very instant after the fatal vial had been emptied. That instant was enough; the unlucky man had effected his purpose just when there was still a chance that things might be amended."

It might be presumed that a stage hero, so eager and ingenious in helping the stars along their malefic course, would take the consequences philosophically. Knowing that the spheres fated discord, terminating in a crashbang of catastrophe, Romeo should have faced the music without whine or whimper; that is, if he anticipated appealing to a twentieth century audience for interest and sympathy. The stage hero in these days must be not only without fault, but without fault-finding. Napoleon holds his place so securely in the theatre for the reason that, through all the fabulous changes in his fortunes, he never regrets or repines-to the knowledge of the audience. Not even at St. Helena, where the latest play on the subject transports him, is he ever nagged into complaint of his fate or self-reproach for blunder. That is the chief reason that the theatre regards him with something like awe; the ideal of an heroic soul.

If such be the modern mind in these matters, how can Romeo hope for favor? "Like a misbehaved and sullen wench"-Friar Lawrence rebukes him-"thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love. Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable."

Even the dried-up nurse, limping with years, is out of patience with his flabbiness:

Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering-

Stand up, stand up; stand, an' you be a man.

Romeo's carrying-on after learning of his banishment to Mantua-a few hours' walk from Verona!—nearly drives the pious friar to bad language. "Unseemly woman in a seeming man," he calls him:

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax.

Digressing from the valor of a

This is phraseology literally shocking when addressed to a

stage hero-conventionally a figure of at least the elemental masculine virtues—and in productions where the Romeo is "starred," instead of the Juliet, these contemptuous lines are regularly omitted. There is too much of obvious truth in the friar's characterization of Romeo's collapse, and, coming from the lips of a holy man, whose métier is to preach resignation, the speech makes strongly for disillusionment in the ears of a modern audience.

The scene referred to, and others of similar weepiness, suggest that Shakespeare might have intended the two leading rôles of this play for very young mimers—"child actors," as we call them to-day. Juliet, we know, is still so immature that they count her age from the year of her weaning, and Romeo has been unaware of passion until he met Rosaline. In the ambiency of this Italian story, that would mean that he was literally the "boy" he is often described in the text. In the case of a lad of, say, fifteen or so, going through the discomfort of what is cruelly termed "calf-love," the blubbering is reasonable enough.



Photo Strauss-Peyton

LOUISZITA VALENTINE Young actress who has been appearing in stock in Kansas City

But when, as is the rule on our stage, Romeo is represented by a particularly stalwart actor, selected for physical likeness to "masher" and swash-buckler, his tearfulness is painfully incongruous. There is abundant tragedy in the love stories of the modern stage, but no dramatist would dream of making his hero cry. Even on the German stage it is going out of the fashion.

What worse luck could strike a stage hero than to fall in love as frequently as did Romeo?

"But only twice!" you object.

Yes, but that is once too often-for stage purposes.

The world is gradually coming to a saner view of this supreme force in the universal order. What psychology and philosophy have not done to set us straight on the subject, pathology promises to do. A physician in Paris, where love is proverbially endemic, has lately diagnosed it, formulating its signs and symptoms, as if that needed science! And intimating a cure, so that in time an attack of the divine passion will be treated as a rheum or a fever. Nor is that such a new story. Even in Shakespeare's

love merely a disorder of the mystic spleen. And here a student ability to discern when he is in love and when he only thinks he in one of the city's hospitals, doubting the general notion that is. The tokens and symptoms in both cases are similar to a

the appendix is a useless organ, suggested that that might be the seat of Love. And he determined to follow the matter up by noting the subsequent amatory doings of patients who had surrendered that organ. Unhappily, few of the promising subjects survived long enough, or in condition, for a fair test.

But whatever Love may be in real life, and no matter how often recurrent, on the stage it must be absolute, single and for all time. And the circumstance that Romeo was so unlucky as to love more than once constitutes a mortal weakness of the play, from the point of view of modern convention of the drama.

So far from romance being loose or careless nowadays, it tolerates no such divided interest; that is why plays of marital discord, with the wife's fancy for "the other man," no longer succeed.

The modern spectator suspects the quality of Romeo's passion for Juliet, remembering that only an hour before he meets her "what a deal of brine hath washed his sallow cheeks for Rosaline." Hear him maunder over the lady who disdains him:

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

- anything, of nothing first create!
- 0 heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms! Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health! Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

That may not seem to mean much, but it evidently is a great relief to Romeo's feelings.

And yet, even in the face of such rhapsody, the legion commentators will have it that he didn't really love Rosaline. The pages that have been written to prove it! And the ingenuity of the specious reasoning to explain away the incongruity of a stage hero twice hipped by cupid, 'twixt cakes and candles, until the very excess of excuse accuses. Coleridge admits that it would be bad drama and worse poetry if Juliet were represented as already in love, or as fancying herself so; but he feels called upon to account for Rosaline as a mere name for the yearning of Romeo's youthful imagination-a "mere creature of his fancy." And that, in essence, is the contention of all the apologists: Rosaline is only an imagined love, Juliet the real.

The commentators seem to have invented some way of assuring themselves on this point, though I vow it stands not in the text. If they have actually found a mode of differentiating the two, they owe it to a troubled world to make their discovery

time there were medicine men-Rosalind hints it-who thought generally known. Half of human woes spring from man's in-

degree painfully confusing.

There is certainly nothing in Romeo's speech of conduct in contradiction. We have seen him mooning in a sycamore grove the whole night through—"With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs"all for love of Rosaline. If that be not the real thing, Romeo had no way of detecting the counterfeit; and no more has the audience. Hear him, too, when Benvolio suggests that he fight fire with fire-hunt out one to whom Rosaline shall seem as crow to swan:

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

That rings truer than much he says of Juliet or to her.

Contrast its heartiness, its comparative simplicity, with the flagrant elaboration of Romeo's address to Juliet's window:

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief;

That thou her maid are far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off....

No man in love ever speaks in that fashion-not even in Italy. That is rhetoric, not

love. Superb for simile, trope, metaphor and what-not of figure, but stiff and cold as an icicle. The speech of pose, not of passion: the set flow of recitation, not the free outburst of emotion; fine grammar, but poor drama. No audience is touched by it, no woman would be fooled by it, least of all a woman with Juliet's sense of humor. Beauty may be cajoled with rodomontade, but by rote—never!

To the modern sense, most of Romeo's speech to the rather direct Juliet is of this complexion and form: deliberately and studiedly high-falutin. It seems not nearly so spontaneous as his expressions of fancy for Rosaline, and so it happens that the spectator cannot get rid of the lingering suspicion that his love for Juliet was a warmed-over affair, and in romance we stick to the primitive ethics.

Some versions of the tragedy recognize the force and reason of this sentiment, and omit all reference to the Rosaline episode. As long ago as Garrick's time, indeed, the trend against the hero's inconstancy had set in, and his Romeo was heart-whole until he met Juliet. Hazlitt thinks the first-love was cut out of the acting play "to narrow the canvas." But actors, as a rule, are not wont to bother about such considerations. Garrick rubbed out Rosaline, not because (Continued on page 131)



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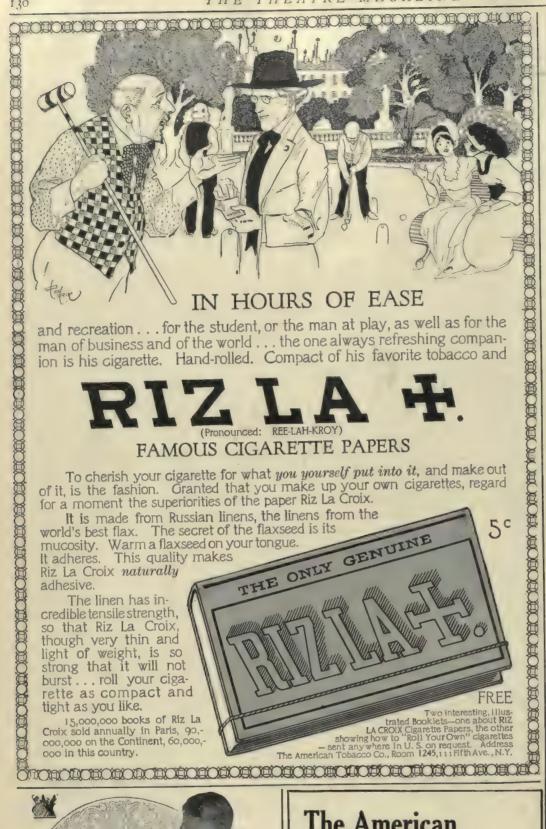
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Craig's Service to the Theatre

(Continued from page 122)

imaginative setting. By the shape and lighting and decoration the atmosphere can be made to express airiness, cheeriness, severity, depression, intimacy; may be carried out in absolute harmony with the spirit of the production—provided the designer has true artistic feeling. Already we have seen on our stage an occasional room that suggested simple domesticity, rather than the crowded aspect of a second-hand furniture store or old curiosity shop. Chiefly it is a matter of reticence, of refraining from overdecorating the walls, and from overcrowding with unnecessary detail. It is a question of how to keep the wall spaces as unbroken as possible, and how to give the satisfying sense of completeness with the smallest number of objects.

In the same way, Gordon Craig's teaching is applicable to the lighting and the costuming of the psychologic play. Here, as in the mimodrama, the light should be appropriate to the mood, or beautiful, rather than "natural" or imitative. Of course, the footlights, casting ugly shadows, must give way to more satisfying methods of lighting. In the psychologic drama of the modern sort one cannot follow out his theory that the costumes should be imaginative and like blocks of color in a pattern. But one might write a long and much-needed plea for the simple and becoming costume for modern stage scenes. Why the "stars"—far more intelligent people as a class than the directors—should continually overdress, forgetting every canon of reticence and taste, is a stage mystery. Some of the cheaper productions are little more than parade-grounds for the latest styles in clothes. It is when he advises the elimination of the spoken word that Gordon Craig's teaching ceases to be of value as applied to the psychologic drama. Character development can be accomplished by action alone only in the most elementary plots. And it is an open question whether a continued use of the primitive themes would not lead to an unwholesome sensationalism. Certainly "Sumurun," the only important wordless drama so far p

actors can subordinate themselves absolutely to the will of the director, and they can heighten the mood of the play, can interpret its spirit, as the wooden figure cannot.

Gordon Craig's general influence on the psychologic drama has been—and will continue to be increasingly so—toward unity and beauty, and away from realism. He is the prophet of a new simplicity in stage craft. In setting, in lighting, in movement, in story, he teaches that each needless added thing, each unnecessary realistic detail (no matter how appealing in itself), is an interruption of the main action, of the sustained mood. One who studies the subject sympa'hetically and without prejudice must believe that only those who are interested superficially and commercially in the theatre—and not in the theatre as an art—can fail to take Gordon Craig seriously; and of those who really try to understand his viewpoint and then turn to scoff, one can only feel that they are so permeated with the traditions of a false art of the theatre that they are blind to any innovation, no matter how noble, which does not equare with their own prejudices. There is doubtless cause for the misunderstanding which surrounds the core of Craig's work. His essays, through which his theories are chiefly known, are stimulating, illuminating and proohetic, opening up to the reader unimagined realms of thought and heauty. But his style is intensely personal, even cryptogrammic. His expression is often confusing, and his argument is never summed up as a whole. He sta'es the ideal though he often follows the most practical. And after all, he is only a student, an experimentalist, with his investigations incomplete. But the writer hopes that he has shown that if one is not hopelessly steeped in the traditions of the existing theatre, one may dig through the mass of confusion and misunderstanding and find the foundations of an art more beautiful than any the theatre has known—may find, too, the first impulses tusson and misunderstanding and find the founda-tions of an art more beautiful than any the the-atre has known—may find, too, the first impulses toward many of the most wholesome forces in the theatre as we know it. Imperfect as Craig's work is, still in that imperfection is bound up the movement that is most vital to the theatre of SHELDON CHENEY. to-morrow

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The Troubles of Romeo

(Continued from page 128)

she expanded the canvas needlessly, but because she cast a shadow on the "star" rôle. The excuse of Romeo for his sudden distaste

The excuse of Romeo for his sudden distaste of Rosaline—the excuse of all his friends and of Shakespeare, too—is that she was "cold, inaccessible." But the cynical modern is not taken in by it. "Cold"—is always the chill consolation of the losing suitor, who proclaims "inaccessible" only because so to him. Psychology and other sciences have taught us some things on that score that the Veronese, and possibly, Shakespeare, did not know. Just why Rosaline should have remained impervious to conditions of climate and season, that, if the commentators are credible. season, that, if the commentators are credible, enthralled everybody else in Verona, is not even hinted at, and it is fairer to presume that her "coldness" was due simply to dislike of Romeo or his way of wooing.

or his way of wooing.

Even Juliet rebels against this last on occasion. I have seen an audience smile at the bluntness with which this thoroughly vital young woman puts period to Romeo's gush of rhetoric, now and again. "Farewell compliment!" she exclaims, after one of the most familiar recitations—"Dost thou love me?" Because he had been so busy with elaborate and resounding phrasemaking that he had really forgotten to mention the fact!

And she wanted plain love, not analysis or

"My dear sir," she says, in effect, at even a more fiery outburst of his metonymy—"what you say is very pretty, but—but—do you mean business?"

If that thy bent of love be honorable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow. By one that I'll procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite

Note well that Juliet herself arranges for the
messenger—"one that I'll procure to send to
thee." She suspects him already for a bungler.
Her womanly intuition bids her be wary of a
wooer who talks so much, who dawdles with
his good fortune instead of grasping it. She
will not trust him to send a messenger, nor one
of his sending. The directness of Juliet in act,
as well as speech, is one of the most salient features of the play, and stands out, to moderns,
in such contrast with Romeo's dilly-dally tha
it constantly detracts from the hero's dignity and
interest. interest.

"She dominates the scene," explained the greatest of English-speaking actors, to account for his own failure to score as Romeo. "She is the better man of the two."

And surely that is the worst luck that could happen to any man—on the stage or off.

CHARLES FREDERIC NIRDLINGER.

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A Woman Who Built a Theatre

(Continued from page 114)

suffered on road tours and even in the metropolis from subterranean or four flights up theatrical cells, resolved that the players who perform at the Stamford Theatre should find it an oasis in the desert of travel.

Each dressing room became the stamford that the desert of travel. ideas on prison reform. Mrs. Hartley, having

the Stamford Theatre should find it an oasis in the desert of travel.

Each dressing room has a window, a large one, looking out upon a clean yard at both seasons and one in which grass and flowers thrive in summer. So are air and light liberally provided. Above ground dressing rooms these, that are as scrupulously aired as is the theatre itself after every performance. The traveller's roadwearied eyes will be rested by looking upon their "house" veiled by the green beauty of Boston ivy. "There is hot and cold water in every room," reminded the woman manager, the joy of the humanitarian in her eyes.

Briefly and modestly Mrs. Hartley told of her pursuit of the hundred thousand dollars that should build the Stamford Theatre. "My argument was that the theatre would increase the value of Stamford realty as well as be a convenience to its citizens," she said. "I never came to Stamford without selling at least one share of stock. The price of the shares was \$100 and most purchasers bought one.

"I was never discouraged and I didn't stop to realize I was tired until we had gotten two-thirds along. My enthusiasm had carried me to that point. Then the drudgery of looking up names in the directory, of wondering who else would buy stock or who knew someone who could be





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persuaded to buy began. But all the while I kept the needful sense, the sense of proportion."

Then Mrs. Hartley showed that she hadn't any by saying with culpable modesty: "I haven't done anything very remarkable." Granted for the sake of argument but it is odd, isn't it, that three men of experience and stage and business distinction have made the attempt and failed? distinction have made the attempt and failed? For which reason, if there were no other, you and I, who have a sense of proportion, know that while her theatre building is a triumph her estimate of her feat is distinctly out of drawing.

A. P.

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The "Closet" Drama

(Continued from page 118)

were written in this form. But, it must be remembered, they were not written to be "literature," but to be plays, and usually constructed with the idea in mind of certain theatres and

The dispute in modern dramatic literature arises here: except for fairy pieces, or fantastic, symbolical, or allegorical plays, blank verse is really antiquated. With a musical setting, as in grand opera, poetry has its legitimate place. But really antiquated. With a musical setting, as in grand opera, poetry has its legitimate place. But in the modern theatre, in the play written around human beings, the tendency is to reflect life as it is or ought to be, not as it never was nor ever will be. In the unusual, the supernatural, it seems a proper vehicle. With people, real people, of any time or place, it is neither natural nor true. When the stage ceased to be a platform, and receded within a complete border of lights, so that the audience looked on, as it were, at real human happenings, the demand grew, more and more, that those people should preserve the idea of life, by speaking and acting like ordinary mortals. Therefore, however beautiful the verse may be, it is a false and unreal medium for this day and time. It is for this reason, probably, that versifiers have insisted on a "drama to be read" as an expression for their gifts, though the whole field of poetry is open to them.

In justice to real dramatic literature, let it be acknowledged, then, that the closet-drama is not a part of it. It is difficult to classify, for it is neither "fish, flesh, nor good red herring." The mere publishing of a play in book form, however, does not bring it into the region of this unclassified interloper. In fact, play publication is to be encouraged. Even though we may read the drama at leisure in our libraries, it is free from condemnation in this connection if it is a play capable of theatrical presentation. More and more writers of successful plays are having their productions published, and it is to be hoped that

pable of theatrical presentation: More and more writers of successful plays are having their productions published, and it is to be hoped that their example will be followed. Then when our libraries are full of real plays we will have a dramatic literature; and the misnamed dialogues meant only for reading will be crowded out, no longer to be encouraged by seekers after the literary in the drama. Some writers assert that the drama is not literature, anyway. If their contention is right—and I do not think it is—the closet-drama has even less excuse for survival. However, that discussion is one still being fought out by those interested in proving the point. A play to be a play must be acted. If successful, its audiences care little whether they are witnessing drama or literature.

are witnessing drama or literature.

The reading of a good play should inspire one with a desire to see its production. Since the closet-drama does not furnish this inspiration but persuades us to sit down and read it, asking us to forget its impossibility of active received. to forget its impossibility of active visualization, it is a mere masquerader and cheat. Stripe off the mask and see it as it is. FANNY CANNON. FANNY CANNON.

Columbia Records

Ysaye's violin interpretation of Dvorak's delightful, bewitching and familiar "Humoreske" is the most important announcement in the Columbia list of September records.
Follows two coloratura airs—"O Dolce Concerto" and "Rigoletto" (Caro Nome)—so familiar to Metropolitan opera goers.
The piquant charm of personality and vocal style of Maggie Teyte find expression in two English gems—Landon Ronald's famous "Down In the Forest" and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."
Selections in English—"In This Solemn Hour" from "La Forza Del Destino"; duet by Morgan Kingston and Louis Kreidler and "Samson's Prayer" from "Samson and Delilah"; an impressive solo by Mr. Kingston.

sive solo by Mr. Kingston.

Reed Miller's tenor voice presents a negro sermon, "Exhortation," with a fine fidelity that

is almost startling on record.

Two mocking birds whistling novelties excite both admiration and wonder.

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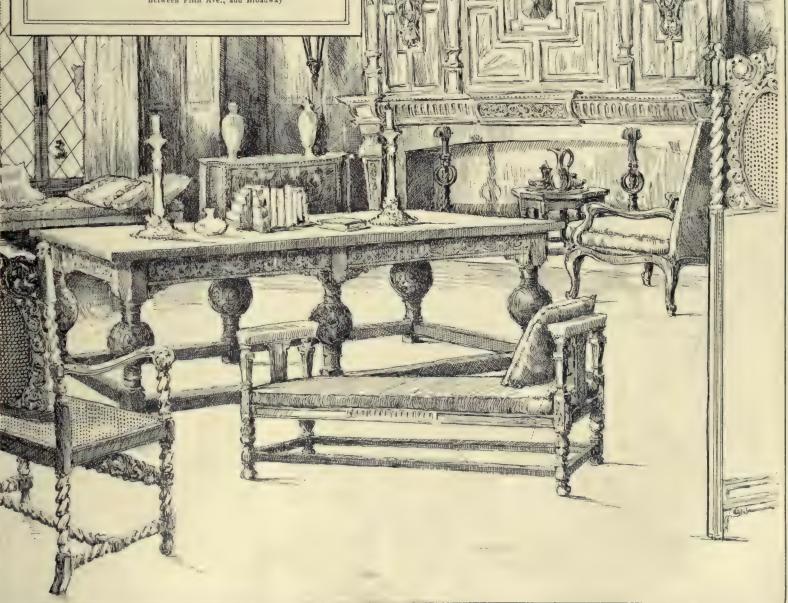
IF you are in New York this Fall, pray accept a most cordial invitation to visit our New Gallery for Furnishing Suggestions.

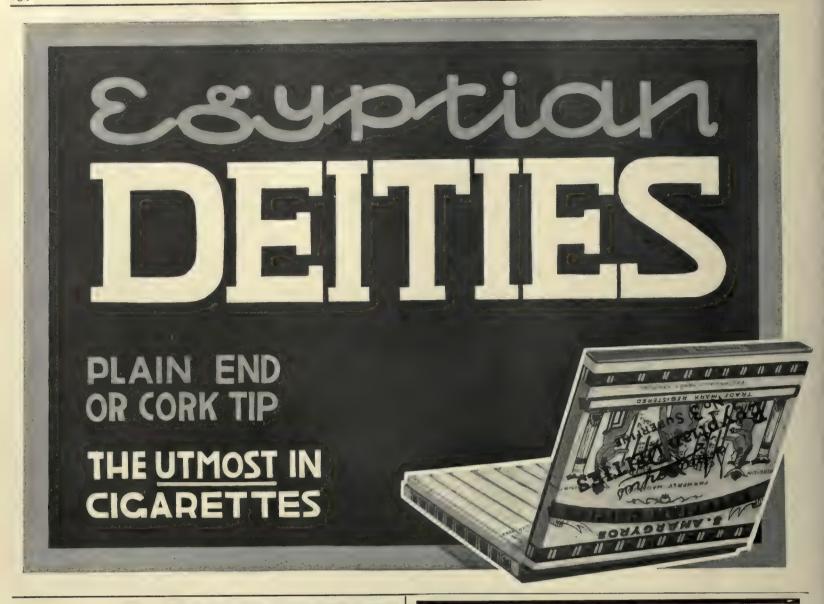
Included therein is a series of rooms designed in strict accord with architectural precedent and so harmoniously fitted and decorated that they supply an unexampled opportunity to display, against suitable backgrounds and amid such tasteful surroundings, any one piece or any complete set you may care to select from among our Hampton Shops Reproductions.

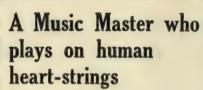
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and

The Metropolitan Opera House Programme

we have now become the publishers of

The Century Opera House Programme

Every lover of music is acquainted with the mission of The Century Opera House. Practically every large city in the world has its opera house conducted on a high plane, but at popular prices, and it was indeed a happy thought on the part of some of New York's most prominent citizens to give their financial and moral support

to the establishment of this great institution. Started last season, the monumental success with which this project met absolutely insured its permanency.

Practically the same policy that marked The Metropolitan Opera House Programme as a new era in programme publishing will be adopted for

The Century Opera House Programme

Rates and specimen on request

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

NEW YORK

At the Movies

(Continued from page 112)

can be very amusing. Quite the most vexing problem in any department of American enter-tainment is that presented by the censorship of tainment is that presented by the censorship of films. Attempts at a solution, usually meaning a new censorship board, only serve to make it more involved. The doctors so often disagree about what is morally wrong with a picture that to meet the requirements of one State is by no means an assurance of equal good fortune in the next. The situation might be laughable were is not so annoying. We have, to begin with, the National Board of Censorship, without legal authority. Then there are State boards in Ohio, Kansas, California and Pennsylvania, whereas Chicago supplies its own little contingent of police censors. Each board has its individual code of morals, and as a picture passes from one State to another it is made to conform.

onform.

In Pennsylvania, for example, the censor, contrary to accepted opinion, held that the picture version of Jack London's much-discussed story, "John Barleycorn," would foster rather than discourage drinking. After the subject had been booked in several theatres, the censor threatened the exhibitors with arrest if the picture were shown without vital changes. In Chicago the officials are particularly sensitive about anything, even indirectly reflecting on the honesty and competency of the police force. No policemen, even for the sake of comedy, may be depicted as receiving a bribe, nor is it permissible for him to appear ridiculous. These censors are very careful about upholding the dignity of the law, and in common with the others they look askance at continental stories.

If audiences realized the enervating treatment which French, German and Italian pictures

If audiences realized the enervating treatment which French, German and Italian pictures undergo when they reach America they would not marvel at the weak and often illogical nature of the plots. No doubt the European producers overdo the sex theme, but generally their pictures have dramatic virtues if others are lacking. In preparing such films for America an importer frequently reconstructs the entire story by cutting out about one-third of the scenes and writing sub-titles that place the characters in a different relationship and give a new acters in a different relationship and give a new meaning to the action. This sort of patchwork is not conducive to artistic results, yet it must be resorted to if the pictures are to be shown

here.

But the present tendency is away from pictures of foreign make in favor of homemade products reflecting American life and humor as it has been expressed in the plays and books selected for adaptation by David Belasco, Augustus Thomas, Daniel Frohman, and others. "Brewster's Millions," for example, is thoroughly American and first-rate comedy as played by Edward Abeles. Before long William A. Brady and George Broadhurst will begin releasing an extended list of familiar plays, whereas Klaw & Erlanger may improve on their first leasing an extended list of familiar plays, whereas Klaw & Erlanger may improve on their first output as picture makers. "The Fatal Wedding" and "The Billionaire" were anything but a credit to a company able to utilize the excellent equipment of the Biograph studios.

A conspicuous fad that cannot be expected to last much longer is the production of ultra-sensational pictures released in serial form in conjunction with a novelization of the story printed

sational pictures released in serial form in conjunction with a novelization of the story printed in newspapers. The Selig Company originated the idea with "The Adventures of Kathlyn," printed in a Chicago paper; the Eclectic Company, using the Hearst papers, followed suit with "The Perils of Pauline," still running; the Universal Company prepared "Lucille Love" and is at work on another thriller, and the Thanhauser Company is looking for patronage with "The Million Dollar Mystery."

There is small pretence of photoplay art in any

"The Million Dollar Mystery."

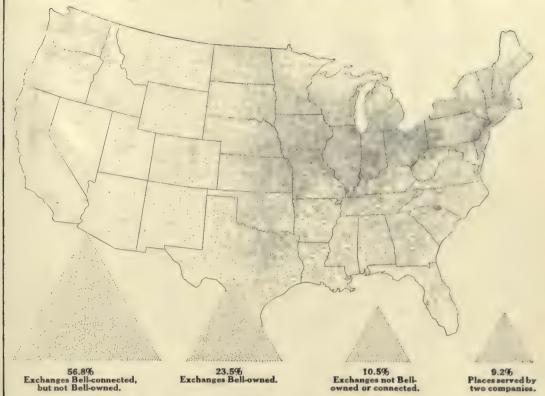
There is small pretence of photoplay art in any of these productions, which merely serve to fill the place left vacant by the passing of the old-fashioned stage melodrama. The success of a scene is measured by the height of the bridge from which the heroine falls, or the steepness of the embankment down which an automobile is hurled—effects difficult to accomplish and legitimate in the making of pictures, but unlikely material for the basis of an interesting newspaper movel.

material for the Dasis Of an paper novel.

People no doubt will continue to enjoy these vivid depictions of danger, but the same story told in print loses its fascination. The experiment made profitable advertising for all concerned, but only a few newspapers now find space that cannot be used to better advantage than in the publication of such unconvincing fiction.

Lynde Denig.

What the Telephone Map Shows



VERY dot on the map marks a town where there is a telephone exchange, the same sized dot being used for a large city as for a small village. Some of these exchanges are owned by the Associated Bell companies and some by independent companies. Where joined together in one system they meet the needs of each community and, with their suburban lines, reach 70,000 places and over 8,000,000 subscribers.

The pyramids show that only a minority of the exchanges are Bell-owned, and that the greater majority of the exchanges are owned by independent companies and connected with the Bell System.

At comparatively few points are there two telephone companies, and there are comparatively few exchanges, chiefly rural, which do not have outside connections.

The recent agreement between the Attorney General of the United States and the Bell System will facilitate connections between all telephone subscribers regardless of who owns the exchanges.

Over 8,000 different telephone companies have already connected their exchanges to provide universal service for the whole country.



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Leif Ericsson—The Discoverer of America

HE FIRST WHITE MEN to tread American soil were Leif Ericsson and his sea-dashed Viking crew. This was nearly a thousand years ago, when the Scandinavian peoples ruled the seas and held the secrets of navigation. The history of the fair-haired, liberty-loving sons and daughters of Sweden, Norway and Denmark is rich in song and story. We have millions of these splendid folk in our own land, and wherever the standard of Liberty and Human Progress has been raised they are found in the front rank, bravely fighting for the Right. Better citizens or greater lovers of Personal Liberty are unknown. For centuries our full-blooded Scandinavian brothers have been moderate users of Barley-Malt brews Who can truthfully say it has injured them in any way? It is the ancient heritage of these peoples to revolt at Prohibitory Laws, and their vote is registered almost to a man against such legislation. For 57 years Scandinavians have been drinkers of the honestly-brewed beers of Anheuser. Busch. They have helped to make their great brand BUDWEISER exceed the sales of any other beer by millions of bottles. Seven thousand, five hundred men, all in all, are daily required to keep pace with the natural public demand for

Budweiser. ANHEUSER-BUSCH-ST. LOUIS, U.S.A. Bottled only the home plant.

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8 to 14 W. 38th St., New York

Actresses This Season

(Continued from page 108)

raised" at Rising Fawn, Ga. This may not seem to you significant, but it is in view of the fact that the name of the non-reclining fawn captured the amused attention of one of the eminent managers and gave her what she most needed—an audience. At the redoubtable age of seventeen, dramatic ambitions began to trouble her breast, and without taking her mother into her confidence she induced her to bring her offspring to New York for a visit. Arrived here, the girl paid surreptitious visits to the offices of theatrical managers. Having heard but two names in that world, she called first at the offices of Lee Shubert. Mr. Shubert said he was willing to place her in the chorus as a start. That offer not comporting with her seventeen-year old sense of the dignity due herself and her native town, she hurried over to the workshop of the other manager of whom she had heard, Henry W. Savage.

"Tell Mr. Savage that Miss May Allison, of Rising Fawn, Ga., wishes to see him," she said in a tone that drove the haughty office boy straight into the presence of the great chief.

"From Rising Fawn, Ga." said the chief. "Let me see, what anyone from a town of that name looks like."

Within ten minutes Miss Allison was signing a contract to play Vanity in "Everywoman." Mrs. Allison, amazed but stirred by secret admiration for her intrepid young daughter, returned to the Georgia "settlement" alone. After playing Vanity in "Everywoman," little Miss Allison became the understudy for Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl." Again she visited the Shubert offices, and this time carried away a small part in "Lieber Augustin," the musical piece at the Casino. Her inconsiderable years hampered her; no one seemed to have abiding faith in the daughter of Rising Fawn, Ga, until Mr. Lee Shubert gave her her chance by casting her for the lead in the initial play of the new season, the first of William Elliott's outgoing "Kitty MacKays" has offered two girls, a Welsh and a Scotch, their chance. Miss Marjorie Murray, the first of William Elliott's outgoing Elliott gave her her first metropolitan oppor-

Elliott gave her her hist metropolitan opportunity.

With the same company as its Mag Duncan goes Miss Eleanor Daniels, whom New York saw with the Welsh Players in "Change." Miss Daniels is of Lannelly. Wales. She made her début in "A Girl in Every Port." As Lyddy Ann, the cockney girl in "Change," she made the chief success in this simple heart-searching play of Welsh life, that London liked so well that it kept it in the world's metropolis for a year. The other side has sent us no better char-The other side has sent us no better char-

acter actress. ADA PATTERSON.

> GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER 50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles

Phyllis Neilson-Terry

(Continued from page 104)

quite as young; but do I really look so young? I am eighteen, but so big! I have lost pounds, though, since I began working on Juliet." Asked how she studied the rôle of Juliet, Miss Terry

grew thoughtful.

"I began studying it in the theatre while I was playing other parts, some months before I was to appear in it. I tried to sink myself in Juliet, to think out every detail, and then father, mother and I discussed them. We discussed every point. Sometimes Dad would agree with my ideas, sometimes he would say they were quite wrong, and we would talk over the reasons." grew thoughtful "I began stud

(Continued on page 140)

Some Tire Prices

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Note these amazing facts:

Today some tires are costing one-third more than Goodyears.

Their price—or less—buys a half-inch wider Goodyear. And the wider tire will fit your rim.

For instance, their price on a 30x3 will buy a Goodyear 31x3½. Their price on a 36x4½ will buy a Goodyear 37x5. So on other sizes.

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Goodyear prices buy the utmost in a tire—the best we know after 15 years of research and experiment.

They buy four great features found in no other tire. And they buy the tire which outsells any other—the tire which holds top place in Tiredom after millions have been tried.

Our prices are low because of mammoth production. They are half what they used to be. But smaller output and higher prices do not signify better tires.

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These four great features can be found in No-Rim-Cut tires alone. That is why these tires have become the most popular tires in the world.

The No-Rim-Cut feature—the only way known to make a faultless tire that can't rim-cut.

Our "On-Air" cure—which saves the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This one extra process costs us \$1,500 daily.

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THE PLAYS

SHUBERT THEATRE. "The Thino Party." Farcial comedy in three acts by Jocelyn Brandon and Frederick Arthur. American version by Mark Swan. Produced August at Mithia cast:

Schwart. "Mister. "George Lyman Paul Koninsky. Richard. "Temple Misser Misters and Policy May Dodge Misser Whiter. "George Lyman Paul Koninsky. Richard. "Temple Louise Petitinger. "Johyna Howland Harriet Maxwell." Jeffreys Lewis Algernon Brockenhurt. Wim. L. Gibson Rose Gaythorn. "Majorite Wood Party." a farcical comedy in three acts that was first manufactured in France, then adapted in England by Jocelin Brandon and Frederick Arthur, and now adapted to America by Mark Swan, staged by J. C. Hoffman and presented by Merc Jones at the head of Shuber Thatre, which was the head

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S.
"APARTMENT 12-K." Farce in three acts by Lawrence Rising. Produced July 20th with the following control

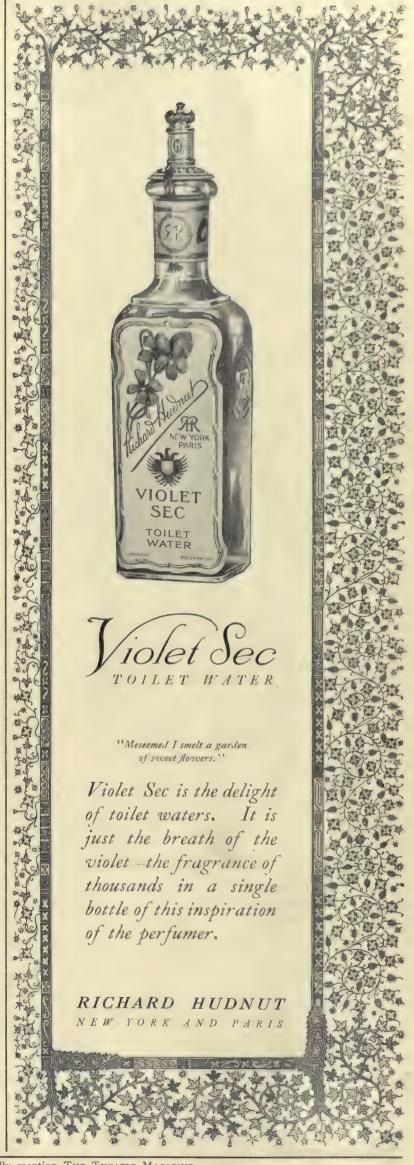
Produced July 20th with the following cast:

Mrs. Newhouse, May Allison; Dr. John Newhouse, Robert Ober; Mrs. Gordon H. Newhouse, Helen Lowell; Derby Bishop, Edward Begley; Burglar, Alan Brooks; Mrs. Derby Bishop, Jean Shelby; Sergeant of Police, Harry English; Patrolman, George French.

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Grand Opera at the Century

(Continued from page 103)

been strengthened, the chorus has been improved

been strengthened, the chorus has been improved by retaining the most capable members of last season and engaging equally good choristers to make up the full complement of one hundred. This work has been under the direction of Mr. Zuro. The ballet has been little changed; Albertina Rasch will continue as the prima ballerina. The repertoire includes the most pronounced favorites of last season's list with several added works to be given by this company for the first time, including "Tannhauser," "Traviata" "William Tell," "The Barber of Seville." The last two named have not been heard in New York in recent years, and are not announced for presentation here next season except at the Century. The following operas, also, will be presented nowhere in New York except at the Century during the coming season: "The Jewels of the Madonna," "Louise," "Thais," "Samson and Delilah," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Martha."

The season of "the people's opera" will consist of twenty weeks beginning Monday, September 14th.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER 50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles

Phyllis Nielson-Terry

(Continued from page 136)

The entire beautiful production was under The entire beautiful production was under Mr. Terry's personal direction, and he surrounded his daughter with an excellent company for her important rôle; the scenery was beautiful, and no slightest detail neglected which would insure a smooth production. There was a charming touch of girlishness in the enthusiasm with which Miss Nielson-Terry spoke of her beautiful costumes and the "fun" it had been choosing

costumes and the "fun" it had been choosing them.

A word of praise for the admirable manner of using her hands, of which mention has been made, evidently pleased her.

"Oh, did you really think so? I am so glad. I have always thought that hands can and should be almost if not quite as expressive as faces. We English, though, are usually accused of not using our hands well, of being stiff with them. The French are so clever in that way."

Last year, when she was asked when she was coming to America, the young star laughed outright, and declared that she could not say, as she "must stay in London for a long time yet." But, as a matter of fact, Miss Nielson-Terry might have come at any time during the past three years, had she accepted offers made her. Her parents objected, however, to her coming while still so young, so that she has steadily refused all offers until this summer. Last season she played important rôles in London with Sir Beerbohm Tree, and she will appear here in some of the Shakespearean rôles in which she has already had such great success. has already had such great success

ELISE LATHROP.

New Victor Records

New Victor Records

We are this year celebrating the one hundredth birthday of "The Star Spangled Banner" (September 14, 1814-1914), and it is hoped that these records, made from the authorized version by band and chorus, may assist in making the celebration truly National.

The use of our National Songs is a subject of universal interest. Some of these have come lost in obscurity and the authentic originals difficult to determine. In succeeding years, publishers, editors and conductors have changed, added to or substracted ad libitum, with the result that in almost no two books are they printed alike, and mass singing anywhere is tragic.

In an effort to arrive at a standardization, the

In an effort to arrive at a standardization, the Music Section of the National Education Association, in 1908, appointed a committee to arrange four of the songs for Congressional action. range four of the songs for Congressional action. Their report was adopted in Chicago, 1912, and later by the Music Supervisors' National Association and by the National Federation of Musical Clubs, and on July 9, 1914, was adopted by the main body of the National Education Association at St. Paul, which presented to the Bureau of Education through the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, a request that the official version be authorized for use in schools.

America, Carey; The Ref. White and Blue. The Star Spangled Banner; Hail Columbia, Jos. Hopkinson.

America, Henry Carey; The Red, White and

America, Henry Carey; The Red, White and

The Star Spangled Banner; Hail Columbia Dixie, Banjo, Tambourine, Clappers—Piccolo— Full Band; Yankee Doodle, Violin—Drum—Full

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The Thirteenth Year (1913) is bound in TWO VOLUMES

Rise of the Curtain

(Continued from bage 101)

late Stanley Houghton; "Nettie," a comedy by George Ade and a one-act play by John Luther Long entitled "Murder." From these plays five will be chosen for the first bill.

Walter Howard, author, actor, manager and producer of romantic drama in England, is coming to America to appear at the Manhattan Opera House in his own play, "The Story of the Rosary," when that spectacle is produced by Comstock and Gest on Labor Day. His company, numbering seventy-five persons, will be brought here. Porter Emerson Browne's new comedy, "Wild Oats," will be given early in September. Later productions by Messrs. Comstock and Gest include the Viennese operetta, "Polenblut," by Leo Stein and Oscar Nedbal; "Der Juxbaron," a new musical play; and "He, He and She," a pantomime-ballet with Theodore Kosloff and the Imperial Theatre Company of Moscow.

Charles Dillingham will present Montgomery and Stone at the Globe Theatre in a new musical comedy. The music of the piece is by Ivan Caryl and the book by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside. Jack Barrymore will play the leading rôle in Edward Sheldon's play, "The Lonely Heart." Doris Keane continues in "Romance" until the spring, when she will appear in a new play. In October, Mr. Dillingham will present a revue entitled "Watch Your Step," with music by Irving Berlin, and book by Harry B. Smith. The company to appear in this piece will include Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, Elizabeth Murray and T. Roy Barnes. Elsie Janis returns to this country in the spring to appear in a play now being written by Paul Dickey and Charles Goddard.

Early in the season "Auction Pinochle" will be seen with Lees Dondy and acastable will

and T. Roy Barnes. Elsie Janis returns to this country in the spring to appear in a play now being written by Paul Dickey and Charles Goddard.

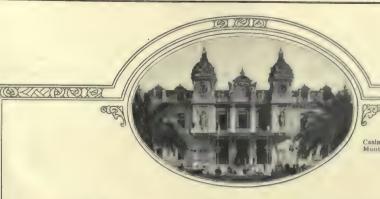
Early in the season "Auction Pinochle" will be seen with Jess Dandy and a notable cast. Later Kitty Gordon will appear in "Pretty Mrs. Smith." Oliver Morosco will also produce a new comedy drama by Elmer Harris and himself, and a comedy with music entitled "Reckless Theresa." A comedy entitled "Lady Eileen," by Geraldine Bonner and Hutcheson Boyd, which won the Morosco \$1,000 prize contest will be produced not later than October 15th.

The most important of John Cort's activities will be the opening of The Standard, a new theatre on Broadway and Ninetieth Street, which will be utilized as a combination house playing high-class attractions at popular prices.

Hazel Dawn in a new musical comedy entitled "The Débutante," which opens at the New Amsterdam, and Paul Wilstach's play, "What Happened at 22," are John C. Fisher's offerings for the forthcoming season.

A new farce, as yet unnamed, by Edward Peple, author of "A Pair of Sixes," is to be produced at the Longacre Theatre, by H. H. Frazee, and George Bronson Howard's comedy, "The Red Light of Mars," will probably be given a trial performance in the fall by this manager. Max Reinhardt, the famous stage manager of Berlin, will come to this country for the production of Karl Vollmoeller's wordless mystery-pageant, "The Miracle," which opens at Madison Square Garden on December 4th. The principals and chief supporting players to take part in this spectacle will come from Europe, but the rest of the two thousand persons to appear will be recruited in New York.

William Faversham has acquired "L'Epervier," the Paris success. Mrs. Talbot J. Taylor has made the adaptation under the title of "The Hawk." Gabrielle Dorziat, the French Drama Society expects to obtain a theatre of its own in New York ore the fall the French Drama Society expects to obtain a theatre of its own in New York opening. The latest works of Bernstein, Brie



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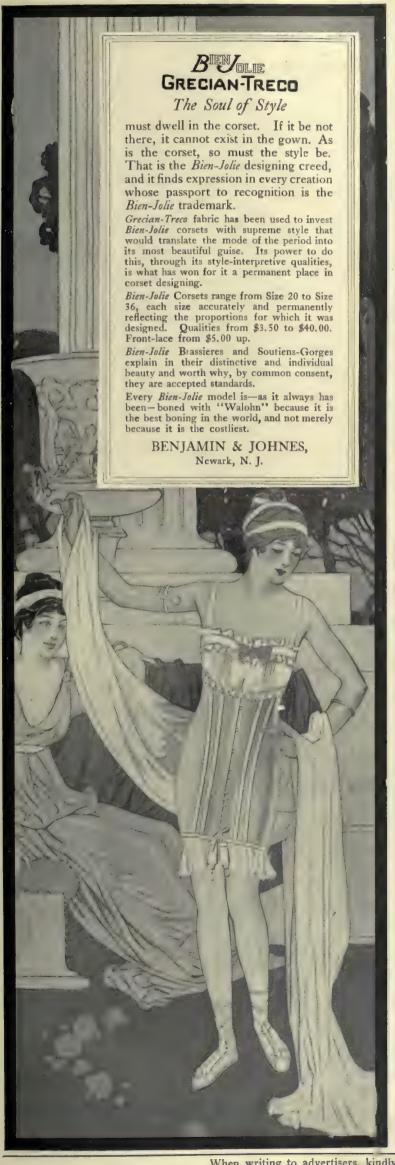
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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 139)

(Continued from page 139)

looking cross-eyed that will trip you up. With the many expedients of the kind employed it cannot be said that laughter was absent. But there are times when nothing helps. This was one of those times. At any rate, the laughter was too intermittent for the success of the piece. Trivialty in a farce is not a reproach, irregularity in effectiveness is. In a general way and on theory, not sufficiently guarded or worked out, the situations and story were amusing enough, but too often, not always, common sense objected to them. Properly handled, it is easily possible that a consistent and successful farce might be made of the material. The farcical story is not more foolish than that of the next farce that succeeds.

common sense objected to them. Properly handled, it is easily possible that a consistent and successful farce might be made of the material. The farcical story is not more foolish than that of the next farce that succeeds.

A fat man who lives with his wife at the hotel on the floor above "Apartment 12-K," while in that state of good-natured inebriety in which everything is seen through a haze, is assisted into the room by a negro bell-boy, who is liberally rewarded for having landed him safely at home, He disrobes, puts on the night-robe of the rightful occupant of the room, and prepares to go to bed. Presently appears the wife of the absent Doctor, who has gone off to preside at the birth of twins. The fat man conducts a conversation with her, in which we are asked to believe that the thinks he is talking with his own wife. At this point the audience makes up its mind not to be amused, and is thereafter tripped up only by momentary artifices. The mother-in-law of the Doctor's wife has just come on her first visit, and is in the neighboring room, and as she is a very fierce and suspicious moralist, the innocent wife is in an agony of terror lest she be compromised, seeing that it is not likely that her explanations as to the presence of the intruder would be accepted by the mother-in-law. The fat man had been moderately amusing in his first scene, but he now becomes as obnoxious as he is fat, and as impossible an intruder as he is drunk. The wife has no interest in protecting this either on his account or her own. She would have him ejected if she had to arouse the whole house.

To peruse and analyze the situation here is needless, for the audience disposed of it at the time. The wife tries to conceal the fat man, now in bed, from the mother-in-law, who has entered and announced her intention of sleeping in the room on a lounge because her room is untenatable because of a broken water pipe on the floor above. The mother-in-law's curriosity as to what is going on behind the screen which the wife has put in posi

NEW BOOKS

Penrod. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. Illustrated by Gordon Grant. \$1.25 net.

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The Social Significance of the Modern Drama. By Emma Gold-

thentic, and has in it the same quality of humor and truth.

The Social Significance of the Modern Drama. By Emma Goldman. Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$1.00 net.

Emma Goldman writes well. We naturally expect from her an agreement with all thought that is what is understood to be advanced. She is a feminist who believes in absolute freedom for women to "live their own lives." We do not care to discuss what that implies and leads to. Miss Goldman does not write in order to offend for the sake of sensation. She has her convictions and her reasons for them. Her book is not a tirade. It gives points of view with some restraint, and one can read what she says with respect for her ability. She discusses plays by Ibsen, Strindberg, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Rostand, Brieux, Shaw, Galsworthy, Houghton, Sowerby, Yeats, Robinson, Murray, Tolstoi, Tchekhof, Gorky and Andreyvev. Unquestionably she writes with intelligence and in a better style than prejudice might expect.

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with intelligence and in a better style than prejudice might expect.

The True Adventures of a Play. By Louis Evan Shipman. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. \$1.50 net.

Here is a book that will satisfy the curiosity, a natural curiosity, of many people who have written plays and have never succeeded in selling them, as to the means, energies, as well as accidents, that bring a play to production. It would probably be as close to general information as one could come in giving personal experience in selling a play to say that every play that is placed has its own history. "D'Arcy of the Guards" had many delays and vicissitudes before it finally reached production. For several years it was in the hands of Robert Taber awaiting production. Sir George Alexander produced it in London. Henry Miller was successful with it in this country. It was played later in stock, and now is in the "movies." Mr. Shipman writes with good humor concerning all the vexatious incidents of the history of the play, and has done a good service to aspiring writers in preparing them for like experiences. Many practical aspirants, with no knowledge whatever of the business side of play production, will be interested in the contracts made with managers and which are given in full. It is a frank, amiable, readable, useful little volume.



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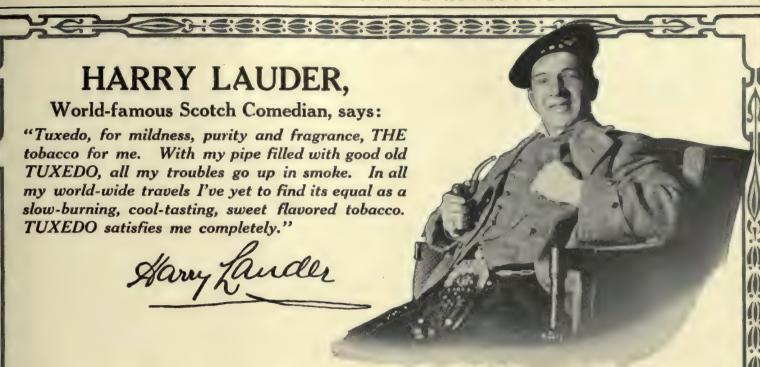
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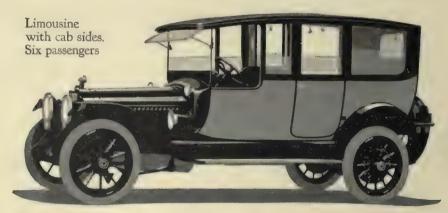
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CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Crusaders in "Wars of the World," at the Hippodrome.	PAGE
TITLE PAGE: Scene in "The Story of the Rosary" at the Manhattan Opera House	153
THE NEW PLAYS: "Twin Beds," "On Trial," "Under Cover," "The High Cost of Loving," "The Girl From Utal," "The Beautiful Adventure," "It Pays to Advertise," "What Happened at 22." "The Productal Hysband" "Cardalia Bloscom" "Sulvaia Plusa Away" "Sulvaiars Shaffer," "Wars of	154
"On TRIAL"—A PLAY WRITTEN BACKWARDS—Illustrated Wendell Phillips Dodge .	160
	161
	163
J. O. Francis—A Welsh Dramatist of Significance—Illustrated Montrose J. Moses	164
Scenes in "What Happened at 22"—Full-page Plate	165
AMERICA'S ONLY MUNICIPAL THEATRE—Illustrated	166
Scenes in "The Girl from Utah"—Full-page Plate	167
Scenes in "On Trial"—Full-page Plate	169
Tumbling Into Fame—Illustrated	171
LIBERATING THE STAGE CHILD—Illustrated	173
Literature of the Circus	176
T 711	177
André Antoine and the Théâtre Libre—Illustrated	178
	179
ELSIE JANIS AT HOME—Full-page Plate	181
	182
SMART FASHIONS ON THE STAGE	100

THE COVER:-Portrait in Colors of Miss Ruth Chatterton

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The colored portraits that appear on the cover of The Theatre Magazine each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of The Theatre Magazine is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Ruth Chatterton is one of the youngest stars on the American stage. She is not yet twenty-two. She is a New York girl and had her first stage experience in stock in Milwaukee and Worcester. Later she played a small part in "Miss Patsy" during the brief engagement of that play in Chicago. After that she was ingenue with Henry Kolker in "The Great Name." During the following summer she played small parts in the Columbia Theatre Stock Company at Washington, D. C. It-was there that Henry Miller, who was looking for someone to play Cynthia in "The Rainbow" found and engaged her, and in this rôle she scored a remarkable hit. She made her next appearance in the dramatization of Jean Webster's popular novel, "Daddy Long-Legs," which has been running for six months in Chicago. After the first night of "Daddy Long-Legs," Miss Chatterton was elevated to the stellar ranks. New Yorkers will see the new star in her new play at the Gaiety Theatre, on September 27th.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage tamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by hotographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in The Theatre. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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White



William Courtenay

De Witt C. Jennings

Act 4. Ethel (Miss Cahill) gives the warning. "Have a cigarette, Dick" SCENE IN ROI COOPER MEGRUE'S PLAY, "UNDER COVER," AT THE CORT THEATRE

FULTON. "TWIN BEDS." Farce comedy in three acts by Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo Produced on August 14th

Blanche Hawkins. ... Madge Kennedy Signor Monti ... Charles Judes Harry Hawkins. ... John Westley Signora Monti

When Margaret Mayo wrote "Baby Mine" she utilized one bed. When she collaborated with Salisbury Field in dramatizing the latter's story, "Twin Beds," they employed, as the title indicates, two of those splendid adjuncts for "ravelling up the sleep of care." "Twin Beds," from the nature of its original reception at the Fulton Theatre, gives every indication of a long and healthy run, for it is an excellent farce, written in a sprightly and witty vein. It glides the ice occasionally, but with such deftness that there is "no harm, my lord," but, on the contrary,

a breezy smoothness that results in true laughter and real enjoyment.

A young man and his wife occupy a flat in a big uptown apartment. Mrs. Hawkins is very genial, and soon gets to know everyone on the twelve floors. Being equally hospitable, she is constantly giving tango parties, to which her husband objects, especially as an emotional Italian tenor pays marked attention to Mrs. Hawkins. But the tenor has a wife "born in Brooklyn, and not good Brooklyn, either," who has raised the tenor from a cabaret show to a leading light at the Metropolitan. She refuses to lose him on any account, and keeps a most humorous eye over him. All this exposition with two minor characters is presented with nice lightness of touch, brisk speed and genuine fun. The landlord,

it seems, has built a new apartment further uptown, and, unknown to each other, has offered such valuable inducements to move into his new house that they all do so, ignorant of the propinquity of each other. Then comes a change of scene.

THE NEW PLAYS

In their new apartment the Hawkins have installed twin beds. One night the husband goes to his club, and

the tenor, overcome by the chianti he has consumed, enters the wrong apartment and proceeds to retire in Mr. H.'s bed, the latter's wife sleeping on in blissful ignorance. Then the complications begin. Mr. H. returns. The jealous wife has put detectives on the steps of her supposed errant husband, while the couple below are convinced that a burglar is in the house. What follows, with slamming doors, disappearing clothes and a general misunderstanding is accomplished under the formula of the best up-todate French farce.

All this is provocative of good fun. Madge Kennedy plays the young wife with delicacy and skill, Georgie Lawrence, a

> knowing maid with admirable drollity. and Ray Cox, as the tenor's wife, with an incomparable volcanic intensity that is as amusing as it is rarely artistic. Charles Judels is capital in both his acting and his pantomimic skill as the Beds" is a scream.

tenor, while John Westley plays the husband with nice skill, as it is a difficult rôle. Mabel Acker and John Cumberland render excellent help. "Twin CANDLER. "On TRIAL." Play in three acts by Elmer L. Reizenstein. Produced on

August 19th with this cast: August 19th with this cast:

The Defendant, Frederick Perry; His Daughter, Constance Wolf; His Wife, Mary Rvan; Her Father (deceased), Thomas Findlay; The Dead Man, Frederick Truesdell; His Widow, Helene Lackaye; His Secretary, Hans Ribert; A News Agent, J. Wallace Clinton; A Hotel Proprietor, Lawrence Eddinger; A Physician, George Barr; A Maid, Florence Walcott; A Waiter, John Adams; The Judge, Frank Young; The District Attorney, William Walcott; The Defendant's Counsel, Gardner Crane; The Clerk, John Klendon; The Court Stenographer, J. M. Brooks; The Court Attendants, Charles Walt and James Herbert.

Schlegel, Freytag and other authors writing on stage construction will have to revise subsequent editions of their works on the technic of playwriting if dramas of the new type are accepted with the acclaim that greeted "On Trial" when it was



LEW FIELDS In "The High Cost of Loving" at the Republic

produced for the first time at the Candler theatre.

One element of novelty connected with this production is that the author, Elmer L. Reizenstein, is just out of his 'teens, and that it is his first venture. A clerk in a law office, he has evolved a series of dramatic situations that for novelty and general intensity have not been equalled for many a moon. In these days, when there is no half-way between failure and success, "On Trial" is a knockout, and the description is not offered for advertising purposes, but as a just tribute to a melodrama that is surely destined to make fortunes for all concerned

The principal background is a court room in which a murder trial is being carried on. The final juror is examined, the prosecuting attorney opens, the defense briefly responds, and the first witness is called. She is the widow of the murdered man. After she has testified up to a certain point—almost the middle of a sentence—complete darkness ensues, and the what she would have subsequently related is acted out against its original environment. This happens frequently, one scene representing a hark back of thirteen years in order to show a motive wherein the defendant's wife is concerned. The murder, its motive, the contradictions of the witnesses in their efforts to keep certain facts concealed, the discussion by the locked-up jurors on the evidence, the surprise in rebuttal, all go to the making of a talking moving picture as graphic and absorbing as any detective story from the pen of Lecocq or Gaboriau. So much of the pleasure of the piece is gained by the element of surprise that it would be criminal to describe it in detail.

Frederick Perry is admirable in the restraint of his emotional force. Mary Ryan is effective as his wife, and the wife of the murdered man is played with fine intensity of feeling by Helene Lackaye. Hans Robert does a fine bit of emotional acting as the recreant secretary, and minor parts, that are in a way "character bits," are enacted with skillful ability by Thomas Findlay, J. Wallace Clinton, Lawrence Eddinger,

Frank Young, William Walker, and Gardner Crane. The jury, headed by Howard Wall, is an absolute replica of the twelve sworn men, good and true.

CORT. "UNDER COVER." Play in four acts by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced on August 26th with the following cast:

James Duncan. ... Harry Crosby
Harry Gibbs. ... Jay Wilson
Steven Denby William Courtenay
Daniel Taylor. . De Witt C. Jennings
Sarah Peabody. ... Rae Selwyn
Ethel Cartwright. ... Lily Cahill

Amy Cartwright. ... Phoebe Foster
Michael Harrington. . Wilfred Draycott
Lambart ... John May
Nora Rutledge. ... Lola Fisher
Alice Harrington. ... Lucile Watson
Monty Vaughn ... Ralph Morgan

It has been urged, and believed by many, that a "new drama" was imminent which would sweep aside the familiar things to which we have been accustomed for a number of centuries, and in particular melodrama. The success of "Under Cover," received with great hospitality for a season by the cultured of



Grant Mitchell as Rodney Martin

Ruth Shepley as Mary Grayson

Act I. Mary—"Rodney, you're wonderful!"
SCENE IN "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE COHAN THEATRE

Boston, would seem utterly to dispel any such forecast. Crude melodrama unquestionably has perished. It is plain that polite melodrama, with its dress suits and atmosphere of high society, is as much alive as ever. Joseph Jefferson used to have a theory that plays of the kind were the safest of theatrical ventures, and he himself had a hand in one such piece that ran for fifteen years or more, and may be in occasional use even now. The dead melodramas were too mechanical. "Under Cover," with the exception of a false device, has real characters, natural incidents, and circumstances that are readily accepted as of the day. Of course, a play that has these attributes has something new in it, it matters not how old much of the material is. There is newness in characters that live. They exist, they are, they do not belong to the order of things that were. The people begin to live just



White Patricia Collinge Douglas Fairbanks
Act II. Jeraboam Martin (Mr. Fairbanks)—"'Billy,' are you happy?"

SCENE IN "HE COMES UP SMILING" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

as soon as the curtain rises. Surely there is very little to commend the two characters first seen and heard. But they are human. For this reason only, perhaps, their dialogue is accepted as comedy. "Gibbs and Duncan, Inspectors," talk. The action has been started, very properly, by the intimation which the audience has that one Denby is expected on a steamer with a necklace worth two hundred thousand dollars, which he will attempt to smuggle. They talk about the old times when the government was not so watchful of the inspectors, when, if you treated a tourist right, "he'd hand you his business card, and when you showed up at his office the next day—why, he'd come across without a squeal." Or, "When I was Inspector, if you had any luck picking out your passenger, you'd find twenty dollars lyin' right on the top tray of the first trunk he opened for you."

It was the acting of Jay Wilson and Harry Crosby that made these dreadful revelations of character and custom seem humorous. Many accidents-if they may be called accidents-contribute to the success of any play. Accident or no accident, the play is well acted. Indeed, some of its situations would be absurd if not acted with a convincing semblance of truth, when the truth is not there. Throughout the greater part of the play we are asked to believe that Denby, the "hero" of the story, is a smuggler, when in reality he is in the employment of the government to unearth graft in the Custom House. He does things that are entirely consistent with that view of his character, but when we learn who he is, the inconsistencies of conduct appear. The Inspector is supposed to be honest until the supposed smuggler, after the necklace is found on him, bribes the Inspector with the trifling sum of thirty thousand dollars in bills to let him go. Mr. Megrue obtains the momentary thrills.

Apart from this falsity of construction, the other complications are reasonable, true and tried. The Inspector, in order to trap the smuggler (with as much theatrical detail as possible), forces a young woman of society to follow the "smuggler" to a country home on Long Island, where the family is of her set and where he is a guest, and ascertain that he has the necklace in his possession, procure and summon the Inspector and his men who

have concealed themselves on the grounds. The pursuer and the pursued fall in love, indeed, are in love already, having travelled together. The woman pursuing him had been forced into her mission by a warrant that the Inspector threatens to use for the arrest of the young sister, the beloved little sister having been imprudent in overplaying herself at bridge, with the consequence that she misused some diamonds and collected the insurance on them with the claim that they had been stolen. Will she, when the case is fairly put to her, betray him or her sister? Theoretically, that is a good enough situation, but it is a forced one. If she loves him, believing and knowing him to be a smuggler and thief, she ceases to be interesting. When she learns who he isbut at this point the action takes a turn that is clearer in the dramatic sense. She is about to be compromised by being found in his room, to which she came to find the necklace. It is a more or less thrilling moment. She is saved. A number of such thrilling moments are had, whether or no. There is a Chinese gong on the wall in the room, perhaps none louder on the market. Denby strikes it, and the houshold responds. In the meanwhile he has a fight in the dark, with two or three flashes and explosions of a pistol. Denby is arrested. He bribes the Inspector, and then turns the tables on him by revealing himself as in the government service, employed for the very purpose of trapping dishonest Custom House officials. This is the surprise of the play Denby has also trapped his audience, and really to no true dramatic purpose. Incidentally, there are many interesting passages in the play, and the acting is of a quality that gives value which would be wholly lost in incompetent hands. Thus, Lucile Watson, as Mrs. Harrington, the wife of a husband impetuously given to cocktails when she was not watching him, secured laughter for many lines that without her manner would have fallen flat. Miss Lily Cahill, as the girl placed in a position in which she had to choose between betraying her sister or her lover, was equal to the emotion, pride, perplexities and spirit of the part. Mr. William Courtenay, young, well-mannered, suave, spirited, accommodated himself to the absurdities as well as to the opportunities for honest acting in the play. The episodes and subordinate comedy were well contrived and well acted. The first five minutes of the last act are supposed to occur simultaneously with what we have seen in the last five of the previous act. The novelty does not strike us as anything more than an impertinence. Mr. DeWitt Jennings, as Taylor, the grafting Inspector, gives a most effective performance.

REPUBLIC. "THE HIGH COST OF LOVING." Play in three acts adapted from the German by Frank Mandel. Produced on August 25th last with the following cast:

Lawrence Tucker....George Anderson
Anthony Tiedmayer....Wilfred Clarke
Noel Burnham...Ernest Lambart
Godfrey Burnham...Nicholas Burnham
Mrs. Burnham....Helen Tracy
LenaAmy Summers

It is plain to see that Mr. Lew Fields has his hand in all the comedy effects, by whomever provided or by whomever acted, in the plays which he produces. He is a man of genuine humor, a

good actor and a good stage-manager. He does not want to try to do everything himself; so that, perhaps, in no other play now visible here has each one of the actors so many distinct opportunities of his own. In the first place, Lew Fields shares the leading part or parts with three other actors, Lew Fields in multiple. It is not a very polite story. Lew Fields is the "mustard king" in his manufacturing town, and, with his three companions, represents sobriety, decency and purity. Their wives belong to the Purity League. They have a past. In their youth, "twenty-five years ago," they had yielded to an infatuation with a dancer in the "Black Crook." She had disappeared, gone to America, from which place, safely remote from the German town of the action, she had apprised each one of her admirers of the birth of a son. In the end it turns out that the son was a myth, but the dancer, for twenty years or more, received from her victims sums each month ranging from fifty to eighty dollars. Each victim, representing high character in the town, kept his secret, thinking himself the only unfortunate. This part of the story would seem to make the play impossible for many audiences, but Lew Fields and his companions would extort laughter in many of the scenes from the most prim. Surely these reprobates, now reformed, deserve to be laughed at for their alarms and their present snug and smug respectability, which do not involve hypocrisy exactly, but selfdefense and pretense. The suitor for the hand of the mustard king's daughter, a meek person, is taken by the four men, each in turn, as the son expected on a visit from America. That the men are kept busy in dodging suspicion, and are in constant danger of exposure to their wives, and that the scenes of confusion chase the character through the play, may be imagined. "The High Cost of Loving" is adapted from the German by Frank Mandel. We have spoken of the fact that all the actors

> are kept busy in this play. If it were obligatory on us to go into detail concerning it, we would have to give inordinate space to very just appreciation. A reference to the cast must content us. The acting is overacting, hilarious and uproarrous, but it is effective.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE GIRL Uтан." Musical play in two acts. Book by James T. Tanner, music by Paul Rubens and Sydney Jones; additional numbers by Jerome D. Produced on August 24th with this cast: Kern. Produced on August 24th with this cast:

Una Trance, Julia Sanderson; Sandy Blair, Donald Brian; Trimpel, Joseph Cawthorn; Lord Amersham, George Bishop; Policeman P. R. 38, Edgar Dickson; Col. Oldham-Pryce, George Grundy; Page, Michael Mathews; Commissionaire, William Francis, Jr.; Detective, Walter S. Wills; Lord Orpington, Harry Law; Archie Tooth, George Wharton; Douglas Noel, Russell Griswold; Bobbie Longshot, Dickson Elliott; Dora Manners, Venita Fitzhugh; Lady Amersham, Queenie Vassar.

The merits and the attractiveness of "The Girl from Utah" come from what is known as the production. The production is what is done for a play, good or bad, by the manager and the people he employs, who, often enough, in the case of an opera, may be





Photos White

Pauline Frederick

Act I. Innocent—"Have I said anything I shouldn't?"

(Inset) Pauline Frederick and Arthur Lewis. Act IV. Innocent (Miss Frederick)—"Why don't you ever ask me who I am?"

SCENES IN GEORGE BROADHURST'S PLAY, "INNOCENT," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE ELTINGE THEATRE



Copyright Charles Frohman Ernest Lawford Ann Murdock
Act I. Valentine (Mr. Lawford) "I've put down everything."

SCENE IN "THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE" AT THE LYCEUM

numerous enough to push forward to success by weight of numbers and the force of individual prowess. The book by Mr. Tanner hasn't much to do with it. Without the pictures the book would be uninteresting, and it is negligible in any account of what happens in the production. The title of the opera is justified by a story in which a girl, in order to escape being too much married, leaves her unhappy home, hides in London, and is pursued by a Mormon Elder, is harbored by Gaiety girls, is made love to by many men, falls in love with one of them, dances with all of them, and is rescued by means of various scenes of comedy and by the powerful aid of battalions of dancers, including, of course, musical expression in abundance. Donald Brian, Joseph Cawthorn and Julia Sanderson, consistently with the story, but mainly in their individual capacities, prevailed over a mediocre book, and on occasion made inanities cheerful. Miss Sanderson is charming, for whatever she loses in the full measure of one quality she gains in another, and does not fall too short in any. Even in the operas of the day, which bring their share to the entertainment, it must be confessed that personality in the singer and dancer has the upper hand. It is rare that the character in the action can please without the adjuncts and qualities of the performers. We do not mean mere adequate fitness of the actors, but extraordinary qualities, for which the text is but occasion for display. In this particular opera this is particularly true. And in this sense "The Girl from Utah" has its delightful moments. When Julia Sanderson and Donald Brian dance together we have a full measure of contentment. Joseph Cawthorn is droll, and if what he says and does is sometimes old he strikes a new note often enough to give us good value. Thus his song with Elsie Janis, so popular in London, "Florrie, the Flapper," was an odd bit of comedy, new in its oddness. In addition to these principals, there were other performers in the large and competent cast whose activities were well directed, among them Venita Fitzhugh and Queenie Vassar. The equipment and staging of the

opera were, as usual characteristic of the refinement and resourcefulness of the producer, Mr. Charles Frohman.

LYCEUM. "THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE." Comedy in three acts by R. de Flers and A. de Caillavet, adapted by George Egerton. Produced on September 5th with the following cast:

Andre D'Eguzon, Charles Cherry; Helene de Trevillac, Ann Murdock; Valentin le Barroyer, Ernest Lawford; Madame Trevillac, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen; Count D'Eguzon, Edward Fielding; Countess D'Eguzon, Annie Esmond; Marquis de Langelier, Herbert Ayling; Serignan, George Hubbard; Suzanne Serignan, Frances Landy Foques, Edgar Norton; Chartrain, Francis M. Verdi; Doctor Pinbrache, Robert Entwistle; Didier, Conrad Cantzen; Remi, Frank Morgan; Gaston, John Holland; Jeantine, Mercita Esmonde; Madame de Verceil, Amy Veness; Jeanne de Verceil, Janet Slater.

The French playwright is a literary man apart when it comes to treating a delicate subject, whether it be serious or farcical. He can glide over the thinnest ice without ever breaking through. "The Beautiful Adventure" at the Lyceum, by de Flers and Caillavet, has scored a big hit, not only on account of the romantic and humorous character of the plot, but on account of the very deft treatment it réceives at the hands of the players.

Miss Ann Murdock is a beautiful young woman living with an ambitious aunt. The latter persuades her to accept a rich, fatuous young man. All the preparations are complete for the wedding when Mr. Charles Cherry turns up. He is an old flame. He persuades Miss Murdock to run away with him, and the assembled wedding guests explode with excitement. It is Mr. Cherry's in-



Copyright Charles Frohman Charles Cherry Ann Murdock
Act II. Andre (Mr. Cherry)—"Just see how delightfully everything has turned out for us."
SCENE IN "THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE" AT THE LYCEUM

tention to take Miss Murdock to her grandmother's old cottage and leave her there to get a license. But Granny, dear old Mrs. Whiffen, has gotten there first, and mistaking Cherry for the husband that was to be, treats the couple as man and wife. They never get a chance to explain their plight, and after a daring scene, treated with great delicacy and acted with exquisite charm, the young couple become man and wife de facto if not de jure. The final act, where the fatuous young man turns up, Ernest Lawford, paves the way for a happy wedding that only needs a license to make legal.

The entire play really falls on the shoulders of the four players mentioned. Miss Murdock as the heroine shows marked strides in her profession, and is ingenuously unaffected and sincerely moving in the romantic passages. Mr. Cherry is nice and manly, Mrs. Whiffen her sweet, charming self, and Mr. Lawford drolly quaint as the jilted one.

COHAN. "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE." Farcical play in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. Produced on September 8th with this cast:

Mary Grayson, Ruth Shepley; Johnson, George Schaeffer; Comtesse de de Beaurien, Louise Drew; Rodney Martin, Grant Mitchell; Cyrus Martin, John W. Cope; Ambrose Peel, Will Deming; Marie, Cecile Breton; William Smith, Harry Driscole; Doonald McChesney, W. J. Brady; Miss Burke, Vivian Rogers; Ellery Clark, Kenneth Hill; George Bronson Sydney Seaward.

Whether he writes the plays himself or selects those of others, George M. Cohan is very clever at picking winners. His latest offering at the Cohan Theatre, entitled "It Pays to Advertise," is described as a farcical fact in three acts, and was written by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. It is a veritable scream and is likely to run as long as its humorous predecessor did. It is racy, of the soil, and, like "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," deals with semi-bunco types, one of which, Ambrose Peel, will live in theatrical literature, while his exponent, Will Deming, for glibness of conversation, serene cheek and good nature became an instant favorite. Rodney Martin, son of a rich soapmaker, falls out with his father because he won't work. Taunted to the quick and robbed of the girl he'd marry, he resolves to make soap himself and drive his father out of business. Peel says publicity is the only method that spells success, and so they resolve on a campaign that shall mean the exploitation of a brand that the father must ultimately buy out. How they raise the money, how they get out of their business difficulties, how they finally sell out for a wonderful price, is told in a succession of scenes that are human and at the same time hilariously funny. The construction is splendidly ingenious, the lines are snappy and witty, and the characterization sure and well defined. Grant Mitchell was capital as the son, John W. Cope a stern but human father, Ruth Shepley one of those marvellous typewriters and business women of to-day, and Louise Drew as an adventuress was more than excellent in the purity and rapidity of her French, while the humor she brought to the rôle showed all the best traditions of the Drew family.

HARRIS. "WHAT HAPPENED AT 22," Play in three acts by Paul Wilstach. Produced on August 21st with this cast:

2 Todacca on Tagas	ZIST WITH THIS CAST.
Willoughby	Francis Knowlton, JrM. Duncan
Louise LloydCarroll McComas	Mr. Hart
Dave Wilson Reginald Barlow	Mrs. SchultzElizabeth Ariaans
Inspector McBrideJ. K. Hutchinson	Miss KnowltonEstar Banks
Francis KnowltonFrank K. Cooper	WebbCharles Abbe

It is natural enough that playwrights should fall back on melodrama as a sure recourse for success, but the tendency is reactionary. The best of melodramas could hardly put the stage forward. Its only chance is to attach itself to some conditions of the day, melodrama being primitive contrasts, good and evil. When the struggle between the two, the object of the play being to right a wrong, such a melodrama, as old and much derided



Copyright Charles Frohman Jessie Glendenning John Drew
Act II. Michael (Mr. Drew)—"Pearls—magnificent pearls."
SCENE IN "THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

as is the form, acquires a right to exist. 'What Happened at 22" is too much the old thing. The circumstance that the evil machinations have their beginning in an employment agency would look, for a moment, to promise a needed exposure of the methods sometimes used for vicious ends. But the agency is merely an incident. It cloaks the operations of a professional swindler, one of the two members of the firm. The only specific use he makes of it is to introduce himself, as butler, into the house of a man of wealth in order to prosecute his scheme against the virtue and safety of a girl whom he is (Continued on page 195)

I Thas remained for a youth of twenty-one to On Trial"—A Play Written Backwards in which the conditions precedent

upset all the conventions of playwriting. Elmer L. Reizenstein is the young man, and "On Trial" is the play—his first!

And yet, "On Trial," which is one of the substantial successes



Elmer L. Reizenstein

of the new season, is nothing but good old-fashioned melodrama. It is a compound of nearly all the standard devices known to the stage, even to the almost inevitable happy ending. "There's not a new thing in the whole play—everything there is as old as Aristotle," confessed its author. "The only thing that is different is the way I wrote it—backwards." And when you ask him why he wrote his play backwards, he tells you for practice.

"Last winter I read a criticism in one of the magazines, in which it was stated that the plays then on Broad-

way were so poorly done they could be acted backwards as well as forwards. Then it occurred to me that it would be an interesting experiment to write a play backwards, just to see how it would work out—to make it analytic instead of synthetic, deductive instead of inductive—to make it break down instead of build up."

That is just what "On Trial" does, Cleverly devised and worked out, it continually reverts back, step by step, to the conditions precedent to the action of the piece, and in this play they become a living part of the action itself. This is accomplished by an unique and skillful employment of the motion picture idea in supplying life to the argument. And in resolving the premise into its elements visually to the audience—causing everything incident to the drama as a whole to be acted out in all its material parts and not merely alluded to by the characters in the playthere, after all, is a stronger building up of the complete action than it is possible to obtain merely by reference in an occasional line uttered by a character. There is a stronger propelling force in the incidents of the piece, and, despite the method pursued by the author in breaking down instead of building up his play, his very revolutionary scheme develops a new dramaturgy. This is a union of the life-giving action of motion pictures with the spoken drama. The possibilities of Mr. Reizenstein's new form of play construction strike one as being of unlimited scope and dramatic power. Consider how it would work out in a big ditions precedent to the main action would be acted out, separately and distinctly, to show their strong bearing on the whole.

How does he combine the motion picture idea with playwriting? That is what playgoers do not understand. They accept the result—why? Because it is visual. They see. It brings to mind the old advice to "believe nothing you hear and only half that you see." Just as pictorial journalism is more vital than column after column of plain type, so Mr. Reizenstein's new

form of drama is keener to the sensibilities of the average thea-

tregoer than the usual purely spoken drama.

It is very simple. Only, like many other really big ideas, no one ever thought of it before. It was left to Mr. Reizenstein to borrow the thunder of the "movies" and introduce it into an ordinary type of play. Instead of writing long speeches to be put into the mouths of his characters to explain what the play is all about, he took those characters and made them go back a little ahead of the action and live over again the various incidents concerned in the plot. The whole thing then became a matter, more or less, of stage mechanics.

Then the young author remembered that a play which relied almost entirely upon its mechanics for success, since it otherwise was most amateurish--"The Poor Little Rich Girl" was put together and built into a lasting stage structure by a young theatrical manager who hitherto had been identified exclusively with vaudeville productions—Arthur Hopkins. Feeling that the man who put on "The Poor Little Rich Girl" was just the kind of man who would see possibilities in an idea like his, Mr. Reizenstein took the play to him. Needless to say, it did not take Mr. Hopkins long to gauge the possibilities of "On Trial." In less than an hour he had purchased the producing rights! After reading the play over more carefully, he told the young author that it was a good idea, but that he had better get a little more human nature and less plot into it. So Mr. Reizenstein went home and wrote an entirely fresh play-new characters, new plot-merely using the same framework. Then it was up to Mr. Hopkins to reel off the scenes, to put the play on the screen, so to speak, since it is largely a sort of motion picture drama. This was easy enough to do so far as the scenes themselves were concerned, since the author had worked them all out. What had to be done now was to so devise the scenes, eleven in all, that they would move without a hitch.

Since the opening night there have been any number of conjectures as to how the many scenes of (Continued on page 198)



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Helen Hayes Brown

John Drew



Madge Kennedy

Cox John Westley Georgie Lawrence Dohn Cu Act 2. Harry Hawkins (Mr. Westley)—"What are you doing here in those pajamas SCENE IN THE FARCE COMEDY "TWIN BEDS" NOW AT THE FULTON THEATRE

Mabel Acker

The Punch and Judy

Theatre will open its doors

HE Punch and Judy Theatre, located on Forty-ninth Street,

The Punch and Judy Theatre

CHARLES HOPKINS

west of Broadway, is the latest of tiny playhouses to be added to Manhattan's swiftly growing number of luxurious theatres. This particular little theatre has been built by Charles Hopkins, who, besides being an actor, has had considerable managerial experience. Mr. Hopkins is an actor-manager in the best sense of the word. He owns his own playhouse; he will select the plays for production and act in them. The name of the playhouse is indicative of its size only. It may be a freak in size, but it is promised that it will not be so in the quality of the entertainment. The Punch and Judy Theatre is the third of its

kind to be opened in this city. The prototypes of this tiny playhouse are the Princess and Mr. Ames' Little Theatre. In two particulars these three theatres are alike-they are each complete theatres in themselves, not merely halls in office buildings, and each of them has a seating capacity of two hundred and ninety-nine seats, thus conforming to a certain fire law. It is said that the Punch and Judy Theatre is the smallest playhouse of its kind in the world. The building is constructed on a piece of ground forty by one hundred feet, and, despite this fact, the stage is large enough on which to present a musical comedy of the usual Broadway pattern. This has been made possible by the utilization of every inch of space.

The stage of the Punch and Judy Theatre is thirty feet deep and thirty-nine feet from wall to wall. The proscenium opening is twenty-six feet wide and nineteen feet six inches high. There are several theatres of extensive seating capacities in New York which have stages of smaller dimensions. From the proscenium to front of auditorium is forty-nine feet, there being eighteen rows of seats, one row having twelve seats, three of thirteen, and fourteen rows of fourteen seats. In addition to these two hundred and forty-seven seats, there will be fifty-two box seats. The auditorium will have the appearance, with its beamed ceiling, of a hall in a Tudor castle.

to the public on Tuesday evening, November 10th. The play selected for the initial attraction will be Harold Chapin's comedy, "The Marriage of Columbine." This comedy was presented with considerable success at the Repertory Theatre in Glasgow two years ago. Both Mr. Hopkins and his wife will appear in this comedy. Other members of the cast will be Herbert Yost, Charles Hampten, Louise Closser Hale, Daisy Vivian, Eleanor Carey, and Vera Pole. Lionel Belmore is the stage manager.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins have had considerable stage experience. Mr. Hopkins made his début with John Draw et the Empire Theodre MRS. CHARLES HOPKINS début with John Drew at the Empire Theatre



in "Jack Straw," in 1908. Then followed several seasons with Ben Greet's company, in which he impersonated such characters as Petruchio in "Taming of the Shrew," Sir Andrew Aguecheek in "Twelfth Night," Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," Young Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer," and Sir Benjamin Backbite in "The School for Scandal." During a season in stock in Washington, D. C., he was seen as Hook in "Peter Pan," Carl Heinrich in "Old Heidelburg," Thomas Whamond in "The Little Minister," and Frederic Gad in "Trelawney of the Wells." Mr. Hopkins is the author of two plays: "In Glass Houses," written in collaboration with Robert Housum, and "How Much Is a Million?" in which he appeared in Chicago for a run a year ago last spring.

Prior to her marriage to Charles Hopkins, four years ago, Mrs. Hopkins was known on the stage as Violet Vivian. Mrs. Hopkins has been actively engaged in the theatre since she was eight years of age. Before coming to America, seven years ago, Mrs. Hopkins, with her sister Ruth and her brother George, was one of the Les Petites Vivians. This trio appeared together in England for eleven years. They had the honor of appearing, by special command, before Queen Victoria in 1897, and King Edward in 1902. When not engaged to appear in the principal pantomimes in England, they acted in the principal music halls. While in England Mrs. Hopkins was especially engaged to appear with Ben Greet's company in Shakespearean plays. With the latter organization in America, Mrs. Hopkins has impersonated Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," Viola in "Twelfth Night," Ann Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Miranda

in "The Tempest," "Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," and Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." She has also appeared in a number of modern plays, such as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," Rose in "Trelawney of the Wells," and Peter Pan. With her husband she was seen in "How Much Is a Million?" in Chicago.

J. O. Francis-A Welsh Dramatist of Significance

ORD HOWARD DE WALDEN offered a prize of one hundred pounds for the best Welsh play written by a Welshman—which competition luckily hastened the completion of "Change," a superlative example of stage composition which we in New York so heedlessly neglected when it was presented at the Booth Theatre last winter. In a recent letter, Mr. J. O. Francis, the author of "Change," describes the founding of the Welsh National Drama Company, dependent on the repertory of prize plays gathered together by Lord Howard since 1911, and on the dramas Lord Howard himself had written under the pen name of "T. E. Ellis." This Welsh organization began operations at Cardiff in May last, giving its plays both in Welsh and in English. The opening bill was "Change," and Cardiff was treated to the first performance of a real Welsh play by professionals ever given in the history of Wales.

Thus launched, the Welsh National Drama Company went further in its arrangements. Wales is economically divided into two parts—the industrial section of the south, the agricultural

section of the north. In the towns the population is easily accessible, but in the country the communal interest is so scattered as to be difficult to concentrate. The drama has suddenly taken hold in Wales, after centuries of imperviousness to all the florescent period which added lustre to English literature. And in this sudden renascence, with little or no tradition to support. the Welsh National Drama Company determined that no part of Wales should be without access to a theatre. At first it was thought that the Calvinistic spirit of the people would oppose the movement, but that was quickly overcome in a most surprising manner: the Chapel folk embraced the movement with a certain amount of unexpected fervor. The difficulty was geographical, was physical. How to overcome it was the next task of the Welsh National Drama Company. Plans were laid to purchase a large travelling theatre for the country districts-"not a mere travelling booth," so Mr. Francis wrote,

"but a large, commodious, electric-lighted arrangement, collapsible and drawn by traction engines. Of course, this is rather novel and involves risks, but the authorities seem to be going into this drama business with the courage that deserves success." This theatre was to be set in motion during the month of August.

When the war cloud burst over Europe, and whether or not Wales has had the time and the inclination to continue with its propaganda experiment is not known. But this much is significant: Wales has the seeds of a dramatic movement which is thoroughly native, and it may claim that one of its very first products, "Change," challenges comparison with the best that has come forth out of the "new" drama period in England. There was no thought of a general continental war when Mr. Francis wrote; his letter was full of the industrial problems, the substances in Welsh life from which might arise the grave spirit of syndicalism—those substances which constitute the web and woof of his play.

The play "Change" comes out of the very Welsh tradition of

which Mr. Francis is a part. Religious, social and economic forces in Wales are at the very heart of this play; and they are stated with such conviction that it may be taken without questioning that they are at the very heart of the man himself. Mr. Francis is young, possessing a Welsh temperament shot through with larger aspirations than mere local pride. From his correspondence and from his play it may be inferred that he gets quickly to the centre of his environment, that he has a clear perceptive faculty, that he is ever alert for new tendencies. There is nothing self-conscious about him; there is all of the youthful power of any man born, as Mr. Francis was, so early as September 7, 1882.

Throughout the facts given by the author of "Change" one seems to see Mr. Francis listening—listening in the presence of grown folk as they talked on religion, politics, and matters of the world's work. His first theatre-going was a matter of quiet observation under the most primitive conditions. One sees a lad seated with a motley crowd of coal and iron-workers around a

bucket of live charcoal—part of an audience keeping warm while a performance of "Macbeth" was being given in a show booth typical of the Wales of that day. One sees him an onlooker during the labor disputes which resulted in long and tedious strikes, with the possible appeal to arms and with the possible killing of a man or two in the crowd. Here and there, Francis, the boy, with his wits sharpened to the possible meaning of all this, would pause and hearken to groups of men upholding Liberalism, and mixing into their talk phrases about the rights of labor. One sees him an awed spectator before the magic personality of Keir Hardie.

In his boyhood, this same youth found himself in the midst of a religious revival; he saw people fluctuate between the old belief and the new; he saw old traditions struggle for supremacy, and in that struggle he saw the reasonable claim they had for acceptance. When he was old enough he entered into that new education

life which swept over Wales and flowered in the intermediate schools of the land. Then he went to what is known as the "poor man's college," because it was furthered into being through the will of the poor man—a college overlooking the sea at Aberystwyth. There, he threw himself heart and soul into the Fabian movement, having during the years heard the advance murmur of socialism, and having stood on the edge of that crowd which always follows the street preacher of a new social doctrine.

Mr. Francis describes his early literary efforts, when he would hide himself in a railway station and write down the dialogue for his first play—a manuscript now lost in reality but very vivid in memory. So now, during his college days, he attempted to put into literary form some of his ideas, all the time with the conviction that he would turn journalist as soon as he had taken his degree. But forces were working in other channels for him. He won honors in English during his final year at College, and when he was through he left for Paris, where he took up teaching. Here again we see Francis (Continued on page 198)



J. O. FRANCIS Author of "Change"





HERE are a hundred and one towns of 20,000 to 30,000 population in these United States. One of them—Northampton, Massachusetts—has our only Municipal Theatre. How does Northampton differ from the other towns of 20,000 or 200,000, or two million inhabitants, which have not tried this theatrical experiment? How does it differ from Pittsfield, Massachusetts—the nearby town of 35,000, where a not very unlike experiment was attempted in 1912 and ended after a year of near-success in surrender to the burlesquers?

Well, Northampton is an older town than most-260 years old-but age does not commonly make for radicalism. Then, again, it is an elm-shaded college town-seat of several preparatory schools and of Smith, the largest American college for women. But American college towns, again, are likely to prove "sot" in their ways, and, if not exactly unprogressive, yet little given to innovation, Finally, Northampton is a mill-townmanufacturing, among other things, silk stockings enough to account for America's higher cost of living. A good many French Canadians live there, and French Canadians, earning modest wages and using comparatively little English, are likelier to support the two moving-picture theatres than the Academy of Music, where the Northampton Players dispense "stock" every evening but Sunday and at two matinées. Yet somewhere from the 20,000 is supplied the initiative to undertake, to manage and to patronize a municipal theatre—the only public institution of its kind north of "uncivilized" Mexico. And to judge by the spirited giving and taking of "The Little Minister," which I saw there last spring, Northampton is not only the possessor of a town theatre, but is proud in its possession. I was sorry not to see a Wednesday matinée, too, for that is the day when most old ladies bring their knitting, and old ladies ought to like "The Little Minister," especially. Springfield, the five-times-larger city forty minutes distant from Northampton by Boston and Maine train time, has its "Municipal Buildings"-beautiful, unique and worth both the millions they have cost; but Springfield has no town theatre, and knows it.

Northampton has had a Municipal Theatre ever since 1892, when the Academy of Music was given to the town by the late Edward H. R. Lyman, merchant in tea and silks. Mr. Lyman's

business often took him abroad, and he saw the excellence of the system by which,

BERTRAM HARRISON

Co-director of Northampton's Municipal
Theatre

especially in Germany, towns of modest size have their own theatres and find in them intellectual and aesthetic and social delight. So, at a cost of \$100,000, he had the roomy building of red brick and stone erected in Main Street and fitted it up with 1,004 seats and a modern stage, and had a play-bill passed by the State Legislature authorizing the town to accept his gift, and the Northampton Academy of Music was an accomplished fact. But not till the fall of 1912 did the town have its own company of players. Until then it depended for dramatic refreshment on the touring companies-good, bad or indifferent. It was the lack of really good plays and the uncertainty of routing conditions in a one-night stand town that brought about, in 1912, the organization of the local stock company, on the advice of Henry Miller, actor-manager, and George Pierce Baker, professor of dramatic literature at Harvard College. A daring venture it was, especially if you remember the failure of New York's New Theatre in Central Park West, and reflect that New York has four millions to draw on, to say nothing of New Jersey

Though prices at the Northampton Academy of Music are low enough by metropolitan standards—fifty cents buys the best seat in the house at matinées and seventy-five cents turns the trick of an evening—yet these sums loom large when five cents gets you by the movie door.

It was on October 7, 1912; that the Northampton Players made their first bow to their public, presenting that standby of stage sentiment, "Old Heidelberg." And it was with real dismay that I much more recently read of the Municipal Theatre being in grave difficulties. It seemed hardly believable. Last year the theatre was the "whole thing"; enthusiasts saw the same play twice the same week. The hardworking actors and actresses of the company were hospitably received by the townspeople; everyone was interested in all their little domestic arrangements; when the villain was seen of an afternoon wheeling his baby coach, it was the subject of comment in the town, and of friendly

Scenes in "The Girl from Utah" now at the Knickerbocker Theatre



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Joseph Cawthorne . Donald Brian Julia Sanderson ACT II. ACTING "THE TRAPPER'S WIFE" FOR THE MOVIES



Copyright Charles Frohman
ACT I. JULIA SANDERSON AND JOSEPH CAWTHORNE SINGING
"WE'RE GETTING ON VERY WELL"



Copyright Charles Frohman
ACT II. JULIA SANDERSON AND DONALD BRIAN SINGING
"THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME"



JEANETTE HORTON
Appearing as Myra. Thornhill, the adventuress, in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"

comment. The street cars carried free advertisements of the week's play. When the players mounted a translation of Molière's "Learned Ladies," and had need of seventeenth century "properties," one lady lent a Louis XIV table, and another some very dainty mirrors. That was typical. One would read on the program of a modern piece a notice like this: "Furniture lent by the McCallum Company." Some one else lent a grandfather's clock. Nothing was too old to be turned over to the players for their use in "Pomander Walk," or too new to be lent for "The Fortune Hunter." People took a personal and a local pride in their playhouse, their players, their plays. And thenall out of a clear sky-to learn that the audiences had fallen away, that the town was rife with criticism, that the younger Mr. Lyman's subsidy for the year was almost exhausted, that the first attempt to have a municipal theatre in America bade fair to end in dismal failure!

The difficulties were various. First of all, several of the

previous season's principals had not been re-engaged, and there was in some quarters a denial that their places had been filled more advantageously, albeit, more economically. Then there was the fact that the President of Smith College had forbidden his protégées to stay up later than ten o'clock more than one night a week, and that had reduced the student attendance not a little. Finally, the theatre was no longer a novelty. Some of the good people who had been going every week were glutted with theatricals, even as the bored New Yorker with his forty-something playhouses. One damaging criticism applied to the plays themselves. Royalties that looked excessive to the Northampton managers had to be paid for new plays, it was explained, and therefore few new ones were put on. The town seemed to dread "highbrow" plays, and when Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" was presented (this was before the Belgian's works went on the Index), there was such a falling off in attendance that a week's receipts added up to about \$900. On the other hand, certain "high-brows" found the bills too frivolous, and the betwixt-andbetween pieces offered by the management kindled no great enthusiasm in either camp. The compromise is no easy matter to arrange, but variety is obviously, essential, Here is the list of plays presented during the present season up to the holding of a mass-meeting of citizens on January 3d:

"The Liars," "The Cottage in the Air," "Raffles," "Our Wives," "The Madonna," "The Dear Departed," "The Light from St. Agnes," and "Frédéric Lemaitre," "Clothes," "The House of the Thousand Candles," "The College Widow," "The Tal.

"The College Widow," "The Talk of New York," "The Talker," "Sister Beatrice," and "William of the Woods" (a one-act prize play by Miss Katherine McDowell Rice, of Ashefield, Mass.—a neighborhood play), "The Family."

This list is commonplace compared with the repertory of, let us say, Miss Horniman's Manchester Theatre in England; but that comparison is hardly fair. Manchester is a city big enough to contain a number of Northamptons. Anyway, criticism of the last-named piece in the list of Northampton plays, and of the "social comedies" generally, was especially outspoken. The morality of "The Family," a play by R. H. Davis, was debated. And the success of a community theatre is, obviously enough, dependent upon its having and holding a high reputation for "good" plays. In New York your New Englander may not be adverse to sensationalism—but at home! (His family! His community standing!! And what will the neighbors say!!!) The mass-meeting and the co-operation of citizens of Northampton generally in running their own theatre has now



Photos White

Mary Ryan



The realistic jury room scene in the epilogue

complained that their municipal playhouse was importing a Broadway atmosphere into Main Street. And the week that and on a specimen day of this particular company the players

truly pure but undeniably frank play, "The Family," was given, \$765 was the balance on the wrong side of the ledger.

Now it is all changed. The receipts at one Saturday's performances of a single play, given last spring, came near to equalling six days' total receipts only two weeks earlier. Pieces like Pinero's "Amazons," and those American standbys, "The Gentleman from Mississippi," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Travelling Salesman," "The House Next Door" (by the author of "Peg o' My Heart"), "The Girl With the Green Eves," and "The Dawn of a To-morrow," have been generously welcomed. It looks, indeed, as if the Northampton Players were to have many to-morrows. one thing, their advising managers, Mr. Bertram Harrison and Miss Jessie Bonstelle (resident for the greater part of each week in New York City), now choose the plays in consultation with a committee of six Hampshire County people—two members of the Smith and Amherst College faculties, the wife of the silk

stocking manufacturer, two merchants, and the Copyright Moffett MADGE KENNEDY leading town jeweler. It would seem to be a representative committee. Anyway, over 1,000 persons pledged themselves to support the performances from January 19th to the end of the season, and one week, that of "The Little Minister," the best of the two years' business records was established: twenty-four hundred dollars. This is over one-fifth of the earning capacity of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on a crowded evening, and everyone is immensely cheered by that record—the actors and actresses have thrown themselves into their tasks with a very real appreciation of the town's rallying to their support. When the theatre was closed for the summer, before the close of the Smith College term, the college girls turned out in force to do homage to the Town Players. As a soft-spoken dramatic reporter phrased it at the time, "Phalanxes of beautiful girlhood stood near the stage door, while the actors and actresses were coming out, and for each member of the company there was a special vocal greeting; but for Robert Homans and Robert Ames, the leading man and the president of the company, there were songs which had been especially composed for the occasion."

I understand that it costs but \$1,600 a week to maintain the

been gained, but not before some of the Edwards Church people company and the playhouse. Even so, it has been hard sledding. "Stock means, under any conditions, hard work for the players;



Playing Blanche Hawkins in "Twin Beds," at the Fulton

rehearsed "The Gentleman from Mississippi" in the morning, played "The Little Minister" at the matinée, and in the evening gave the nearby town of Holyoke "The Amazons." That was on January 28-a Wednesday. Yet no day is exactly easy. From Mr. Maurice Tuttle, who plays minor rôles like Sergeant Davidson in "The Little Minister," but whose heart and soul are in the scene painting (where he really shines), to Mr. Cyril Raymond, stage manager, and Miss Frances Goodrich, the youthful Vassar graduate, who makes a pathetic little Micah Daw, and says with real feeling, "You're so bonny!" to Babbie at the well (in real life, Miss Florence Carpenter), everyone is kept pretty busy. In stock you are, all at once, playing one piece, rehearsing next week's offering, and "reading" week after "Stock" is no next's. rest cure, though it may help to remedy some modern forms of neu-

Hard sledding, yes. The results achieved—and they may be improved upon another season have been paid for, not only in Mr. Lyman's unusual generosity, but also in the devotion of

rasthenia.

such townspeople as Frank E. Davis, ex-President of the Northampton Board of Trade, and such Smith College professors as Miss Mary Jordan, of the English Faculty; in the enlightenment and assistance of a large proportion of the population generally. It would be risky for other towns of Northampton's size to try the experiment, successful though this particular experiment bids fair to prove. The experiment will bear watching.

There are obvious disadvantages in a municipality of Northampton's modest 20,000 undertaking the experiment, and yet there is also this to be thought of: In Northampton there are no other theatres except the moving picture houses to compete with the Academy of Music. Were there a larger population, and the competition of road companies playing houses, the larger population might perhaps give no better support; and certainly could never so intimately feel its civic proprietorship in the stock players. The question is a complicated one. What you think about it must in part depend upon what you really think of the playhouse, anyway, as a place of amusement and education. For my part, I think it a very important place and a very important instrument in civilization, an (Continued on page 188)



Astonishment



Joy



Photos White

MAUDE EBURNE

Appearing as Coddles, the cockney maid of all work, in "A Pair of Sixes," at the Longacre Theatre

Tumbling Into Fame

HERE is an old saying among stock actors, "If you can't get a laugh, do a fall—it's sure fire." To attempt this on Broadway is very apt to be the finish of a player. Neverthe-

less, on the opening night of Edward Peple's farce, "A Pair of Sixes," in the Longacre Theatre, toward the end of last season, an actress unknown to Broadway, and so discouraged, even with her determination to "get over" at any cost, that she didn't care what happened, did a fall that convulsed both audience and critics and literally tumbled into fame over night. Simultaneously, Maude Eburne and the character she played, Coddles, became the talk of New York.

"When I let myself go I felt as though I were dropping dead, so far as the newspaper notices were concerned," said Miss Eburne. "I said to myself, 'Here goes!' and gave up all hope right there.

"I can laugh at my fears now," she reflected, "but I couldn't then. That fall would finish me—I was sure of it. The worst of it was that I had no one to blame but myself. It was not part of my "business" in the play to drop to the floor. It came about in the most accidental way.

"During a lull in rehearsals, while Mr. Frazee, the producing manager, was going over the manuscript, Mr. Parsons, who plays Nettleton, and I began 'kidding' each other on the stage.

"'Coddles,' he remarked, going quite outside his lines, 'take my advice and always remain a maiden.' I laughed and said, 'Say that again, then bump your nose against the scenery and I'll do a fall.' Just for fun we did the stunt, and then to our astonishment we heard Mr. Frazee call out: 'Keep that in. We'll do it if we die in a week.' Mr. Parsons and I immediately began to regret what we had done. But it was too late. Mr. Frazee had his mind made up and there was no help for us.

"'That sort of character work goes in the tall timbers, but it won't go in New York,' I whispered to Mr. Parsons. He groaned. And on the opening night, when we heard the shrieks, we could hardly believe our ears. Now my fear is I'll break a hip or something one of these nights. "I'm so sore as it is that I can't pass a drug store without strong craving for liniment."

Anyway, she had "landed," so Miss Eourne could afford to take her bruises lightly. But she did say she hoped she would never have to play another slavey part.

"I am tired of slaveys,"

she confessed. "But I do want to be a character woman to the end of my days. To my mind, work of this kind gives an actress a wide range, and it is interesting because of the incentive it gives one to study character.

"In a play called 'Captain Whittaker's Place,' with Tom Wise, I played a deaf woman who was always listening with her eyes. One day in a train I heard a woman behind me speaking to her companion, and I knew at once by her voice that she was deaf. In a short time I was able to imitate the voice of a deaf woman.

"When I was made up to play the part of the deaf woman in this play, and I went on just before the first act, Oscar Eagle, the stage director, thinking that I was the charwoman around the place, ordered me off the stage. Even when I looked at him in surprise, the expression on his face denoted that he still was certain I was the scrubwoman, and it was not until I spoke that he knew me. I had made up with an elongated nose, which added to the expression of the deaf woman, and, no doubt, was a further means of submerging my own personality and concealing my identity until I spoke.

"I have always tried to take my characters from life," explained Miss Eburne. "Coddles is little more than a copy of a servant we had at home in Toronto. She was English, with a most pronounced cockney accent, and although she was entirely at her ease and happy in the kitchen, fear and trembling seized her when we had guests and she was obliged to come in and serve things. You may have noticed how my hands shake when I bring in the cocktails. That's exactly the way poor Mary used to act. The clothes, shoes and lines in my face in the character of Coddles are copied faithfully in every detail from our old servant in Canada.

"In the quick changes of stock work, of course, one hasn't the time to find a type to suit the rôle. Frequently the members of a company have nothing more to help them than the pictures of the metropolitan players they find in the newspapers and





Fear

magazines. A rather curious thing happened as the result of my trying to make myself look like Florine Arnold when I played the mother in a stock production of 'Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh.' I pushed my face up with a high collar and padded so generously that I seemed to be of ample proportions. After the first performance the manager of another stock company who happened

to be in front came around and offered me an engagement, saying: 'We need a stout character woman.' I showed him my thin wrists, which had been covered, and told him that next week I was to play Mis' Hazey in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.' He took one look at me and exclaimed, 'My God—pads!'

"I have often marvelled at the work done out in the small 's tocks,' " continued Miss Eburne. "There are men and women of splendid ability who have never set foot in New York. Thev know it would take years for them to get here, and so they hang back, afraid to take the step. That is the way I felt, and now that I am here I can hardly make myself believe that New York has been kind to me."

In the course of her career she, like the legion of others, has been to New York every year, but not to stay here. She and the

Otto Sarony

LOLA FISHER IN "UNDER COVER"

Miss Fisher is seen here hugging her favorite publication. One can almost hear her say, "Oh, the dear THEATRE MAGAZINE, how I love it!"

others came to make the rounds of the managers' offices and the agencies, and if they were lucky enough to get an engagement at all it led them out of the city to the uttermost reaches of "the road."

If for no other reason than to emphasize the value of patience and perseverance, the theatrical career of Maude Eburne must command the attention of aspiring stage débutantes who dream of opportunities instead of making them. Until a few months ago Miss Eburne was quite unknown to New York's theatregoing population. For a dozen years she had seen young women in the profession rise to fame and electric lights, while she continued to plod along with small touring companies during the winter and managed to secure summer engagements with stock companies. And during this time, the nearest point she ever reached to the much-coveted Broadway engagement was Jersey City. This was after she had played a slavey with William Hawtrey in "The Old Firm," which failed.

"It was always difficult for me," she said, "because I do not look any type. If I had pulled my hair back tight and worn a queer hat the managers might have believed I was a 'character' woman; but I would never do it, so they passed me by.

"I wonder if you know what it means to spend year after year in repertoire and small stock companies? The stock company experience is the more pleasant because there is a constant variation of parts. In a repertoire company you have your part in several plays, and you must keep at it all the time with very little relief; furthermore, they expect constant variety from you in these parts. If, as character woman, you have, for instance, as I had, six Irish parts at one time, the brogue in every one must be a little different. It is drudgery of the worst sort, and

the irony of it is that the more proficient you become in your work the more you are removing yourself from real opportunity.

"That is because if you tell the managers in looking for an engagement that you have had experience in stock and repertoire, they immediately refuse to consider you for anything else. I realize now that I probably got my first engagements because of lack of experience, not by possession of it, because I was not committed to any class of work at that time and was free for the first that came along.

"When I first came to New York I didn't know enough to describe the work I wanted to do. Some of the girls I met looking for engagements finally told me I must select some 'line,' and asked me what kind of work I wanted to do. I said I didn't want to be beautiful young girls or stately leading women, but wanted

parts that had something queer in them, especially if there were dialect. 'Aha,' they said, 'tell them you are a character woman,' and that's what I told them.

"That is the state I was in when my apprenticeship began. It was the beginning of thirteen years of the most discouraging kind of work, which we will pass over without describing the horrors. After leaving home, and a perfectly good Episcopalian one, too, to go on the stage to join a stock company in Buffalo, I returned after six months and was greeted with a chorus of: 'Well, how much did you save in this chosen profession of yours?' Of course, I had not saved a cent. I could not on the salary I was getting, and for several years it was the same way. Still, it was the cry of, 'Well, can you show us some results from this wonderfully lucrative business? What have you saved?'

"And the answer always was, 'Not much.' But it was always the hope that some day I would have a chance to show my people that acting was not a bad business after all. Then, as the years went on, my salary grew larger, but still my people looked upon it as a waste of time, and they could not understand why I should prefer the hardships of the road to absolute comfort and ease at home.

"I went back to New York for one more annual try for an engagement that might land me on Broadway, and if this failed me I had made up my mind to go (Continued on page 188)



White

Scene in "Alias Jimmie Valentine," as played by stage children

Liberating the Stage Child

I T was Clara Bell Campbell that started Judge Lindsey on his fight for the stage child—Clara Bell Campbell, thirteen, leading lady in "The Blue Bird," yet very unhappy.

What was the trouble? Long, drudging hours? A starvation wage for Clara Bell and her mother? Cruel stage managers? Unkind or vicious fellow-actors?

Oh, no! nothing of the kind. In spite of what some good-hearted ladies have been saying about children on the stage, Clara Bell was very well off. She had a nice part in a nice company at a nice salary, and she had more of her mother than any little girl in the whole city of Boston. But all the same, she wanted to see Judge Lindsey and show him what the children's judge said he had never seen: an unhappy stage child.

And the point of the whole business was that they wouldn't *let* her be a stage child that week. "The Blue Bird" was in Massachusetts, and Massachusetts says that no child under sixteen may act on the stage. So Clara Bell sat in the wings and cried, or went upstairs to their dressing-room to cry on her mother's shoulders—while out on the stage a dwarf was simpering through the lines of her beloved Mytyl.

And farther down Tremont Street, in dirty theatres, under evil conditions of atmosphere, associates and pay, poor little slaves of vaude-ville and burlesque, far younger than Clara Bell, were evading the law that kept Clara Bell from happiness.

Conditions like these are what Judge Lindsey is trying to alter in his newest fight for childhood; and if it wasn't Clara Bell, strictly speaking, that brought the judge into the fight, it was a great many other children much like her. He had seen the vicious conditions under which stage children work in the cheaper sort of theatres, and he had found out how to correct that state of affairs in Colorado, by licensing child actors to appear in plays when certain conditions as to salary, educational opportunities and living conditions were met. But when he came to Chicago or Boston he found prohibitive laws that didn't prohibit, and that ended by creating just the opposite from the conditions he desired. There were poor little children acting when and where they shouldn't and these Clara Bells kept off the stage. And this touched and interested him perhaps more than the first-for he knew there were plenty of people to struggle for the unwilling little victims of the cheap theatres.



Scene in "Grumpy," as acted by stage children

"It was the pleas of these debarred children and their parents," he says, "that interested me most. The appeal also came to me from a large part of the public. Some of the best men and



Byron

School for children of players at the Rehearsal Club



BELLE STORY In a new musical comedy with Montgomery and Stone

with the Progressive Film Co. Leading w

ELIZABETH BRICE To be seen shortly in "Watch Your Step"

women and public officials have, from time to time, volunteered in my presence the statement that there was an element of injustice in prohibiting all children from the stage. The people who have favored the stage child have not been the manufacturers, mill owners or employers of child labor."

Yet the fear that just such people, profit-takers from the labor of children, would be able to break through factory child-labor laws if an exemption were made in favor of stage children, explains why we find Judge Lindsey and Jane Addams lined up on opposite sides in this fight. Members of the Child Labor Committee have fought for and obtained general prohibitive child-

labor laws in Massachusetts, Illinois, and one or two Western States, that bar children from the stage as well as the The Child Labor factory. Committee is about to begin the fight in New York, where the Gerry Law already puts restrictions, not all of them wise or complete, upon the child actor.

Judge Lindsey is urging a law, considerable of whose provisions are already in force in Colorado and Louisiana, that is devised to drive children from evil employment on the stage, to permit their appearances in good plays, under good, guaranteed conditions, and yet not to conflict with or harm the present child-labor laws. Judge Lindsey, himself an enthusiastic supporter of every effort to take the child out of the factory, is all the more eager for his own law because, he says, that as things stand, "I know of at least

one State where an excellent child-labor law was defeated and is no public sentiment behind such legislation, and evasion is hundreds of children in mines and other employments were or therefore an easy thing for the less scrupulous managers. will be without protection for several years, because of the

effort to make the prohibition apply also to stage children.

"It does not follow that the exemption of the stage child from a child-labor law will result in other exemptions. My proposal is to have a special law concerning the special education of children wishing to be schooled in music and drama, just as we have special laws concerning the education of children in useful trades and occupations. The mere incident of their receiving money for their services is simply a fortunate one for the child. It is just as though the child were so skilled in carpentry work that the State could let him make money by selling his product, as is actually done in some cases."

> There is little need to write of the evils under which a child may work on the stage, under which most stage children do work at the present time—even in the States with a blanket prohibition. But it is worth while considering the various ways proposed to prevent it. A wholesale taboo is the easiest sort of approach. It takes no brain labor. And, like most taboos, it simply doesn't work. More, it creates in Illinois and Massachusetts the worst of conditions.

To begin with, it is evaded by the worst theatres, the very places where evil exists in other States and from which the law was primarily designed to rescue the children. At a recent public meeting in Chicago, Mr. Davies, the Factory Inspector of Illinois, said that there are more children on the stage and unprotected in that State, under a prohibitive law, than ever in its history. There



This Danish dancer of the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, who twice won beauty prizes in Denmark, was seen in Newport this summer in classic dances at several of the private villas. She is now appearing in the movies

On the other hand, the law does work in regard to the better

theatres, where children are working under conditions that Judge Lindsey thoroughly approves. The manager of reputation can't risk a criminal suit and the harmful publicity of presenting a child at a theatre that is constantly in the limelight. Winthrop Ames—to use a really classic example—hesitated at bringing to Boston his beautiful children's play, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and finally gave it up, because there was every chance that somebody would haul him into court for presenting happy children under happy conditions in a happy play.

Boston knows only too well what it has suffered dramatically from this prohibitive law that doesn't prohibit where it should. "Snow White" is not the only barred play. "The Piper" was never brought to the home city of the woman who wrote it, Josephine Preston Peabody, because almost the whole cast were children. David Belasco's "Good Little Devil" was to be produced in Boston, until the manager looked up the law. "The Blue Bird" was postponed fully a year while the managers gathered the company of children that actually came, children over sixteen and looking it. The illusion of many of the finest scenes-The Land of the Unborn Children, for instance-was spoiled by the age of the actors. Chicago and Boston saw a dwarf instead of Clara Bell Campbell as the little girl. This same dwarf does a thriving business in Massachusetts. When "The Littlest Rebel" was played there, she replaced the really remarkable young actress who is now "starring" the piece through the smaller cities.

It goes without saying that prohibition of child actors hampers the development of the acting profession. Many an actor—Maude Adams for one—began her career at an age which Illinois and Massachusetts would not countenance. "Who's Who On the Stage" gives an interesting insight into the famous names which would not now adorn our stage if we had had such laws in the seventies and eighties. The absence of practiced young actors and actresses to play budding youth illusively is largely chargeable to conditions which have prevented their entrance at an early age and their thorough training while young.

It goes equally without saying that if children are barred from our stage we shall lose many a noble play. The merest random list would include such dramas as "The Blue Bird," "Peter Pan," "A Doll's House," "Pelleas and Melisande," "The Devil's Disciple," "As a Man Thinks," "The Piper," Moody's "Faith Healer," not to mention Shakespeare's "Richard III," and excellent popular plays like "The Poor Little Rich Girl," "The Good Little Devil," and "The Prince Chap."

Perhaps the greatest dramatic evil in the exclusion of children is never thought of—the effect upon dramatic composition, upon the playwrights themselves, of the lack of proper facilities for the development of child actors. No man sitting down to write a play dares treat childhood as he might wish. He knows how few really competent boy and girl actors are available and how highly those few are paid. He knows how little inducement there is for the manager to work with children. As a result, there are almost no plays of domestic life that do not shirk the great problem of children in the statement of the relations of husband and wife and the outside world. How much our drama has been already hampered it is hard to estimate correctly. The damage of further prohibition is almost incalculable.

To secure the appearance of children in good plays and under good conditions, while preventing their appearance in those which are evil, stunting or debasing, Judge Lindsey advocates a law which in many of its essentials is already working well in Colorado and Louisiana. The conditions proposed cover everything essential to the child's well-being. The Judge of the Juvenile Court issues a permit for each child's appearance, under a bond of \$2,000 to \$5,000 given for the manager by a reliable surety company. The bond is forfeitable if the conditions are violated in any other State, as well as Colorado, and it is forfeitable without other litigation than a brief hearing before the court granting the permit.

The conditions exact, first of all, a sufficient salary—in Colo-



Strauss-Peyton DOROTHY MORTIMER

Young actress who has been appearing in stock

rado \$25 a week has been secured. Proper guardianship is provided for. At least one of the parents, or a guardian, must travel with the child, and if the parent is unable to act as tutor, the manager must supply a satisfactory one. The Judge sees that proper health certificates are presented, that the child is given sleeping car accommodations (Continued on page 196)



White ELIZABETH MURRAY

Irish comedienne who will play a leading rôle in the new revue, "Watch Your Step"

Literature of the Circus

B OOKS about the circus are comparatively rare. Here in these United States, where the circus has grown to colossal proportions, its literature is strangely scant; while in England, France and Germany, where the circus is still conducted on the smallest possible scale, and where people seem to take far less keen an interest in it than on this side of the Atlantic, there is a special literature of the circus that embraces every form of treatment—historical, romantic, technical and biographical.

The French, for example, who delight in weighty treatises on the small things in life, have evolved copious volumes of interesting discourse about the circus. The exploits of the jongleurs and saltimbanques of the Middle Ages have not been allowed to pass into oblivion, nor have the aerial flights of Léo Tard, the tight-rope triumphs of Blondin, or *les jeux icariens* of "Professor" Risley and his sons, who, by the way, were Americans.

Although I have never sought very assiduously, I have, at odd times, picked up in Paris at least a score of books on the circus, and from my own shelves I need only cite some of the titles to prove France's interest in this subject. There are: "Le Cirque Françon," by Frédéric Hallemacher (Lyon, 1875); "Les Jeux du Cirque et la Vie Foraine," by Hugues Le Roux; "Ecuyeurs et Ecuyères," by Baron de Vaux; "Les Saltimbanques," by George Escudier; "L'Acrobatie and Les Acrobates," by Georges Strehly; "Mémoires de Léo Tard"; "Mémoires des Frères Hanlon (our own Hanlon brothers, and with a preface by no less a poet than Théodore de Banville); and several other works, all of them paying reverent tribute to the traditional and conventional character of the circus.

In England, the glories of Astley's have tempted many pens, and the achievements of Ducrow have been described by Dickens in a facetious way and by lesser writers from a British Museum reading-room point of view. "Circus Life" of Thomas Frost stands forever as a monument of patient research and sympathetic study. There is also the inimitable biography of Wallett, the self-styled "Queen's Jester," who enlivened the magic circle with his quibs and jests. (When Wallett visited this country, however, he was found far inferior in ready wit and resources to the American clown, Dan Rice, whose adventurous life under the white tops should have inspired some biographer.)

Strange indeed that here in America, where the circus has grown and developed into one of the sturdiest plants in the amusement field, we have only the fictitious lives of Phineas Taylor Barnum and his one-time partner, W. C. Coup; the biography of a somewhat obscure rider named Gilroy; a history of the circus in America prior to 1835, by Isaac J. Greenwood, and the "Autobiography of a Clown" (Jules Turnour), as narrated by Isaac F. Marcosson.

The best and truest novel about circus people is, I think, "Les Frères Zemganno," by Edmond de Goncourt. From the preface of this admirable work we learn that the inspiration for the tale came from the Hanlon Brothers, who were appearing in Paris at the Folies-Bergère when M. de Goncourt met them. The whole story centers upon the circus profession and the brothers' love for it and desire to excel in it. The atmosphere of the book is saturated with what Sir Quiller-Couch calls "that esoteric professional interest."

M. de Goncourt, who calls his tale "an essay in poetic realism," admits that he deliberately softened the details of circus life and etherealized the atmosphere of the tanbark and sawdust.

This at once suggests a comparison, or, rather, a contrast, with Charles Dickens' "Hard Times," wherein are detailed the doings of the members of Sleary's circus. Dickens, as we all know, found zest in throwing his net over all out-of-the-way corners of human existence, and he seems to have revelled in depicting the intimate life of the circus performers. What heightens the effect of the story is the juxtaposition of the "artists" with the narrow-minded, self-righteous Philistines of the English middle class, the Bounderbys and the Gradgrinds.

Dickens, like M. de Goncourt, in depicting circus life, brings home one vital truth. He reveals how much and yet how very little divides the performers in the ring from the spectators who surround them. In spite of their queer slang—a language all their own—and their artistic pride in their profession, the "artists" of the circus are as human as the country folk for whose amusement they risk their necks and limbs in riding and tumbling.

Townsend Walsh.

She-Did you enjoy the opera last night, Herr Schwartz?

He-No; I couldn't hear anything.

She—Why not?

He—Two ladies sat in front of me and chatted the whole evening about how much they loved music.—Tid-Bits.

7 HAT reason is there for the persistence of the idea that an actress is a being of different clay from the rest of womankind? Ques-

The Woman of the Stage

still believe that an actress carries with her from the theatre into private life a fictitious personality. They believe that if she is not actually frivolous she at least betrays her innate artificiality in every act. For instance, they think she cannot do so simple a thing as to eat grapefruit without striving for theatrical effect.

For one thing, people probably do not wish to dispel this pet illusion. And it is undoubtedly fostered by the fables of the press agents more than by any other one thing. We read extraordinary things about ourselves. We are accredited with the most bizarre and extravagant tastes, with foibles in dress, jewelry, diet and what-not. Then, of course, we are supposed to bathe in milk or champagne. I have seen startling statements about my diamond necklaces and

Although I do not feel it my mission to attack any of these fancies, specifically or in general, I do not think it would be a bad thing if a campaign of enlightenment were started. Our great trouble is that to most people the stage is just the stage; they do not differentiate between the artist and the chorus girl in the theatre. For there are women of the world who have achieved success and retain as much reserve and dignity as women in other professions. The English actor is part of the social life in England, and the stage there is considered a profession for members of honorable

The public, moreover, knows many women of the stage of this type. There are Mary

Mannering, Edith Wynne Matthison, Dorothy Donnelly and Grace George. There is Ethel Barrymore, although she may have much mannerism, is perfectly unaffected. There is Maude Adams, who has a strong temperament, though no one would accuse her of artificiality.

"Why are so many actresses divorced?" is another question that people are always asking. It, too, irritates me. I wonder how many women would be divorced if they could earn their own living. A question that I would like to ask is whether the proportion of actresses divorced really is so very large? I should like to see comparative lists prepared of divorces of persons on and off the stage. I think it would show that the proportion of them on the stage would be very small.

The old-time impression that a woman who adopts a stage career imperils her moral welfare is probably pretty well outgrown. The woman who goes on the stage is concerned with her ideals of art. Also, she has a great deal of hard work to do. The same pitfalls and snares that surround women are found everywhere. They are not confined to the theatre. I have found that there is more immorality in business houses with which I deal than in all the playhouses of this country. Remember, there is not the white light focussed on women elsewhere that there is

Of course, a girl who goes on the stage is not protected by home influences. Her career, you see, depends entirely upon the kind of head she has on her shoulders. I have been on the stage all my life—ever since I was seven years old. I have never left it except for illness, and I have always found there the best pro-



ANNIE RUSSELL As Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"

tectors and advisers. All through my life the best men and women I have known I have met on the stage. They have had the most sympathy

tions that are put to me every day and comments that I con- and understanding and knowledge of human nature. Amateurs stantly hear show that many persons in this enlightened age should be scrupulously differentiated from real players. I was

much amused at an amateur performance that I attended recently. The women came from the stage into the audience with all their paint on, taking actual delight in it. Then they went outside and waited on the sidewalk for carriages in broad daylight. A crowd collected and they were simply making a show of themselves. The immodesty of it was surprising. I was waiting for my husband who was in the play, and while I waited a few professional actresses who were there came out without a particle of makeup on their faces. In a perfectly unobtrusive and business-like manner they left the theatre and went their ways. It was so different from the amateurs.

When the professional actresses come out of a play into daylight they ask each other if there is any trace of their makeup left. There is not a single actress of my acquaintance, as a matter of fact, who puts paint on her face in the daytime. There is not an actress I know who doesn't dress quietly and in a perfectly ladylike way. And yet I meet hundreds of people who say to me, "Oh, Miss Russell, you don't seem a bit like an actress." Then I wonder what kind of actresses they know.

Of course, there are a great number of women loud in their manner and in their dress who are connected in some way with the stage. They, however, are not the thousands of honest, hardworking wemen who are really actresses, who really have the right to be called actresses. In all my companies, whenever there has been a person who didn't behave well that person was sim-

ply snubbed by the rest of the company. And the chances are that such a person will be sent away. If it is some silly girl who is acting foolishly she is usually protected and advised by some of the women in the company.

Of all the extraordinary stories that are told about actors' boarding houses I never saw anything that could serve as a foundation for them. Moreover, there was a time when I lived in actors' boarding houses. This was not on account of lack of knowledge of the alleged conditions. Sometimes, though, when I tell people this they seem to think I must have been an exception. I was not.

It is an unfortunate thing that cheap, vulgar persons of the stage are exploited and exploit themselves so rashly. The real, serious workers avoid publicity about their own affairs. The stage is too accessible to mere personality. If a woman is beautiful and winning she can be exploited on the stage for just these attractions. It is not quite fair for the public to patronize the indecent, immoral things of the theatre and then blame the stage for it. The stage is absolutely what the public makes it. If there wasn't an audience for the good things there wouldn't be any good things. But we go to the theatre with a preconceived idea of the theatre. Even the man who understands things, who studies music, perhaps goes to the theatre in a rapid frame of mind, and for two hours becomes simply that pitiful creature—the "tired business man."

In lecturing at women's clubs I have spread some enlightenment, I believe, as to stage life. My audiences have learned with some surprise of the hard work (Continued on page 86)

André Antoine, and the Théâtre Libre

parts. Finally they conceived the idea of presenting

directorship of the Odéon, which position he has occupied since 1906. He has done so voluntarily, after having struggled, as long as he could, against the ill-luck which pursued him. The news of his resignation took Paris by surprise. André Antoine is esteemed and loved by all who know him and who understand what a fine artistic ideal he has battled all his life to defend. And no one forgets that he was the founder of the Théâtre Libre which, more than a quarter of a century ago—March 30, 1887—gave its first performance at the small theatre of the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts, in the heart of Montmartre. André Antoine, then

a young and still unknown actor, no doubt little dreamt during the rehearsals of the three plays which composed his first bill, that he was going to impose upon the French public a new dramatic formula—realism opposed to convention and artificiality—a formula which would soon revolutionize the French stage.

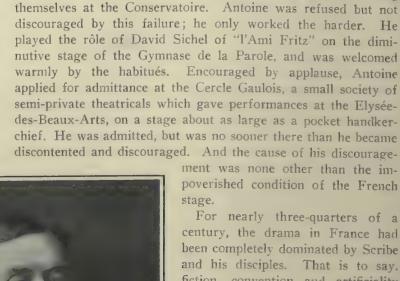
Nothing in Antoine's early youth seemed to direct him toward the dramatic art. He was born at Limoges, in 1858, of bourgeois parents who settled in Paris when he was eight years old. As they were poor, the little André was soon obliged to leave the Ecole Turgot, where he had obtained a scholarship, and to earn his living Soon after, came war with Germany and as he was too young to enlist. André, after considerable difficulty. obtained work in an office, where he remained until 1872, when he foun! a position in the Librairie Hachette then, as now, one of the most important of French publishing firms. He left that position in 1877 to become clerk in the employ of the Paris Gas Company, where he remained until called to the army, which he served in Africa, taking part in the Tunisian campaign.

This clerking and soldiering does not, at first sight, appear as being

the most desirable process for the development of a future actor and theatre manager. Yet it is possible that the very diversity of his occupations before he devoted himself exclusively to his art, all contributed to give Antoine a wider scope, and a more just appreciation of nature and of the true character of persons and things. He had seen real, true life, under its most varied aspects, and when called to represent it on the stage, he was not handicapped by ignorance or fear of truth in all its forms.

Though apparently condemned by the force of circumstances, to the most commonplace of lives, that of an obscure clerk in a public service company, Antoine always had literary and dramatic aspirations. At the age of sixteen he used to relieve the monotony of his life by taking elocution lessons in an academy rather bombastically styled "Le Gymnase de la Parole." He met there a young man, named Wisteaux, of his own age. They soon became fast friends, and their common passion for the stage served as a still greater link between them.

M. Adolphe Thalasso, in the very interesting volume he published some years ago on the Théâtre Libre, says that often the two boys preferred to deprive themselves of food in order to go to theatre—in the *poulailler* as the gallery seats are derisively termed in Parisian slang. Antoine and Wisteaux both studied hard at their theatrical work: they devoted all their leisure hours to reading the most celebrated plays, and to studying the different



For nearly three-quarters of a century, the drama in France had been completely dominated by Scribe and his disciples. That is to say. fiction, convention and artificiality had replaced truth, nature and reality. When Antoine made his début at the Cercle Gaulois a reaction had already set in. Several authors were striving to throw off the yoke which the enthusiasm of a foolish public had imposed on the French stage. They declared that dramatic art was not a mere amusement, but that it should be, as much as possible, the exact expression of life and truth. Balzac, Emile Zola. Alphonse Daudet, Henri Becque, devoted all their efforts toward liberating the French stage from the established conventions. And their task was to be carried on and perfected by André Antoine.

No sooner was he admitted to the Cercle Gaulois, than Antoine began to chafe and fret under the club rules, which decreed that no new work should be represented on the stage of the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts. This foolish restriction caused An toine great irritation, the more so as he saw that French dramatic art was

he saw that French dramatic art was being literally stifled by the narrow conventionalism of Scribe and his emulators. He was indignant at the artificiality and paucity of ideas which dominated all the works given at that period of the French stage. He decided that the Cercle Gaulois should, even against its will, perform the works of authors who would strive to express, as exactly as possible, actual life. Under his energetic guidance and in spite of the vehement protestations of the director Krauss, convinced of the excellence of the old ideas, the club thus became the cradle of what later was known as Le Théâtre Libre!

The great difficulty was to find plays freed from convention, freed from all the hinderances of the prevailing conceptions of dramatic art! Luck favored Antoine. One evening a young man, a stranger, entered Antoine's dressing room to congratulate him on his acting. His name was André Byl. Immediately he was so sympathetic to Antoine, that the actor confided to him his ideas on dramatic art, his hopes, his plans, his desire of delivering the stage from the mire in which it was wallowing Byl approved these ideas, and offered to realize them. He had a little play all ready, entitled "Le Préfet." Antoine impulsively rushed into the study of Krauss, the director of the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts and introduced Byl. Krauss, he said, must accept this play and present a work that was unknown. He would be working for the greater glory of French art. Krauss, however,



ANDRÉ ANTOINE Founder of the famous Théâtre Libre of Paris



Photo Strauss-Peyton

MLLE. DAZIE

This popular dancer has been appearing in vaudeville in J. M. Barrie's "Pantaloon"

that if the Cercle Gaulois would not help him to defend his ideas, he would make them triumph all by himself! And he kept his promise.

Antoine did not allow himself to be discouraged by this first rebuff. His friendship with Byl grew, and he soon became acquainted with several authors-Paul Alexis, Jean Vidal, Léon Hennique, who all eagerly responded to his appeal for real and true art. Soon the first bill was made up. It was composed of several short plays: "Mademoiselle Pomme," by Paul Alexis; "La Cocarde," by Jean Vidal, and a play taken by Léon Hennique from Zola's "Jacques Damour." Antoine grouped around him some devoted fellow-actors. and the rehearsals usually took place in a small public house! Everything was ready, but two things still remained to be found: the title of the new theatre, and a stage. The title was found by one of the actresses of the new company, Mlle. Barny, who suggested

"Le Théâtre Libre," which was immediately adopted: These three words, resonant as they were of gaiety and freedom, were soon to sound the awakening of French dramatic genius, now lazily sleeping on the laurels it had won in bygone centuries.

As for the stage, on which the first spectacle of the Théâtre Libre should be given, Antoine had long since decided that, in spite of its ill-will, the stubborn Cercle Gaulois should be the cradle of the renaissance of French dramatic art. He therefore rented the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts at considerable personal sacrifice, and the date of the first representation was fixed for the 30th of March, 1887.

But, as luck would have it, on that very night another important stage of the capital was giving the rehearsal of a play about which the public curiosity was greatly excited. All the critics had been invited, so that the only critics present at the memorable first night of the Théatre Libre, were Henri Fouquier, Maurice Drack and Lapommeray.

The evening began badly and failure seemed certain. The two first plays, "Mademoiselle Pomme" and "Le Préfet" were welcomed icily. Happily, there was a third comedy, "Jacques Damour." Its success was prodigious and really decided the destiny of the new Théâtre Libre. The next day the newspapers were loud in their praise of the daring experiment made by Antoine. He soon found himself the centre of a circle of friends and admirers and hastened to arrange the programme of his second bill-Emile Bergerat sent him the delightful "Nuit Bergamasque," and Oscar Métivier gave him "En Famille." But then, as now, Antoine was in money difficulties. He had spent all he possessed, and found himself in the material impossibility of mounting a new spectacle. However, his authors insisted so much, and his friends pleaded so eloquently, that he consented to fix the 30th of May, 1887, as the date of his second bill. The rehearsals took place in an unfurnished flat, which a member of the troup obtained free of rent, and although pursued by creditors Antoine succeeded after a desperate effort in gathering together sufficient money to meet his expenses.

The Théâtre Libre gave its second spectacle before a full house, in which were gathered the most celebrated Paris critics, and many celebrities of the theatrical, political, and literary

refused to be convinced; Antoine was stubborn and declared worlds. The success obtained by "En Famille" and "La Nuit Bergamasque" was remarkable. Henceforth Antoine decided to consecrate himself exclusively to his theatrical work and sent in his resignation to the Gas Company, throwing himself into the



ony LILY CAHILL
Leading woman in "Under Cover," at the Cort Theatre Photo Otto Sarony

new task he had undertaken with a zeal which a real taste for it alone could explain. He spent his summer reading manuscripts, and by autumn had prepared a new bill consisting of "Sœur Philomène,' which Byl and Jules Vidal had drawn from the work of the de Goncourt Brothers; and "L'Evasion," one act in prose, by Villiers de L'Isle Adam. Although some of the critics. still unaccustomed to the rather excessive realism of the new school praised with reservations, on the whole the director, authors, and actors received the greatest encouragement.

Antoine then resolved to give a series of seven spectacles, of which only the first was staged at the Elysée-des-Beaux-Arts, for the manager of the Cercle Gaulois, in view of the affluence of the public who came to applaud Antoine,

and the manifestations which occasionally took place, became seriously alarmed for the safety of his theatre, and refused to continue to lease the house to Antoine. After many researches, the young director found a small stage, the Théâtre Montparnasse, in the Latin Quarter, where he presented the rest of the plays scheduled for production that season.

It would be tedious to analyze here all the works brought out by Antoine during the first years of the Théâtre Libre. Slowly he rallied to his views most of the leading authors of the day. Lucien Hennique, Henri Lavedan, who made his début there as dramatic author, with "Les Quarts d'Heure," Lucien Descaves, Emile Zola, Catulle Mendès, all offered their valuable collaboration to Antoine, who had already organized a company of excellent actors.

In 1888 Antoine leased the Théâtre des Menus-Plaisirs, as the Théâtre Montparnasse was no longer sufficiently large to hold his ever-increasing audiences, and it was beginning with this period that the Théâtre Libre attained its apotheosis. Among the dramatists who afterward became famous and whose first plays were seen at the Théâtre Libre were François de Curel, who gave them "L'Envers d'une Sainte" and "Les Fossiles"; Georges Courteline, author of "Boubouroche"; Eugène Brieux, who made his maiden effort with "Un Ménage d'Artistes" and "Blanchette"; Oscar Métenier, Georges Salandri, Léon Hennique, George Ancey, Lucien Descaves, author of "Les Chapons," Emile Fabre, Albert Guinon and Georges de Porto Riche, whose exquisite comedy, "La Chance de Françoise," was there acclaimed for the first time.

Years of prosperity and success followed until, at last, Antoine had enough. Tired out, anxious for a change of scene, he left the management to others and departed from France, carrying his flag of revolt and liberty through all the countries of Europe, abandoning the directorship of the Paris Théâtre Libre because he perhaps realized that the first part of his task was fast drawing to an end. On his return from abroad he signed an engagement at the Renaissance, where he played in l'Age Difficile," by Jules Lemaître.

Deprived of its director the Théâtre Libre soon began to lose ground. Its task was done, and in (Continued on page 86)

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES



No. 8: Miss Elsie Janis



Statue of Beethoven, presented to the Cushman Club by Miss Cushman's niece

One of the lounging rooms at the Charlotte Cushman Club, Philadelphia. Resting after a long rehearsal

CTRESSES are clubable for four reasons, each of which is amply sufficient

Actresses' Clubs in America

for the existence of social organizations of their making.

First, the actress is of a nature gregarious. She enjoys the society of her kind and of other kinds. I can count women

players of my acquaintance possibly by the hundreds, without doubt by scores, and of all these I have found but one solitary. In this respect she is the bat of her species. Second, the homing instinct is strong in the actress breast. Nostalgia is the common ailing among players. Their club means to them home, and they love it as they would love the home their nomadic existence in great measure denies them. Third, the player is a born and

cultivated entertainer. Her instinct to entertain and to be entertained is tactive and constant. Her club is the channel by which she unprofessionally and unofficially entertains and is entertained. Fourth, the actress is intensely human, and an expression of lively humanity is the disposition to be clubable.

Ellen Terry spoke with the authority of inward and outward experience when she said that actresses are the most natural of persons. And so are they, if they are worthy the title, natural in the expression of their thoughts and emotions as children

playing in the sunshine. One expression of a strong humanity and childlike naturalness is a social club.

The effect of these causes is the existence in America of five strong organizations comprised under the general term, actresses' clubs. As to age precedence: Priority by right of years belongs to the Professional Woman's League. It is twenty-two years old. It grew from a group of five women to a community of two hundred and fifty players and their

ways interesting, and to this the inception of the Professional Woman's League offers no exception. Mrs. A. M. Palmer, the wife of the prominent manager, then a prince in the realm of the theatre, conceived the idea that

the established actress should exercise toward the beginner or the unsuccessful one the spirit of the elder and helpful sister. She asked four actresses to call at her home to discuss the project. Enthusiasm quickly begot the club, which soon enjoyed prestige growing out of that enthusiasm, coupled with the interest and membership of many of the most popular actresses of that time.

friends of allied interests. Be-

ginnings of movements are al-

popularity by reason of an annual bazaar, to which the radiance blinded public poured in crowds, willing to spend money without stint for the privilege of seeing brilliant and beautiful actresses off the stage and in proper person face to face in the crowd check by jowl. No man who possessed a heart that had not shrunk and ossified to a pebble could resist purchasing a fivedollar chance at the ownership of a smirking German doll, if

The League waxed in membership and so requested by an actress whose stage troubles had caused him to wipe away furtive tears. And to be served tea by a graceful,



Charlotte Cushman's desk-a treasured relic at the Charlotte Cushman Club





Charlotte Cushman Club-corner of the reception room

beringed hand, that had been a hundred times pictured by newspapers and magazines, gave a thrill to the woman who was willing that change for a dollar be kept, that she might tell her neighbors that she had really be waited upon with charming informality by the star of the season's greatest success. There were monthly socials and card parties and occasional suppers, and every year the growing Professional Woman's League celebrated its birthday by a large re-





Tea at the Professional Woman's League, New York

ception, which the curious public was cordially invited to attend.

blessed with a full purse might rent or borrow on promises of payment "from my first week's salary" needed costumes for the production for which they had been engaged, but on the stipulation that they "furnish their own costumes."

The League took a house and tried the experiment of keeping rooms for members. Of this they wearied, for the exigencies of a crowded city made the scheme impracticable. The League is now housed in cheerful rooms at 1999 Broadway.

Mrs. A. M. Palmer was the League's President for nine years. Her successors have been Mrs. Edwin Knowles, wife of a manager; Mrs. Edwin Arden, wife of the well-known actor; Mrs. Susanne Westford, sister of Lillian Russell, Amelia Bingham, and the

present incumbent is Miss Maida Craigen, a well-known actress. "Let's show them that the girls of the stage are as nice as any

others," said ebullient Alice Fischer.

"How shall we show them?" asked a feebler sister.

"By meeting them on common social ground and behaving as well as they do, in fact, better," returned the unquenchable spirited Alice Fischer.

The indeterminate pronoun referred to the public, that fraction of it which then looked with questioning eyes on the actress as a social factor, whatever her magnitude as an entertainer of the public.



Quiet corner on the Gamut Club Roof, New York

The idea got about with the speed and warmth of a spark in It acquired a professional wardrobe from which actresses un- prairie grass, and presently, indeed very soon, the club came

> into being. Assisted by Vida Croly, the actress daughter of Jennie June Croly, the first American club woman. Miss Fischer enrolled many leading actresses, so many that it was regretted when the membership list was declared closed at fifty. Subsequently the number was increased to one hundred. It came to be considered the smart thing to belong to the new club, especially when it was learned that walls had been reared and "Exclusive" had been written on the front gate. The only hesitation shown at any period of the club's life was in the choice of its name. Because its rooms included a gymnasium which was well patronized by the members, it was suggested that its title be "The Fencing and Dancing Club," but the nature of the organization being remembered, the club was called "Twelfth Night."

A distinctive feature of Twelfth Night is its embarrassing Nearly simultaneously was born the Twelfth Night Club. custom of inviting as its guest of honor to its monthly reception some male star who had brought the honor upon his head by

> distinguishing himself that season in one of the Broadway productions. It was an honor no mere man, be he ever so brave, had the temerity to decline. The spectacle of the lone victim presenting himself before the club and several hundred of its women friends is usually an edifying example of stage fright. For, as one of the guests of honor afterwards perspiringly explained, "There are no footlights between us, and I swear. old fellow, with three or four hundred



Byron

Cafétaria of the Rehearsal Club, New York



women, all well dressed, all handsome and tascinating, s w a r m in g about him, a fellow

telt as though he had stumbled into the Sultan's harem, with the Sultan looking on."

Occasionally, it the male stellar supply runs short, women idluminators are invited to receive the honors. A graceful and gracious act was to bid the residents of the Actors' Fund Home on Staten Island attend a reception, an invitation to which four of the silver-haired players of another generation responded in person. The homage paid by the young actresses to the old, the vivid prosperous present making obeisance to the faded penniless past, was an exquisite exhibition of tact and of tender sensibilities.

The crowning event of the Twelfth Night Year is the January revel. Cards surmounted by the club's emblem, a green maple leaf, bid you celebrate with the members of the club. It is Twelfth Nights' one large public function of the year. Many prominent in metropoli-

tan life regard the midwinter holidays as incomplete without attendance at the Twelfth Night revel, and an invitation is something to be desired and preserved among souvenirs and in memory. Amusing skits, generally bearing upon the theatrical events of the past and sprinkled with a plenitude of celebrated names involved in those events, provoke the audience to mirth. The presidents of the club have been successively: Alice Fischer, Effie Shannon, Selena Fetter, since Mrs. Edward Milton Royle; Sidney Armstrong, now Mrs. Wm. G. Smyth; again Alice Fischer, Agnes Keene Arden, daughter of Thomas Keene, the tragedian; Mrs. Thomas Miller, and again Mrs. Arden. While the Twelfth Night is essentially a social organization, it steps graciously outside its merrymaking province now and then to perform some act of gentle and needed kindliness, as in the instance of its saving Clara Morris' home from foreclosure. The Twelfth Night afterwards made Miss Morris an honorary life member of the club. These gracious acts in part grew out of President Arden's recollections of being a child member of the once great actress' company.

The Charlotte Cushman Club is entering its eighth year. Situated in Philadelphia, it hopes to be merely the first link in a chain of clubs of kindred purpose, stretching across the continent. It was Miss Mary Shaw who evolved the plan that has borne fruit in the club bearing the name of the revered tragedienne.

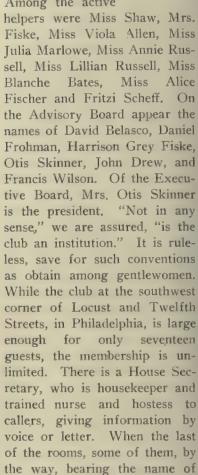
"There should be a pleasant home in all the large cities on the road where young actresses might live and avoid the hotel expenses and gain the atmosphere of home," she asserted.

The thought seed fell upon rich ground. Her friend, Mrs. Mortimer Brown, of Philadelphia, espoused the cause of the young actress who wanted to live in a place as nearly like home as possible. She poured money as well as abiding interest into the plan. She secured the co-operation of famous actors and



ELEANOR BRENT
In the title rôle of the morality play, "Everywoman"

managers. Some of the actresses furnished and endowed rooms. Among the active



the donators of their furnishings, all of which bear the names of prominent actresses, among them Mary Anderson, Fanny Davenport and Mrs. Louise Drew, are filled, those unable to secure lodgings may take their meals at the club, receive their friends and utilize all the conveniences, even to the gas-burners in the pantry, where they may brew their tea of an afternoon, or the sewing room for those who want to mend or even to make their gowns. Occasionally there are Friday afternoon teas, which famous players who chance to be visiting the city honor with their presence. There is always a supper to be found there by the hungry members after the theatre.

Oi a purpose that resembles the Charlotte Cushman is the Rehearsal Club, at No. 220 West Forty-sixth Street, in New York. A buffet luncheon, cheap, simple and appetizing, a rest room, over whose door the word "Silence" emphasizes its reason for being, a large bathroom, are attractions offered by the Rehearsal Club, which had as its founder Mrs. Willard Straight (Dorothy Whitney). A place to lunch, to rest and even to refresh herself between rehearsals, avoiding the garishness and expense of the great hotels on Broadway, is the aim of the club, which is less than two years old, and may, as it waxes stronger, grow into a home like the Cushman, a sister home. The club is manned, or, better, sweetly womaned, by Miss Jane. Hall, deaconess. As an adjunct it has a school for stage children, the only one in this country. There I have seen Juliet Shelby and other starry-eyed stage babes working at their "sums" or struggling with the Fourth Reader.

Last named, because of its youth, but than which there is no sturdier organization of actresses, is the Gamut Club. The human nucleus of the club which, while still in its cradle, numbers along two hundred and fifty, is Miss Mary Shaw. Of eminent dramatic ability and (Continued on page 87)

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Woman of the Stage

(Continued from page 177)

players do. I have alloyed this information in telling them of my association with George Bernard Shaw, of whom I saw a great deal when his play, "Major Barbara," was being rehearsed in England. It has not been presented in this country because it was deemed that the last act was too closely reasoned for an American audience. The feeling prevailed that it would have to be changed a great deal and written over for this side of the Atlantic.

In "Major Barbara" Shaw conveys deep philosophical thought, but the play is not lacking in action.

action.

There was a great disappointment for me in "Major Barbara." The great point in the play appeals to a deep religious feeling. We felt very sure that it would have a profound effect. Yet when the point was reached it seemed beyond the grasp of the audience. Our patient toil went for nothing. Every author knows the difficulty of finding the right end, but only the actor knows the difficulty of finding exactly the right inflection. All that Shaw had sacrificed months of his life to achieve has miscarried, and I who had failed to hold the attention of the audience and failed to hold the attention of the audience and to convey part of the message gave way to utter disappointment and tears.

The next morning he sent me a note that illustrated his generosity and kindly humanity.

He said:
"My dear Miss Russell: I am glad to see that the half dozen papers I have read this morning are no more disappointed with you than I am. All the same, there is something wanting, and that is a few nights sound sleep and perhaps a day at the seaside. You will be twice as bright next week and the week after. You have already shown me more about the part than I could have week and the week after. You have already shown me more about the part than I could have possibly shown you. Do just what you want to do without stopping to think of the author. He will get more than his fair share of the credit anyhow."

Yours truly,

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

For Mr. Shaw, you see, who understands how it is very apt to be "all work and no play" for the woman of the stage.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER 50c, the case of six glass stoppered bottles

The Theatre Libre

(Continued from page 180)

1896 it disappeared. But not for long. In 1897, Antoine, who during this time had been named co-director of the Odéon, with Paul Ginisty, soon resigned, and bought back the house of the Boulevard de Strasbourg, which he called the Théâtre Antoine. And on this stage on which had been waged so many literary battles, he continued to perpetuate the free traditions of the Théatre Libre, tempering a little, as he advanced in age, his excessive love of realism. Tempted by the offer of a more exalted position, and by the idea that at the National Théâtre de l'Odéon where many reforms were absolutely indispensable, he would have a wider scope for his energy, he abandoned a second time, in 1906, the theatre he had created.

he abandoned a second time, in 1906, the theatre he had created.

The Odéon has not repaid him for the sacrifice he thus made. He has vainly rejuvenated the antique Latin Quarter playhouse—he has vainly tried to attract a lukewarm public by the temptation of rare artistic spectacles—of magnificent staging—he has vainly also rendered real service to literature by producing the works of young unknown authors, who are now ranked amongst the most talented of French dramatists. Fatality obstinately pursued him; and at last realizing how desperate was his situation, he has been forced to send in his resignation.

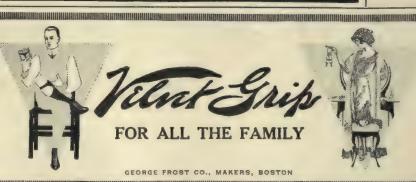
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To avoid "drop stitches" be sure your corsets are fitted with Marie Sup Hose Supporters.

Actresses' Clubs in America

(Continued from page 184)

attainment of equal oratorical ability, of large humanity and a profound belief in and interest in half-developed possibilities of womankind, Miss Shaw was the magnet who drew about her the brilliant personnel of the club. She herself would disclaim this, confronting one with the charter which avows its purpose to be the practical one of building a club house. That the club will doubtless, and shortly, do. For that purpose it has inaugurated a series of small frolics which will eventuate in a spring tour. The fact that Lillian Russell, Frances Starr, Billie Burke, Hazel Dawn, Louise Dresser, Emma Dunn, Zelda Sears, Mollie McIntyre, Emily Wakeman, Maude Odell, Adelaide Prince, Anna Boyd, Stella Hammerstein and others whose names are synonyms for fame are members, is a guarantee of a novel and irresistible combination of talent that, it has been predicted, will eclipse the radiance and substantial results of the Lambs' annual gambol.

"The busy women of this ctiy need a meeting place, a half way house for rest and rendezvous." Thus succinctly the president states its purposes.

The club has not been without agreeable social

poses.

The club has not been without agreeable social functions. At one of these, a banquet, the male guests were introduced in the reflected splendor guests were introduced in the reflected splendor of their spouse's names, Admiral Marix as "Grace Filkins's husband," Alex Moore as "The spouse of Lillian Russell," Thomas Carrigan as the life partner of Mabel Taliaferro. There was a masquerade ball, a tea at which Billie Burke was the guest and a housewarming at the new quarters after the burning of its initial home, at which Frances Starr was the guest of honor.

Gamut Club is housed in artistic and

The Gamut Club is housed in artistic and homelike rooms including a charming, diminutive roof garden, at 69 West Forty-sixth Street. Actresses' Clubs differ from the non-professional organizations in a greater dynamic quality and in delightful spontaneity. In them fame and talent are transmuted into such girlish good times as recall school frolics. For no class knows so well how to play when the playtime

times as recall school frolics. For no class knows so well how to play when the playtime that is not worktime arrives.

Being asked the purpose of the Gamut, of which she is a large stockholder—the club being incorporated according to the business proceedure of most men's clubs—Lillian Russell called across the heads of the chatting women between them to Miss Shaw:

"It's being good fellows, isn't it, Mary?"

To which Miss Shaw assented as do all who visit the Gamut to write a letter, to meet a friend, to have a cup of tea and a chat with a congenial spirit, to scrape wits with a new acquaintance, or for the material comforts of luncheon, tea or dinner.

"At last," said a member, "we have a home."

Which perhaps sums The Gamut.

ADA PATTERSON.

ADA PATTERSON.

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A French Song by Caruso—Sérénade Espagnole (Spanish Serenade), Teschemacher-Ronald.
Before Mr. Caruso sailed for his London season he made for the Victor a record of one of Landon Ronald's newest songs—a charming setting of some effective verses by Edwin Teschemacher, who has written so many lyrics for the d'Hardelet and other sources.

macher, who has written so many lyrics for the d'Hardelot and other songs.

The Great Oberon Aid by Gadski—Oberon, Ozean! Du Ungeheuer! Weber.

"Oberon," Weber's last work, was written in England, and produced in that country shortly before the composer's death. The present air belongs to the scene wherein the lovers are shipwrecked, the opening recitative describing the terrors of the sea. The series of recitatives are here all worked up to a climax in the center of the scene, when a sail is seen, this leading to a triumphant conclusion.

A Traviata Air by Hempel—Traviata, Ah, fors' è lui, Verdi.

The music allotted by Verdi to the part of

The music allotted by Verdi to the part of Violetta is of the utmost difficulty. Only such a singer as Hempel can fully attain the composer's ideal in the presentation of these intri-cate ornamental airs.

Haydn's Great Austrian Hymn by Kreisler—
Austrian Hymn, Haydn.

This great national hymn, "God Preserve the Emperor," was composed by Hadyn, January, 1797, at the request of Count von Sanrau, Imperial High Chancellor and Minister of the Interior. It was first sung on the Emperor's birthday, February 12, 1797.

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tried by the government-owned systems and have so restricted the use of the telephone that it is of small value.

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Only Muncipal Theatre

(Continued from page 170)

instrument which we Americans have, moreover. handed over to rather our lowest element of business men to manage for their private profit element of As an enterprise of co-operation alone, the Northampton experiment is, then, rather en-lightening. Pulling together is an excellent habit Northampton experiment is, then, rather enlightening. Pulling together is an excellent habit in any community—whether applied to politics, or education, or play. "Do it for Northampton" is the motto which Mr. Davis, Chairman of the Citizens Committee, adopted when he threw himself into the work of rehabilitating the playhouse and making its offerings both more worthy of support and likelier to receive it. The motto is a good one, and though it may surprise one to think of the support of the playhouse as a duty—like the maintenance of schools, and the road tax, and the pew rent—the idea rather grows on one. Why should we, indeed, surrender our amusements to the gross-minded purveyors of damaged goods? Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson has recently written in the Century Magazine:

"I look forward to the time, as did Sir Henry

"I look forward to the time, as did Sir Henry Irving, when every large city, both in England and America, will have its own municipal theatre, supported by its inhabitants and encouraged by the enthusiasm of the devotees of all that is best in the art of the drama . . A significant and encouraging instance of this is already evident in Northampton, Massachusetts, and I sincerely hope it will prove an eminently successful.

cerely hope it will plote.

ful one."

And, "We can't have a national theatre in this country," says Miss Bonstelle, "without the inspiration of success in municipal theatres."

So you see the case of the Northampton Players has its national significance, after all.

WARREN BARTON BLAKE.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50c, the case of six glass stoppered bottles

Tumbling Into Fame

(Continued from page 172)

back home in Canada and the stage would know me no more. By this time I had got far enough for the larger stock companies of the East to be open to me, but I knew that would not get me far on the road to new Broadway produc-

"I had sickened of the visits to managers. "I had sickened of the visits to managers. When you appear, their first question generally is, 'Are you an actress?' and then, 'What do you do?' That first question got me into such a frame of complete exasperation that finally I made up my mind the next manager who asked it would get a piece of that mind, engagement or no engagement. Sure enough, it came one day. 'No,' I roared in my loudest voice, 'I am here to call for your laundry' and I swept out here to call for your laundry,' and I swept out of the office with my most regal air. Another told me I was too refined to play a cook.

The Delamater office was organizing a cook.

The Delamater office was organizing a company, and it happened that the stage director was an old 'rep' man himself and thoroughly believed in that training. When I told him what I had done he engaged me on the spot. This engagement was not, of course, a New York one, but it was very important, because on the strength of the work I did there Mr. Delamater, when the company closed introduced and recommended me to pany closed, introduced and recommended me to Edward MacGregor, who was collecting a com-pany for the season of summer before last.

pany for the season of summer before last.

"I had a contract for a guaranteed engagement of twenty-two weeks in Columbus, but I asked to be released from this, because I had heard that they were to give tryouts of new plays with the MacGregor Company, and I was willing to gamble on the chance that I might get a part which would prove a success and by this means find myself at last on Broadway.

"That is just the way it worked. We tried out three plays and of these Mr. Penle's which

means find myself at last on Broadway.

"That is just the way it worked. We tried out three plays, and of these Mr. Peple's, which was then called 'The Party of the Second Party,' was the only success. For a while my heart was in my mouth, because it seemed likely that the New York producers would not want the play, but Mr. Peple stuck to Mr. MacGregor and the latter stood by him, and finally Mr. Frazee saw the play and took it.

"It was first put on with a new cast at Hartford. I was the only one from the very good

fit was first put on with a new cast at Hartford. I was the only one from the very good stock production of the play who was then in the cast, and of the cast as it opened for the Hartford production, only Miss Clark and John Merritt, the office boy, now survive.



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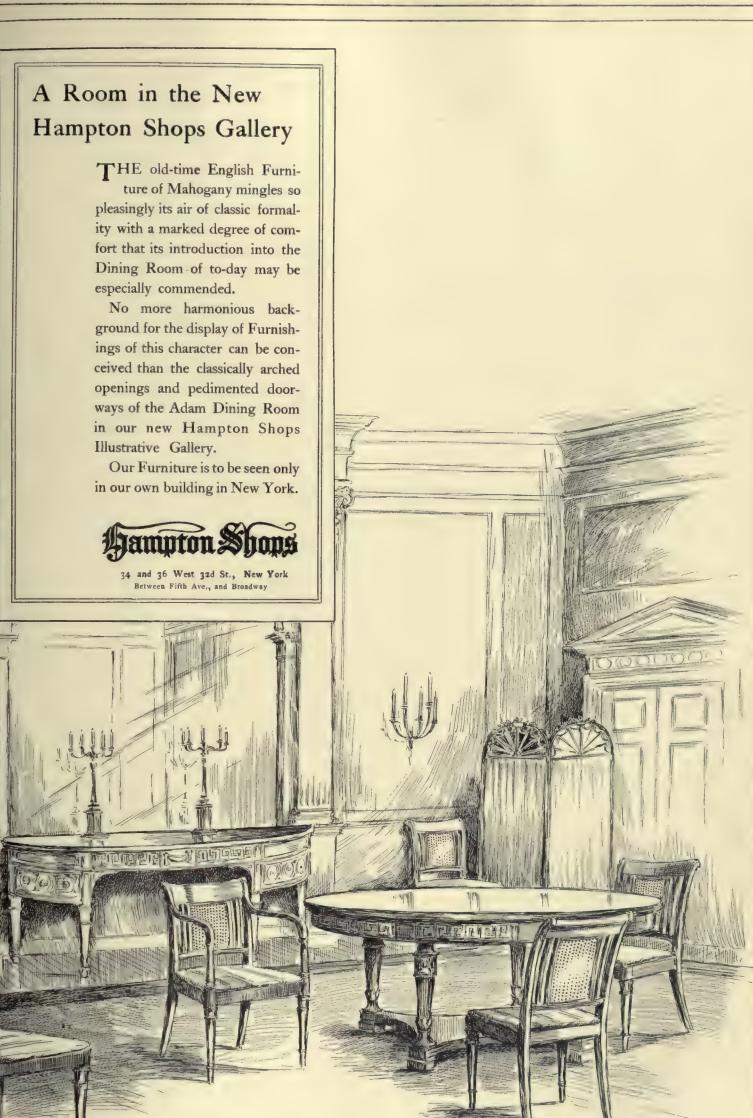
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charm in a youthful frock in "He Comes Up Smliing"

Sanderson wears a gown of white chiffon trimmed with monkey fur



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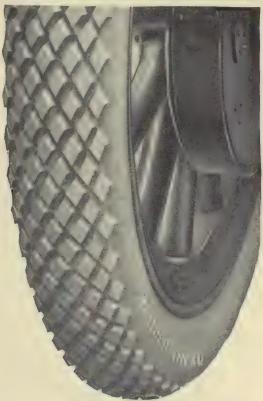
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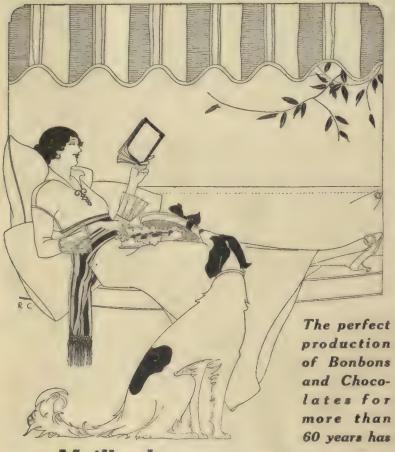
more attractive. All filmy laces and nets are new and many attractive gowns are made from them. A quaint little gown is made of flounces of plaited net that is edged with a very narrow silver thread and has a huge sash of wide silver tinsel cloth. White is, of course, the smartest of all colors, and Julia Sanderson in the "Girl from Utah" wears a fascinating frock of white crèpe chiffon trimmed with bands of black velvet and monkey fur and a single jet ornament on the front of the bodice. It is a very ch'c dress for simplicity is the keynote of the design. Another glorious gown is made of fine gold lace of a craquele mesh in a beautiful cobweb design. The skirt is of two flounces of the lace and the bodice is draped in soft folds of the lace over a camisole of cloth of gold, a sapphire blue chiffon velvet girdle completes the costume. Faille of the softest texture and very lightest weight is another favored fabric for this season. It comes in wongerful new colors and combines beautifully with all the new laces. There is a taffeta that has the same weave as faille and that is not too stiff or crisp, that is lovely. It has very small rose buds of silver thread for a design and when used with lace that is touched up with silver the effect is very stunning. Satin is in high favor and gowns that are truly exquisite can be found in this material. Miss Lily Cahili m'Under Cover' wears a gown of satin made on the prevailing straight line order that is charming. The long low waist is favor and gowns that are truly exquisite can be found in this material. Miss Lily Cahill in "Under Cover" wears a gown of satin made on the prevailing straight line order that is charming. The long low waist is marked by crystal and pearl band trimming, and the tunic, which is the one that droops on the sides, is finished the same way; long flowing sleeves of chiffon that resemble wings complete the costume. Chiffon velvet will be seen in many new guises for gowns, and wraps are being made of it in hundreds of different ways. The making of this material has reached the art of perfection. It is so thin and chiffon like it can be shirred and fulled to your heart's content. Smart gowns are made of it combined with metal laces. Not only gowns are made of this favorite fabric but coats and wraps in numerous styles. For instance, a white velvet mantle with collar, cuffs and bands of sable is only one of the many styles to be worn. Fur seems to be used on all garments this year—from chiffon of the newest type in "On to plush, and the effect is quite stunning. Afternoon costumes are more elaborate than ever. Soft velours that are dull in tone and high lustre cloths are running close races for popularity. There are lovely shades known as "tête de nêgre," "Russian green," that are bound to be becoming. Black is, of course, the best of all colors and its success is undisputed. Plain and chiffon velvets combined with novelty velvets will be worn to a great extent for the more fancy type of suit. Dresses are shown in a great many styles—the plainer frocks, of course, for street wear. Miss Patricia Collinge wears a youthful dress in "He Comes Up Smiling," It is draped in a soft sash fashion and shows buttons that seem to be on every gown this season. It is a dress that is ideally suited to its wearer and will be worn in many color combinations.

Needless to say that blue serge and navy blue serge, of course, is with us again. There never has been a season without it, and a dress of this kind really is indispensable. A pretty









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NEW YORK

THE NEW PLAYS

"pursuing." She had rejected his attentions. His only hold on her seems to be that when in distress and applying to the agency for employment she had accepted slight financial aid. The action begins its melodramatic course without proper foundation. No opportunities to ruin and so possess the girl seem to be at hand or deinitely in mind. They come about too circuitously. The girl falls in love with the rich man's son, and will marry him. The villain will strike at her by ruining him. But there is no chance provided for this until after certain fortuitous and unexpected happenings. We have learned in the first act that the villain has forged drafts which had been paid by the rich man in whose house he is now acting as butler, for no purpose connected with these forgeries, but for a purpose against the girl, having nothing to do with them. The capitalist examines the forgeries discovers that the forger seemed to have the habit of neglecting to dot his i's. The butler, caught at the capitalist's desk, murders the capitalist, and contrives to throw suspicion on the son, who appears as the old man falls to the floor dead. The play was withdrawn.

who appears as the old man falls to the floor dead. The play was withdrawn.

EMPIRE. "The Prodical Husband." Comedy in three acts by Dario Niccodemi and Michael Morton. Produced on September 7th.

It is now twenty-two years since John Drew became a star under Charles Frohman's management, and for almost that length of time has he regularly opened the Empire Theatre. It has been a valuable and artistic association. Mr. Drew is an actor of such wide experience that by the sheer force of his genial and gentlemanly charm he has managed to make many a play go that was really unworthy of his powers. Just how good a play "The Prodigal Husband" will turn out to be remains to be seen, for there are lukewarm spots here and there, and while the characterization is good and the dialogue fairly clever, it lacks a something. Drew enacts Michel Giroux, a boulevardier separated from his wife. Enters into his life a child of seven, to whom he becomes a guardian. As she gets into her teens his conduct is misunderstood. Of course, there was nothing wrong and in the final act the child is able to bring Giroux and his wife together again. The whole play has a considerable flavoring of "The Rainbow." Mr. Drew acted with his usual sympathetic grace, while Charles Ravel was enacted with splendid cynical humor by Ferdinand Gottschalk. Sweetly childish was Helen Hayes Brown as the child, Simone, while in the final act Simone, now at the marriageable age, was impersonated with winning sincerity by Jessie Glendinning.

GAIETY. "Cordelia Blossom." Comedy in four acts by George

Glendinning.
GAIETY. "Cordelia Blossom." Comedy in four acts by George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester. Produced on August 31st.

If a person has not read a novel or a series of stories, he is in a frank position to determine whether their dramatization makes a play. Well George Randolph Chester, assisted by his wife, Lillian, made a four act pot pourri of the Cordelia Blossom stories and called it by that name. Frankly it was a very sketchy piece of work. It was a poor play and has since been withdrawn from the stage of the Gaiety. Burr McIntosh returned to town in it and gave one of those big human character sketches that he knows so well how to perfect.

PLAYHOUSE. "SYLVIA RUNS AWAY." Comedy in three acts by Robert Housum. Produced on August 18th.

The general scheme of "Sylvia Runs Away" should have provided an entertaining farce. That the play should have failed so promptly and been withdrawn cannot be referred to the trivialty of the idea, for the idea was much more substantial than in many successful farces.

Sylvester Schaffer. The specialties in vaudeville do not often require comment; but here comes an engaging personality, an extraordinary performer, with such astonishing versattlity that he arrests attention. Sylvester Schaffer, brought out first at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre and then transferred to the Palace, has excited more than usual interest. He does many things, and with a distinction of his own. If he plays on the violin you discern a master with feeling. As a lightning sketch artist he builds up a picture before you that expresses something and delights you with its colors. If he exhibits trained dogs, the tricks are new and have the air of imparted intelligence. If he gives an exhibition of rifle shooting, you have seen nothing better. If his juggling is not better than the usual it is as good. To pull out yards of ribbon from the mouth of a docile horse is perhaps not extraordinary, but the intelligence of the horse in dancing or cavorting to music is. Schaffer is an artist.

telligence of the horse in dancing or cavorting to music is. Schaffer is an artist.

HIPPODROME. "Wars of the World." Conceived by Arthur Voegtlin; music by Manuel Klein; dialogue by John P. Wilson. Produced on September 5th.

With the flare of trumpets and the crash of musketry, "Wars of the World" opened New York's biggest show house for the season 1914-15. It seems strange that this year's production, vitally topical as its title is, concerns itself stricly with strife of the past and ignores completely the conflict which is now rocking the world. A scene depicting the assault of Liège or a battle between aeroplanes in midair would have been a comparatively easy achievement for a stage with such resources at its disposal as the Hippodrome. Tableaux of that sort would certainly have provided genuine dramatic thrills. Otherwise, the present spectacle leaves little to be desired. It is certainly big and lavish enough. Never has the Hippodrome spectacle opened more artistically. The sinking curtain discloses a lone figure standing, spot-lit, in the centre of a darkened stage. It announces itself to be history, and, in a brief prologue, promises to present a few pages from the great book of its career. Lawrence Grant acts this rôle exceedingly well. His dignity and his voice, vastly different from the barker variety, lend distinction to the scenes. History waves its hand, and distantly, vaguely, as through the veil of years, the glitter of Roman legionary is seen marching on in conquest. Kaleidoscopically, breathlessly, we are whisked through the centuries as man's struggle against man is depicted in a series of magnificent stage-pictures by a thousand well-drilled players. We find ourselves back in the romantic days of Cœur de Lion when Christendom was threatened by the onward march of the Saracen. A glimpse of the Reign of Terror is had in a charming garden at Versailles. The bitter day of our own Civil War is shown, and with it a grimly appealing tableau showing a field when battle's hellish work is done. And





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Liberating the Stage Child

(Continued from page 175)

and he has supervision over the rooming conditions. The performances must not exceed eight a week and there must be allowance for

ditions. The performances eight a week and there must be allowance for two hours schooling daily.

Manifestly, it would be most advantageous to secure the national enactment of such a law. With the democrats in power at Washington and State's Right still a lively bogey, Judge Lindsey has deemed it rather difficult and has sought other means to make the law effective in all the states, should national enactment fail.

"I contend," he says, "that if only three or four states will pass similar laws to Colorado's and Louisiana's, it could be made practically national in effect. If important theatrical states, like New York, had the law, no manager would care to so organize his company that he would be prevented from appearing there. The Nationcare to so organize his company that he would be prevented from appearing there. The National Juvenile Court Association could arrange with the theatrical managers in New York for a sort of censorship committee, say of three members, resident in New York. The committee would inspect conditions in every company employing children and leaving New York for a tour. It would be authorized to say for the judges of states having the law: if you do not comply with these conditions, you cannot get a permit in any of our states."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER 50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 195)

MANHATTAN. "THE STORY OF THE ROSARY." Melodrama in four acts by Walter Howard; incidental music by G. Edward Jones. Produced

incidental music by G. Edward Jones. Produced on September 7th.

A corking good melodrama, this. The progression of the story is told in good consecutive and lucid form. The text is occasionally bombastic, but it is strikingly appropriate text and often illuminated with touches of a genuine literary character; while the eleven scenes which go to make up its four acts each has for its tag a stirring climax. The scene is laid in one of those imaginary kingdoms in the Balkan's, and the story concerns two kinsmen, Paul and Philip Romain, each of whom loves the beautiful Venetia Sabran, daughter of a titled gambler. Paul wins out, but just as her father has cast her off, war breaks out and his regiment is ordered to the front. He gets a leave of absence for two hours in which to get married and refor two hours in which to get married and re-join the Red Dragoons. He gets married all right. But then his troubles begin. Through plenty of scenes it is a struggle between the two kinsmen ending, of course, with a union of the

The company is an excellent one, and the clear cut diction of each member is a delight to the ear. Alfred Paumier as Paul is a dashing and fervid Hussar; James Berry is consistently villainous as Philip, so much so you almost like him. Ernest Hildebrand really looks and acts like a Colonel, while George Desmond as Lieut. Peterkin supplies a lot of spirited comic relief. His eccentric uncle is humorously portrayed by J. E. Martin, while Thomas Hinton displays true distinction as the naughty Baron. The heroine is acted with varied dignity and emotional sincerity by Annie Saker, while the author of the piece, Walter Howard is splendidly earnest as a devoted friend of the hero. The cast is so long it is impossible to do justice to all.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE BLUDGEON." Drama in four acts by Paul Armstrong. Produced on September 7th.

"The Bludgeon" is a forbidding title for a play. A wife uses her child to extort indulgences from her husband. The child is the bludgeon. The story is that of a woman who lives only to gratify her selfish caprices, who while guilty herself, secures a divorce from her husband on false charges, marries that husband's friend who has faith in her, and is finally shot to death by this second husband on discovery of her perfidy. Whatever philosophy Mr. Armstrong has intended to convey was smothered up in the wholly disagreeable and unprofitable incidents of the play.

ELTINGE. "Innocent." Play in four acts by George Broadhurst, founded on the Hungarian of Arpad Pasztor. Produced on Sept. 9th. Hungarian dramatists, in the few plays by them which we have seen, compel attention and respect by their genuineness and daring initiative. "Innocent" is an adaptation by George Broadhurst of a play by the Hungarian author,

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Arpad Pasztor. We may safely assume that the changes from the original have been very slight. At any rate the play is as distinctively Hungarian as anything imaginable. The action passes in Mukden, Manchuria, Budapest and Nice. A man who has wasted his life in excesses and self-indulgence, fearful that his young daughter may have inherited evil tendencies from himself and a mother who is no better than the father, keeps her shielded in her earlier years. This daughter we know as Innocent. He leaves her to the care of his friend, Bela Nemzetti, a man of wealth, disposed to be faithful to his charge, but almost unconsciously he falls under the weird influence of the now mature woman. He is her first victim, although his infatuation for her is only the foreboding of evil. Her love of silks and colors and the gratifications that money can buy develops before us. The young woman, restrained so far, longs to see the world. The taste she has had of money excites an insatiable desire. Her guardian gambles wrecklessly and presently loses everything. When she suspects this loss, she is ready for temptation.

It is a kind of play of Fate and is unusual in

desire. Her guardian gambles wrecklessly and presently loses everything. When she suspects this loss, she is ready for temptation.

It is a kind of play of Fate and is unusual in its weird impressiveness. John Miltern, as Bela, had the difficult task of depicting a character, twenty years older than his ward, who had to be earnest in his purposes, dignified in his conduct, not oversentimental, and in the end not to be too weakly morbid. Pauline Frederick, as Innocent, while lacking fire, represented with ease the character in hand. It is not so much a matter of beauty that dooms a woman to ruin and ter of beauty that dooms a woman to ruin and causes her to ruin men as it is a matter of temperament. Mr. George Probert, as the German adventurer, brought to mind Mansfield's Baron Chrevrial, the Baron in his younger days.

Watching the Screen

(Continued from page 162)

in little more than a week's time. The Famous Players, whose work never lacks The Famous Players, whose work never lacks dignity, even when it misses distinction, released on September 21st an adaptation of Channing Pollock's, "Such a Little Queen," with Mary Pickford in the rôle originally played by Elsie Ferguson; Bertha Kalich in "Marta of the Lowlands" will be seen for the first time on October 5th, and following these productions at brief intervals, will come David Higgins in "His Last Dollar," Maclyn Arbuckle in "The County Chairman," and Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes." The Lubin Company is achieving feature prominence with a five-reel Raymond Hitchcock picture, "Eagle's Nest," starring Edwin Arden, and Winchell Smith's "The Fortune Hunter," in which William Elliot is the principal player. Word came from the Coast Arden, and Winchell Smith's "The Fortune Hunter," in which William Elliot is the principal player. Word came from the Coast several weeks ago that D. W. Griffith was working on "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr., so it is reasonable to expect the picture some time in October. The Selig Company of Chicago have in preparation three-reel films of Arthur Hornblow's novels, "By Right of Conquest" and "The Mask." William Faversham, in the All Star Feature Corporation's production of "The World," also will be one of the worthwhile releases of the early Autumn.

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Columbia Records

The Columbia list for October, now at hand, is conspicuous in its presentation of subjects ranking high in interest to all true music lovers throughout the continent. Destinn will be heard in the excellently selected coupling of operatic arias. From "Aida," one of Mme. Destinn's greatest rôles is the beautiful "O Cieli Azzuri." The Prayer from Tosca, another of the most celebrated airs, is also sung in Mme. Destinn's incomparable manner.

An eminent American artist whose record

celebrated airs, is also sung in Mme. Destinn's incomparable manner.

An eminent American artist whose record will be welcomed is Miss Kathleen Parlow, who, after an absence of some length, reappears in the Columbia list this month. She plays the ever-popular Rubinstein "Melody in F," and for the more seriously inclined, ventures into the classic realm of Bach, recording his well-known Gavotte in E major.

The reopening of the Century Opera season with Morgan Kingston returning as a leading tenor attaches added interest to his two representative records of operatic subjects in the passioned exhortation from the first act of "Samson and Delilah" and the Siciliana from Mascagni's "Cavalleria."

A quite remarkable new voice is found in a double disc by Miss Carrie Herwin, an English contralto, said to be rapidly coming to the very front of English contemporary musical activities. Miss Herwin's songs are well chosen, one being Blumthal's popular "Sunshine and Rain," and the other "The Children's Home," by Frederick H. Cowen.

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J. O. FRANCIS

(Continued from page 164)

listening. Across the channel to him came murmurs of that social awakening which he detects so vividly in his play to be rampant throughout Wales. He returned to his home, and then set to work for three years as a teacher among his own people. Watching and listening, he detected in these people a new temper, and then when he went to London, where he has been teaching at the Grammar School for the past eight years, he still listened and heard the approaching tread of a new order of things for Wales. The power of labor is on the rise in Wales as it is everywhere, and "Change" measures excellently this rise. Were it not in itself a splendid example of dramatic art, this play would be a graphic Across the channel to him came murof dramatic art, this play would be a graphic social document.

Such, in brief space, is the make-up of J. O Francis. Neither in his attitude nor in his utterance can one detect in him anything revolutionrance can one detect in his attitude nor in his utterance can one detect in him anything revolutionary, only a certain vigorous evolutionary faith and belief. There is an intensive power to "Change" which is one of its chief claims to distinction. It is not alone that Mr. Francis understands his own people which makes the characters in his play so live: he realizes the human qualities of people in general: otherwise he could never have grasped so perfectly the opportunist philosophy of Sam. It is not alone that Mr. Francis understands intimately the social problems confronting the Welsh of the industrial South, but that he is in sympathy with the cause of labor wherever there are workmen. Welsh though "Change" may be—it was awarded Lord Howard De Walden's prize because of its typical native strength—it is something far bigger than mere locality. Mr. Francis is a playwright to be reckoned with in the future. Read his play, and even in it you will detect him listening, the while, as Matthew Arnold says: nold says

As the stars come out, and the night-wind Brings up the stream Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

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"ON TRIAL"

(Continued from page 160)

the play are made to move along—how its "motion pictures," say, are thrown upon the screen. No intricate machinery is used between the scenes of "On Trial." In the first place, the small stage of the Candler Theatre would not permit of a double or triple-deck stage, or turntable stage, "flying stages," stage derricks, or any of the suggested phantasmagorial stage appurtenances. It is simply this, that there is a cast of players—to be explicit, however, I should say, workers—that the audience does not see. As soon as a scene ends and the stage is darkened, the actors jump out of the way and a small army of stage hands pile on at allotted places and clear. And as they take off the props of one scene another corps push on the props to be used in the next scene. It is all very simple, the men being a little more carefully trained to do the work more quickly than is necessary in changing one scene to an act, when there always is a wait of sufficient length to allow for all changes. The usual stage complement of a New York theatre consists of the carpenter and assistant carpenter; the electrician and assistant electrician; three to five clearers, about the same number of "grips"— scene shifters; and from three to five men in the flies. For "On Trial" this number is doubled, and to further aid them, each man has his appointed place and just so many things to do. Changing the scenes of "On Trial" is like clearing a warship for action—it is done systematically and energetically by a trained corps of stage hands.

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Wendell Holler

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J. Ross Bell, seventeen years of age. He may
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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "Miss Daisy"		PAGE
TITLE PAGE: Walker Whiteside in "Mr. Wu" at Maxine Elliott's		. 203
THE NEW PLAYS: "The Hawk," "Consequences," "The Miracle Man," "Daidy Long-Legs," "Miss Daisy," "Pretty Mrs. Smith," "He Comes Up Smiling," "The Law of the Land," "The Phantom		
Scenes in "The Phantom Rival"—Full-page Plate		. 209
MLLE. GABRIELLE DORZIAT SWOOPS TO SUCCESS IN "THE HAWK"—Illustrated .	Ada Patterson	_
SECOND SEASON OF GRAND OPERA AT THE CENTURY—Illustrated		. 212
A Triple Alliance of the Stage—Illustrated	Vanderheyden Fyles .	. 214
Scenes in "The Miracle Man"—Full-page Plate		. 217
THEATRE GOING IN THE WAR ZONE—Illustrated	Edward B. Perkins .	. 219
Percy MacKaye on the Poetic Drama—Illustrated	Chester Thomas Calder	. 222
PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY—Full-page Plate		. 223
PAVLOWA TO STANDARDIZE THE MODERN DANCE—Illustrated		. 226
Reflections on the Screen—Illustrated	Lynde Denig	. 227
How the Hull House Players Fought Their Way to Success—Illustrated.	Albert D. Phelps	. 229
HELEN WARE-Full-page Plate		. 231
LOUISE DRESSER AT HOME—Full-page Plate		
Some Recent Hits—Illustrated		
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT		

THE COVER:--Portrait in Colors of Miss Julia Sanderson

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of The Theatre Magazine each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of The Theatre Magazine is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Julia Sanderson, the well-known musical comedy star, was born in Springfield, Mass., and made her stage début at Philadelphia at an early age. For nine years she was a show-girl in the chorus. She first attracted attention in "Winsome Winnie" and afterwards appeared in "A Chinese Honeymoon." In 1904 she toured with De Wolf Hopper in "Wang," and the same year she was seen in "Fantana." In 1906 she was seen as Dora in "The Tourists," and the following year she played Peggy in "The Dairymaids." Perhaps her greatest success was in "The Arcadians." After that she appeared with Donald Brian in "The Siren." She starred for the first time last year in "The Sunshine Girl." She is now starring with Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn in "The Girl from Utah," at the Knickerbocker.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and it in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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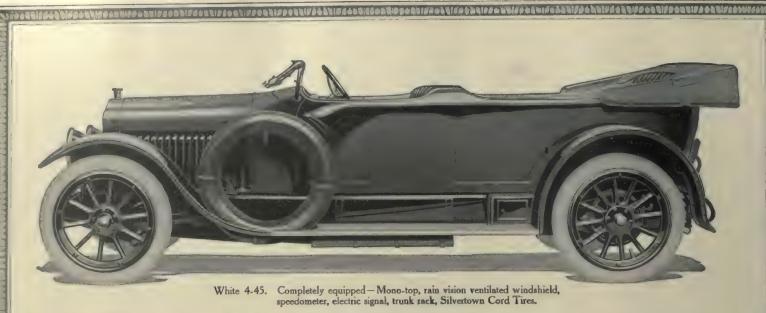
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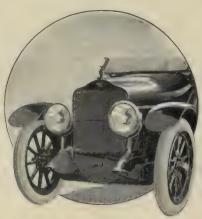
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THE THEATRE

Vor XX

NOVEMBER, 1014

No. 16

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



White



White

Elliott Dexter

Horace Braham

Fania Marinoff

Act II. Bernard Lipski (Mr. Braham)—"And you are going to marry a Christian?"

SCENE IN H. F. RUBINSTEIN'S COMEDY, "CONSEQUENCES," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

SHUBERT. "THE HAWK." Play in three acts by Francis De Croisset, translated by Marie Zane Taylor. Produced on September 28th with the following cast:

ber 28th with the following cast:

Comte Dasetta.... William Faversham
Eric Drakon. Frank Losee
Marquis Sardeloup. Wright Kramer
Rene De Tierrache. Conway Tearle
Charles Duperre. Herbert Delmore
Gerard Duclos. V. L. Granville
The Prince. Richard Dix
De Sanonclair. Harold Meltzer
Smithson. Wm. H. Burton

It is said that the American people is becoming a race of specialists. It would seem as if theatre audiences entered into this description. Mr. William Faversham is an admirable actor by birth, training and experience. He has long enjoyed a healthy and enthusiastic following. Yet when he donned the toga, the tunic and the buskin his whilom admirers left him to theatrically starve. Now he returns to the Shubert Theatre to appear in modern clothes, and presto! the orchestra and upstairs are again filled. Perhaps a condition not altogether satisfying to a player with high dramatic ideals; but as Mr. Faversham returns with a strong and satisfying play from the French that gives him a good acting part, he may be well contented in these parlous days of the drama.

"The Hawk" was translated from the vernacular of Francis De Croisset by Marie Zane Taylor, with stage emendations by the star.

Like most plays of modern French life, it concerns the inevitable triangle. But there is a difference of treatment, and therein lies its appeal. Comte George De Dasetta, a Hungarian, Mr. Faversham, is desperately in love with his wife. Through their extravagance, he is forced to become a polite professional gambler. When the cards do not run his way, he utilizes his wife as a decoy and a confederate. A young Frenchman, René De

THE NEW PLAYS

Tierrache, Mr. Conway Tearle, falls in love with her, and discovers her to be a cheat. He feels she is a noble.

pure woman, the creature of circumstance, and begs her to leave De Dasetta and become his wife, but when the Hungarian returns broken in pocket and health, she feels it her duty to stick by him, and they go out in the world to lead a better life. All this goes for the making of some strong theatrical and emotional scenes, which are handled with fine skill by the three principal players. Mr. Faversham is highly picturesque, strong and vigorous in the dramatic scenes and quite touching in the final aspect. His wife is enacted by Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat, who created the rôle at the Ambigu in Paris. She is a most capable actress, whose English is quite remarkable. A mistress of light and shade she fills the rôle with accomplished variety and sensibility. Conway Tearle is an admirable lover, acting with a reserved strength and refinement truly convincing. The minor rôles are in capable hands, and the décors rich, suitable and substantial.

COMEDY. "Consequences." Comedy in three acts by H. F. Rubinstein. Produced on October 1st with this cast:

Rosalind CollinsMary Servoss	Benjamin LipskiElliott Dexter
Freddie FinchmanLeonard Mudie	
Mrs. Collins	Gladys LipskiFania Marinoff
Mr. Collins	Mr. Lipski

The clash between Jew and Gentile has been constantly utilized as a stage theme. "Daniel Rochat" was one of the earliest pieces of this kind. followed by "As a Man Sows," "The House Next Door," and "A Modern Girl," recently seen at the Comedy Theatre, where there is now on view a witty and satirical version of the same idea, called "Consequences." The comedy, which is in three acts, was originally presented by the Horniman players in London. Many of the original performers figure in the present

performance. The author of the play is Mr. H. F. Rubenstein.

At a meeting in Hyde Park, Rosalind Collins accepts the protection of Benjamin Lipski's umbrella. They fall in love with each other, and as they belong to different creeds, romantically expect that they will meet with all sorts of opposition from their respective families. But Lipski's father is a valuable client of Mr. Collins, and as Rosalind is a prominent personage in her social world, the Lipskis are delighted at the prospect of a marriage. As everything works so smoothly they are heartily disgusted, and resolve to chuck it all. But a Freddie Finchman and Gladys Lipski resolve to try it out, that there may not be too much general disappointment. The dialogue is exceptionally good, snappy and illuminative in its sparkling satire. The comedy is admirably staged and rehearsed by J. H. Benrimo, while the company is finished and agreeable in its work. In the leading rôles, Mary Servoss and Elliott Dexter are deserving of warm praise.

ASTOR. "THE MIRACLE MAN," Play in four acts by George M. Cohan from the story by Frank L. Packard. Produced on September 21st last with the following cast:

George M. Cohan has been so successful in picking winners from the numerous manuscripts submitted to his notice, and so successful in writing original plays, that there has grown up a real Cohan cult most generous in proportions and loyal to a man. With these circumstances to cope with it is really difficult to predict the absolute future of "The Miracle Man" at the Astor Theatre. The management has faith enough, as already tickets are on sale eight weeks in advance. Yet clever and discerning as is Mr. Cohan's craft, it is stretching a point to say his dramatization of Frank L. Packard's story is a good play. Since the opening night changes may have been made, for, as revealed on that particular evening, it may be said that anything more superfluous and anti-climacteric could hardly exceed the final act Nor was the exposition quite as neat as Mr. Cohan's pen usually effects. There was considerable repetition in the dialogue, but in the delineation of his characters Mr. Cohan is true and sure to life, while the words he gives to his own creations smack of that pungent Broadway flavor which his followers have come to know so well.

The Patriarch, who performs miracles by faith in a small Maine town, comes under the notice of four crooks, who resolve to syndicate him into a money-making machine. This they successfully do. He cures two fakirs who have come to him to spread his fame abroad, but when by his sweet charm and faithful healing grace he cures a genuine cripple, they are moved to reform their dubious ways, for, although dead, the Patriarch's good influence lives after him. W. H. Thompson was sonorously impressive as Faith-healer, while Frank Bacon and Ada Gilman were refreshingly genuine as a New England hotelkeeper and his wife. The cripple boy was acted with much skill by Percy Helton, while his unbelieving father received sound and vigorous treatment at the hands of Clifford Dempsey. As the crooks, there was George Nash, cock-sure of himself as the brains of the gang, Gail Kane, handsome, intelligent, but woefully overdressed as Helena; Earle Browne, acutely nervous as the cocaine fiend, while as "the profession flopper," the fake cripple, James C. Marlowe was received with howls of delight every time he opened his mouth. His bit of sentiment at the end, too, rang true.

GAIETY. "DADDY LONG-LEGS." Comedy in four acts by Jean Webster. Produced on September 28th with the following cast:

Sallie McBride. Cora Witherspoon
Mrs. Semple. Jacques Martin
Maid. Edna McCauley
Carrie. Gladys Smith
Mrs. Lippett. Margaret Sayres
Sadie Kate. Lillian Ross
Gladiola. Boots Wurster
Loretta. Virginia Smith
Mamie. Maud Erwin
Freddy Perkins. Dewey Smith

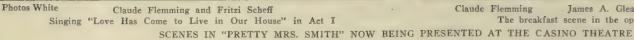
By force of hard work and the forceful acting of some one player, a piece is often saved when it is not worth saving. "Daddy

Long-Legs" is worth the while, but it would not go very far without Ruth Chatterton. The play is not ineffective in itself, but it would be insipid without some such charming personality as that which now gives it life. The play is so simple, the story so old, in spite of many delicate new turns, that naturalness, newness and freshness were the absolute needs of its performance. Artificiality in the acting would have emphasized all the other artificialities. Without discrediting the play, it is the exact truth to say that Miss Ruth Chatterton is its chief charm. Of



Phite
Ruth Chatterton and one of the kiddies in "Daddy Long-Legs" at the Gaiety







lemming James A. Gleason Fritzi
The breakfast scene in the opening of Act II Claude Flemming Fritzi Scheff

course, she could not exert that charm unless she had a fitting character for personation; but the personality of the actress, inextricably blended with the character, is stronger than the character. If there is an art in concealing the art of acting, Miss Chatterton has it. Without her experience on the stage, and without her training under Mr. Henry Miller, she could not possibly be so natural. She would be awkward, where now she is all grace. She would do things wrong, in spite of the tendency to do them right. She would be affective in trying to be herself. In trying to act she would be imitating something. Here she gives herself in comformity with the demands of the character. There is abundant incident in the play, much of it episode, and there is very little plot. It is much in the nature of story. It is a story beginning in the childhood of a girl in a home for orphans. She is one of the older charges, just old enough to be followed by the younger children, to help about the Home, and to be held to some accountability for everything that a nagging old housekeeper can put on her. A committee of trustees come. The girl is being sharply reprimanded by the Matron, and the plight of the embarrassed girl moves one of them to secretly arrange for her education, independently and away from home. This manufacturer would adopt her. His interest in the child is, at this time, not sentimental, simply generous. She only knows her benefactor as Daddy Long-Legs. He provides her with all the dainty things in dress she cares to order, but he does not pay much personal attention to her development. She is developing all the while, and she is never unmindful of Daddy Long-Legs. She is piqued at his aloofness. We see the love growing up between the two. What, then, is to keep them apart? She fears the day when she must confess to him that she does not know her parentage. How they are brought together is easy enough and pleasantly placid, although tingling with an emotion that never reaches the artificially theatrical. The play had long prosperity in Chicago, and if there

is anything in the primitive nature of the play that might appear to explain its appeal in the West, where they are presumably closer to Nature, it is a credit to the East that we can return to the simplicities of the drama, provided that they are genuine. The play is excellently acted. Charles Waldron is the Daddy Long-Legs. There is a scene in the Home giving some children their opportunity, and they show the training of Mr. Miller in the episodes. Without much complication of plot there was enough to occupy a considerable cast. Thus, Mabel Bert, the good friend of the asylum youngsters, puts it in the head of Daddy Long-Legs to adopt Judy. There was an excellent old nurse at the home of Jervis Pendleton, who brought more into his life than he knew when he sent Judy to school. In giving great praise to Miss Chatterton, we do not forget that a simple little play of this kind requires fostering care in many directions. Miss Ruth Chatterton alone does not make the play, but she is the constant charm of it. The actors, and Mr. Henry Miller in particular, have their share in the causes of success.

LYRIC. "Miss Daisy." Play with music in three acts. Score by Silvio Hein. Produced on September 28th with this cast

Daisy Hollister Florence Mackie
Elvira Walsh
Maisie DearbornGwennllyan Jocelyn
Fern Randolph Elsie Hitz
Edna BarberMolly Chrysty
Dolly Sweet
HugginsJohn E. Wheeler
Walter Hollister Donald MacDonald
FrederickAllen Kearns

BillyJohn Boyle
Joe Charles Murray
John Frank Parker
Elsie SwiggetAnna Wheaton
The Duke of TorminaJoseph Lertora
Mrs. Swigget Evelyn Carter Carrington
AnastasiaAlice Hegeman
JosieRae Bowdin
Sally SmithClaiborne Foster

It is profitless to try to keep any record of the stories of the fleeting operas of the day. Stories they must have, but they are subordinate to music and dance. Audiences surely cannot be asked to take them more seriously than the authors, the actors and the characters. When Miss Daisy Hollister, in "Miss Daisy," returns home from a charity ball, betakes herself to bed and dreams, we are much more interested in Miss Florence Mackie. the real person, who, with coy discretion, partly disrobes and

pulls the filmy drapery of her "couch" about her, than we are with the corresponding person indicated on the bill of the play. Miss Mackie then dreams that she could get acquainted with the Duke of Tormina and win his love (not to speak of his title) if she should engage herself as maid in the household of a certain lady of fashion and society where the Count is being angled for by the mother for her daughter. Miss Mackie further dreams that the Duke does fall in love with her, and that in the distribution of favors she goes to the Duke and the Duke to her, while her rival, the rich woman's daughter, is paired off with Daisy Hollister's big brother. In order to accomplish all this quite a number of Daisy's feminine companions have to dance very industriously from time to time, and by an ingenious device of fancy they have, in certain scenes, to come on the stage from the audience, having been held in reserve for that purpose by being concealed in the cavernous depths reached by the little door used by the members of the orchestra. It is all very ingenious. It is also ingenious that the events of the dream should be wound up by a dance of Pierrots. Alice Hegeman, in an eccentric rôle, was amusing. Donald MacDonald, as a young lover, was a part of Daisy's dream, reflecting credit on it. Miss Anna Wheaton was excellent in song, charming in dance, and pleasing in repose. Daisy's dream of the chorus was also not amiss. Mr. Bartholomae has taken his opera to Chicago.

CASINO, "PRETTY MRS. SMITH". Comedy with music in three acts. Book by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris; lyrics by Earl Carroll; music by Henry James and Alfred Robyn. Produced on September 21st last with the following cast:

Drucilla SmithFritzi Scheff
Letitia ProudfootCharlotte Grenwood
Bobby Jones Sydney Grant
Frank SmithClaude Fleming
Ferdinand Smith Theodore Babcock
Forest SmithCharles Purcell
Myrtle AdairLillian Tucker
GeorgeJames A. Gleason
Mrs. DalzallGrace Shaw

Mrs. Wilson Baisy Burton
Mrs. HayesOcie Williams
Miss MorrisDorlores Parquette
Helen Partington Louise Cook
Phœbe SnowMarie de Marquis
Tom WilsonJ. Richard Ryan
Dick PotterJ. Van Ryan
Paul HunterJ. H. Childs
Hal Dorsey

"Pretty Mrs. Smith" has a certain amount of interest of an unusual kind attaching to it in that Mr. Morosco, a manager of many activities, is one of the authors of it and produces it. With Mr. Elmer Harris he has written an agreeable piece in the nature of farce with song which readily comes under the definition of musical comedy. It lacks the customary lavish equipment of dancing girls, but is sufficiently provided with the incidents of opera to sustain the character of the entertainment. The proportion of opera and comedy or farce is effective, for Fritzi Scheff, the pretty Mrs. Smith in "Pretty Mrs. Smith," is so delightfully efficient as an actress that in that capacity alone she could satisfy us. This can be said of few who sing. In all the externals the piece has the picturesqueness required by opera, the scene being at Palm Beach. A wife, in her third experience, goes to that resort to get some respite from the jealous attentions of her present husband, and meets there unexpectedly in succession her two former husbands. Her surprise and confusion is all the greater because she has been led to believe that one of them had been drowned and that the other had committed suicide. Fritzi Scheff is prettier than ever in her gowns for public wear and those of a filmy kind that belong to the intimacies of the boudoir. It would be as much to the purpose to describe these habiliments as it would be to describe the animated happenings at Palm Beach. You forget the story and remember Fritzi Scheff. You also remember Miss Charlotte Greenwood, who has become known for her engaging personality and a peculiar, fantastic, purposely awkward way of dancing, the nature of which may be devined from one of her songs, "Long, Lean, Lank, Letty." It is good entertainment, with well-chosen people.

LIBERTY. "HE COMES UP SMILING." Comedy in four acts by Byron Ongley and Emil Nyitray, based on Charles Sherman's novel. Produced on September 16th with the following cast:

Jeraboan	Martin	Douglas	Fairbanks
James		Rol	bert Kelly
	Bartlett		
"Billy"	Bartlett	Patricia	Collinge
General	Crossman	Georg	re Backus

Louise Crossman.... Kathryn B. Decker William Hargrave....Robert Cain Alphonse... Edouard Durand Telegraph Operator. Chris. M. Losch Pete....Joseph Dunn Ed....James Kearney

With a less plausible actor and person than Mr. Fairbanks,



The Secretary (George Graham)

Mrs. Harding (Julia Dean)

many of the happenings in his play, "He Comes Up Smiling," would not be plausible at all; but with him the most extraordinary things are natural enough. He has the vivacity to carry them off. What was more reasonable than that a young man who loved action and adventure should tire of a dreary life as clerk in a business house, where all the talk was of money and take to the road, for relief, with two tramps who took life lightly and had an ever-present sense of humor? What was more natural

than that when he went in bathing in the lake by the roadside, and found in the place of his stolen clothes apparel that restored him to his customary attire of a gentleman, he should follow the clue to adventure. Adventure came his way. The fashionable suit belonged to the owner of an automobile which had run out of fuel, and was useless until it was procured. In absence of the owner our young man, who always comes up smiling, takes his careless ease in the automobile and cheerfully accepts the attentions of a sympathetic financier, who stops his own motor and finally urges him to accept a seat with him and his family. The young man, from a card which he uses from the suit he has on, is supposed to be a cervain Cotton King. At the bottom of this hospitality is the design to kidnap a rival operator in the market and so engage him that the field would be clear for the success of a financial scheme. The plan promises to go through, but the young man discovers his false position and determines to



Emmet Corrigan

Alexandra Carlisle

Act I. James Rodman (Mr Corrigan)—"I shouldn't have married you."

SCENE IN CHARLES KLEIN'S PLAY "THE MONEY MAKERS" AT THE BOOTH

extricate himself, all the more because he is involved in a love affair with the daughter. He confesses to the financier and is bid to go, but not without the promise that if he did what seemed the impossible thing—make good and return with the proof of it in a sum of money worth the while—he might consider himself a suitor for the daughter. Of course, he makes his million dollars when he gets back to town and comes up smiling with it to complete the bargain. It hardly needs to be said that there are many big and little scenes and episodes in abundance before that end is reached. It must be said of the play that it is free of that philosophy of success, by whatever unfair but flip means it may be gained, which has characterized certain American comedies which have had fleeting prosperity in the past. The million dollars, made between acts, was made honestly, and we are spared the details of the bustling activities of the process. This is a

play, not of money, in spite of a certain atmosphere of it, but of adventure, youth, romance and love. It is not a play that will live, but it will be very much alive while it does live. It has the "punch" now and then, and it has comedy, happy stretches of it, while our adventurer is so honest-minded that he is never forgetful of the precepts of his father, a minister, which would be a prosaic touch with most actors, but is not with Fairbanks. That Patricia Collinge is the daughter that the pseudo-tramp won

helps to account for the fervid approbation gained by "He Comes Up Smiling." William Morris, George Backus, Robert Caine, Charles Horn, Edward Durand and Kathryn Decker were of the excellent company The play is a dramatization by Byron Onglev and Emil Nyitray of Charles Sherman's novel, the title of which is retained.

48TH STREET. "THE LAND."
Melodrama in four acts by George Broadhurst.
Produced on September 30th with this cast:

30th with this cast:

Arthur Brockland, George
Graham; Chetwood, Harry
Lillford; Robert Harding,
Charles Lane; Mrs. Harding,
Julia Dean; Geoffrey Morton,
Milton Sills; Bennie, Master
Macomber; Doctor Writtridge,
James Seeley; Hurburt, Ethel
Wright; Police Captain Prichard, Walter Craven; Policeman Burns, Thomas Gunn;
Policeman Taylor, Harry Oldridge; Inspector Cochrane,
George Fawcett.

Mr Broadhurst's

Broadhurst's Mr. latest play, "The Law of the Land," is an exceedingly interesting piece of work, in view of the forbidding nature of the subject and the story. It can hardly be described as upholding the law of any land, for the laws of every land are broken in it before the beginning of the play and during its progress, and a police inspector takes it upon himself,

in his sympathy with a woman who has killed her husband, to condone murder, or at least manslaughter, by reporting it as an accident. The woman has lived with her husband for ten years or so, concealing from him that "their" child is really the son of a lover, who at the opening of the play has returned after a long absence. His coming, with certain suspicious circumstances growing out of it, bring about a confession from the wife. The husband will punish her by refusing to secure a divorce, by continuing to keep up appearances before the world, and by applying the lash to the child on such occasions as will best serve to make her remember her infidelity. He will begin this system at once and takes a stout riding whip in hand to ply it. She forbids him to torture the child, and threatens to shoot him with a pistol which she finds at hand. He advances toward her, she shoots and kills him. The secretary places (Continued on page 246)

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE



Leo Ditrichstein Act I. Sacha runs across an old sweetheart



Leo Ditrichstein Act II. Sacha (in Louise's dream) returns as a famous general

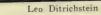


Laura Hope Crews

Scene 2. Sacha appears to her as a celebrated diplomat



Laura Hope Crews
Scene 3. Sacha as the famous tenor Malcolm Williams





Leo Ditrichstein
Scene 4. Sacha turns up as a tramp Laura Hope Crews



Mile. Gabrielle Dorziat Swoops to Success in the "Hawk"

is that French training for actresses is work of the hardest. The other is that she is in love with her work.

"I never can grow fat, never," she said regretfully, "and I regret it for I am much better looking when I am round. Last season I created two new parts, and to each I sacrificed nine pounds; total, eighteen pounds in a season. I should like to have alluring curves; but no, I must remain thin, so thin that when my dressmaker puts upon me, against my command, a narrow skirt, as she did at the New York première, a critic detected my unnatural hobble and said I was boney and awkward. He was right, but it was not wholly the bones. The dressmaker was half to blame. I was mad clear through."

"What excellent American you speak, Mademoiselle."

"I understand," she laughed. It is your slang; but how expressive it is, 'Mad clear through!' The next day I visited the dressmaker, and she looked frightened and widened the skirt. But you have asked me how they make an actress in France. To be sure, an interview like a play must have the unities. I had always a taste for line and color and for dressing myself and others. For that reason, when I was thirteen and my father having lost all his money we were very poor, I became a milliner. At least, I intended to become a milliner. For several months I was in the shop learning much

about human nature as well as hats. There an actress, a friend of my mother's, found me. She said. 'Why are you here? You should go upon the stage.' 'She go upon the stage!' responded my mother. 'She will not work hard enough.' Ah, yes; it is

quite well recognized that to succeed on the stage in France you must work, work, work. Often my mother has said pitingly, when she has seen me utterly exhausted, my cheeks like this" (Mlle. Dorziat sucked in her cheeks to give the hollow aspect of age) "she has said: 'You would not have worked so hard if you had remained a milliner.' "

Just now when I was seeing her, after her morning chocolate and while she was gowned in black satin and black and white tulle, for she was presently to go forth with Mr. Faversham to buy a hat that would not shade her face, as did the great black velvet one she wore in the first act of "The Hawk," she looked a woman on the sunny side of thirty,

ABRIELLE DORZIAT, who swooped to instant success fresh and unwearied as dew-kissed carnation. But at our first in New York on her first American appearance in "The meeting she was quite different. Resting in bed in a simple Hawk," attributes her triumph to two facts. The chief muslin négligée with plaited collar, the coquetry of lace quite



GABRIELLE DORZIAT Brilliant young French actress supporting William Faversham in "The Hawk"

absent, there were lines beneath her eyes and shadows upon her cheeks. Her features were sharpened by fatigue, She looked ten years older than the bright creature of the morning. But she had been rehearsing all day. She would rehearse again that night, and a half hour of rest lay between these stern prose passages of the stage. Besides, it is her habit to give all of herself to her work, and that is a wearing process. Remember those eighteen pounds.

"Mine was the preparation of all French actresses," she said. "No girl goes upon the stage without preparation in France. She may attend the Conservatoire for three years, or she may have attended a school or belonged to a class conducted by an actor or actress. There must be two years of rigorous training for the most insignificant beginning. I became the pupil of the actress who took me from the milliner's shop. I was very fortunate in having her for a teacher, for she was a pupil of Got, one of the greatest comedians of France, of the world. The intellectual inheritance of the pupils of these great teachers is the habit of intense study. They never finish the study of a part. For example, Got told my teacher that Rachel strained and wept and studied for two years for one intonation for a verse of 'Phèdre.' Think of that! Two years for one intonation." The Frenchwoman clenched her thin hands. Her eyes were blue-grey flames. "Two years for some in-

flection that obstinately eludes you; but when you have found it. the happiness of it! If you had spent ten years seeking it, the finding would have been worth twice that. Application gives you zest for more application. You learn the clean, divine joy of work.

"I had two years of work with this pupil of Got. I worked my voice. Nearly all the critics spoke of my voice. I am glad, for I made it with my teacher's help. Half the comedians fail of their effects because their voices are poorly trained. I took singing lessons for mine. I worked for an hour every day with my voice. My throat that had been contemptibly little has, you see, grown full." It is the round, full, wide throat that is an index of tremendous vitality and of immense surges of emotion.. "But it was 'made,' " she assured me, with pride in its firm, almost masculine muscles. "I was taught to breathe as deeply before a big scene as a prima donna



"I can never grow fat, never!"



" I always had a taste for dress"

before a great passage in music. I practiced church music, the prolonged recitatives of the masses of the fourteenth, fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Catholic church had wonderful recitatives that required continuing on one note a long time,

"I used to have great trouble with my arms. Their length dismayed me. I used to hold them close to my sides. My teacher told me I acted like a marionette. One must make large gestures with a large speech. Little jerky, choppy movements with half the arms are ridiculous. So I studied pantomime. It is the greatest art in acting. It teaches you to express with your face and to make your body obedient to you. Pantomime taught me that the upper half of the face is what matters. The eyes and the brow are the expressive factors of the face. Think of Réjane! Not beautiful, but what magic of eyes and brow! And so Bernhardt. Wonderful eyes and wonderful mastery of them. And Guitry. During the two years I studied the classics I learned the leading rôles created by Racine and Molière. I could to-morrow play Andromache or Berenice, but not Phédre. I am not old enough for Phédre. I have not the mind; I shall not have for another five years. You must have something to give before you can give it. Do you understand?"

"As for instance, what a woman writes before she is twenty-five doesn't signify, because what she thinks doesn't matter? Not knowing life, her opinions of it do not count for anything?"

"That is an exact parallel for the theatre. I want to play Sappho. I intend to play Sappho. But I shall not for another five years. I have not the weight. You comprehend?"

"You found the training in the classics valuable?"

"I found it indispensable in playing modern parts. The comedian who does not extract from a rôle all the comedy there is in it fails because he has not applied himself to an intense study of the classics. One is a better comedian for a thorough study of tragedy.

"After the two years I went upon the stage. It was at the Théâtre du Parc, in Brussels. I played one of the daughters in 'The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont.' I don't remember which one."

Her succeeding career is well known to Paris and London For twelve years she was a member of the Gymnase Company She played successfully in "The Return to Jerusalem" and "La Bourse ou la Vie" in Paris and London. Recently she has played principally with M. Lucien Guitry in plays by Capus, Bernstein and Paul Bourget. She has appeared frequently in London with M. Huguenet and M. Le Bargy. Last season she appeared in "Croesus" at the Garrick Theatre in London.

Known as "the best-dressed woman in Paris," she refused to follow the fashions. "I take something from them now and then if I like it and if it is becoming to me," is her clothes dictum. "In colors I wear always in the day time black and white or blue and white. In the evening, always white. Because I look better in them. That is the best reason, always a sufficient reason in dress. In lines I choose the simple ones, the straight lines unbroken when possible. In fabrics I incline to the two extremes, the tulle and chiffons on the one hand, but on the other the queenly brocades. The soft stuffs I like because they are graceful and make their wearer seem so. The brocades I wear because they restrain me."

The four walls of the white drawing-room of the actress's suite at the Ritz bloomed with roses.

"The trophies of success," she whispered.

The forest of blossoms reminded the actress of the brilliant première. "It made me very happy," she acknowledged. "I did not play well. My English had a relapse through my nervousness. It was very bad, and my audience was very kind. Now I've regained my English. I can, as you say, speak fluent American. I feel at home with American audiences. They are so like the French. In 'The Hawk,' which I played first in Paris, they laughed at the same points they did in France. And to the emotional scenes they make a still more sincere response. American audiences are very intelligent. Some parts of the play are

very French in spirit. Yet they catch it all. The American is in temperament very like the Frenchman, far more than like his parent race, the English. But the Americans have more sentiment than either. In the heart they are like children. They reveal what they feel. They are more spontaneous than the French, more emotional than the English."

ADA PATTERSON.



White Gabrielle Dorziat and William Faversham in Act II of "The Hawk," at the Shubert Theatre



Henry Weldon in "Faust'

Copyright Claude Harr Florence Macbeth (Soprano)

opera house to within a few hundred of the Metropolitan itself. Furthermore, successful steps were taken to dispel the gloom that has always hung about this theatre ever since its opening. Lights were added where shadows had reigned-both on the stage and in the foyer and auditorium. In brief, instead of exerting a depressing impression upon entering, the Century

Gran

It must not be gathered from the foregoing frank statements that the Century opera is Metropolitan opera. A vastly different scale of prices prevails at the uptown temple of opera in the vernacular for the masses, and the box-office gauge is always to be reckoned with, be the projectors of this worthy scheme ever so philanthropic in their aims. But, on the other hand, it should also be borne in mind that the Metropolitan is probably the highest operatic standard in the singing world—so if the Century compares even favorably with it, it has climbed a comparatively high rung on the ladder of operatic ideals.

Criticism on the subject of "singing in English"-about which

BURLINGTON, VT



Louis Kreidler
ENE IN ACT II OF "CARMEN," PRESENTED AT THE CENTURY OPERA HOUSE

pera at the Century

topic gallons of good ink were spilled and miles of typewriter ribbons were perforated last season—has been stilled this season by the use of librettos which do not cast the blush of shame on the translators. Algernon St. John Brennon and others have this season furnished translations of familiar operatic masterpieces which are fit to sing and fit to be heard.

So, all told, the Century management has turned over a new leaf. Critics of "six dollar opera" find many shortcomings in "two dollar opera." But, after all, it remains for the public to decide whether it prefers hearing more opera sung by lesser stars, to hearing less opera sung by greater stars. We have been told that opera for the masses is part of the higher education of the people. If so, then the conscientious productions of popular opera are performing their mission, exerting an educational and refining influence upon the masses that attend. The upper galleries at the Century tell this truth eloquently by the masses which flock to the cheaper seats—the number of which, incidentally, have been increased this season.

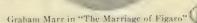
As to the performances themselves: "Romeo and Juliet" began the season with Orville Harrold and Lois Ewell in the titular rôles, and both acquitted themselves with credit, although it could not frankly be said that the performance was notable in the matter of lyric "style" and traditions. A new singer of considerable note made his début at this opera house, an American basso, Henry Weldon, singing the part of the Friar Laurence. He has vocal breadth and dignity and the beauty of his voice is unusual, so that much may be expected of this newcomer. Another new force was felt in that of the conductor, Agide Jacchia, a leader who has been active in New York on a former occasion, but was not then heard to so good an advantage since he worked with inferior forces. He proved himself to be a needed and desirable addition to the Century staff.

On the following night "Carmen" was given with Kathleen Howard in the title rôle, Morgan Kingston as Don José, Myrna Sharlow as Micaela, and Louis Kreidler as the Toreador, while Josiah Zuro conducted. Both of these performances were for the benefit of the Red Cross fund, so charity reigned, and brilliant audiences attended and applauded these commendable presentations of the familiar operas.

"William Tell" was the following week's new offering, and the task imposed was not an easy one, since this work has grown old and its interest has become mildewed by neglect. Orville Harrold, as Arnold, did very well, although this trying part seems to demand a tenor of more robust, ringing upper tones Weldon again covered himself with glory in the rôle of Walter and Louis Kreidler assumed the title rôle most intelligently vocally and histrionically. Another American baritone, Graham Marr, filled this rôle in alternating (Continued on page 242)



Milton Aborn (Manager)





Bettina Freeman (Soprano)

Lois Ewell and Orville Harrold in "Romeo and Juliet"







Hartsook

BLANCHE BATES

Francisco on its summer

tour. Mr. Frohman pur-

FAVORITE PLAYERS NOW APPEARING IN THE ALL-STAR REVIVAL OF "DIPLOMACY"

T is one thing to engage an "all-star cast" and quite another thing

A Triple Alliance of the Stage

to find a play for it. Not many dramas worthy of revival have enough good rôles to enable six or eight important actors to justify their reputations. And while special inducements may persuade a star to step down from single leadership to one of several parts of equal consequence, he (and more so if it happens to be she!) is pretty sure to balk if one of those other characters

is even slightly dominant. That, undoubtedly, is why Victorien Sardou's "Diplomacy" is a favorite drama for such uses. There is no leading man's or leading woman's part; six rôles are of almost equal prominence; three more are showy "bits."

One of the most important managerial enterprises of this season is an illustration of Charles Frohman's tenacity. He has arranged with Blanche Bates, Marie Doro and William Gillette to appear in an "all-star" revival of "Diplomacy." That is to be his third attempt to put this Sardou drama on successfully. The first is almost universally unknown. How many persons are aware that Maude Adams ever played the dolorous and distracted Dora? Few of this actress's many biographers, if any, have mentioned this interesting fact. It was in San Francisco, more than twenty years ago, when Mr. Frohman was only beginning to be a factor in theatricals. The Empire Theatre had

not been built, but the stock company that was to make it famous throughout the country was already in existence. Its New York theatre was the Proctor house in West Twenty-third Street, long since abandoned to "small time" vaudeville and motion pictures. David Belasco, at that time an inseparable friend of Frohman's, was the moving genius of the company. Its in-

MAUD GRANGER
As Dora in the first American production of "Diplomacy"



ROSE COGHLAN

As Countess Zicka in the first American production of "Diplomacy"

augural play, "Men and Women," had been written by him, in collaboration with the late Henry C. de Mille, just as the opening drama at the Empire, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," was written for the purpose by Belasco and Franklin Fyles.

Almost a quarter of a century ago Mr. Frohman made his first attempt to do what he will try this season for the third time, with Blanche Bates (instead of Alla Nazimova, as originally planned), Miss Doro and Gillette. The company had reached San

posed opening his next New York season with "Diplomacy." Lester Wallack's stock company was still fresh in memory, having come to an end only two or three years before, and Mr. Frohman was ambitious to identify his players with a drama famous in the Wallack repertoire. Still, he hesitated to court unfavorable comparison by venturing too boldly. So he put the play on experimentally as

far from Broadway as he could. Sydney Armstrong, now Mrs. W. G. Smythe and living in retirement for more than fifteen years; William Morris and Maude Adams played the parts in which we presently shall see Miss Bates, Gillette and Marie Doro.

The performance was a dire disappointment. All idea of repeating it in New York was abandoned. Mr. Frohman put aside his "Diplomacy" ambitions for more than a decade. But he did not give them up.

In April, 1901, a combination of circumstances gave Charles Frohman an opportunity and an excuse for making a second attempt with the Sardou play. William Faversham and Jessie Millward were leading man and leading woman of the Empire Company, but they had practically been superseded by Charles Richman and Margaret Anglin. That had come about through two reasons. A severe, long illness had kept Faversham from the stage all

season, and Richman, leading man with Annie Russell, had been brought in to fill his place. He did it so satisfactorily that Mr. Frohman decided to retain him and send Faversham forth as a star. As for Jessie Millward, the leading rôle in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" was entirely out of her line. So Margaret Anglin, then a girl, had been engaged for it, and Miss Millward cast for the

excellent, though unquestionably secondary, comedy part of Lady Eastnay. By the end of March, Faversham was well again, so Mr. Frohman searched for a play containing four big parts to celebrate his return and restore Miss Millward to her rightful rank, without detracting from the popularity and success attained by Richman and Miss Anglin. "Diplomacy" solved the problem. The scheming, wicked Countess Zicka and the cool, resourceful Henry Beauclerc are the strongest characters



JEFFREYS LEWIS in 1883 When she starred as Countess Zicka in "Diplomacy"



MAXINE ELLIOTT IN 1890 At the time she played Dora in "Diplomacy" in support of Rose Coghlan

in the play, but the customary interest in young love makes Julian Beauclerc and Dora equally momentous to the audience, and they also have the third-act climax. The cast of that revival, made at the Empire (where the coming one is due), April 15, 1901, was:

Henry Beauclerc, William Faversham; Julian Beauclerc, Charles Richman; Count Orloff, Guy Standing; Baron Stein, Edwin Stevens; Algie Fairfax, Wallace Worsley; Countess Zicka, Jessie Millward; Lady Henry Fairfax, Ethel Hornick; Marquise de Rio Zares, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen; Dora, Margaret Anglin.

The incidental rôle

of Mion, Dora's maid, was played by Margaret Dale, already considerably advanced beyond such minor service. Mary Shaw once played that part. That was many, many years ago, when she and E. H. Sothern were beginners, at the famous Boston Museum. "We had two small parts," as Miss Shaw describes the evening; "he was a French valet and I the maid, and we had quite a little scene-perhaps ten minutes. Eddie entered and spoke half a dozen words, looked at me wildly for a moment, and then fairly flew from the stage. I meekly followed him. We were fined five dollars apiece and retired to the positions of walking gentleman and lady for some time."

Rose Coghlan was in the audience at the Empire first-night, having been persuaded by a New York newspaper to review it. She tactfully wrote nothing very definite, as anything commendatory she might say about the Countess Zicka would have been put down as insincere, and anything adverse as common jealousy. For no rôle is more intimately associated with Miss Coghlan's name than Zicka, nor has any later actress dimmed the lustre of her fame in it. She acted it for the first time April 1, 1878, when the drama was revealed to New York at Wallack's Theatre and the cast was:

Henry Beauclerc, Lester Wallack; Julian Beauclerc, Harry J. Montague; Count Orloff, Frederick Robinson; Baron Stein, J. W. Shannon; Algie Fairfax, W. R. Floyd; Countess Zicka, Rose Coghlan; Lady Henry Fairfax, Sara Marquise de Rio Zares, Madame Ponisi; Dora, Maud Granger.

During the remaining decade of the Wallack Company, "Diplomacy" continued to be a favorite play, invariably drawing large houses when revived. Herbert Kelcey made one of his earliest "hits" there as Count Orloff. Miss Coghlan was invariably the Zicka, though several other actresses of the period made reputations in the part in other cities. Among them might be mentioned Marie Wainwright, Jeffreys Lewis, Marie Burroughs, and Signora

Majeroni, whose two sons are on the American stage to-day. She toured the country in a company in which her husband was the Baron Stein, Maurice Barrymore was Count Orloff, Frederick Warde was Henry Beauclerc and John Drew was Algie Fairfax. One night at a town in Texas, Barrymore and an actor and an actress in the company went out for supper after the play. A man in the restaurant said something that the two actors construed as insulting to their companion. A fight ensued, and Barrymore's friend was shot and killed. The



SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON IN 1884 When he played Julian Beauclere in "Diplomacy" at the London Haymarket

actress lived to old age, dying only half a dozen years ago. Though always spoken of as Sardou's play, "Diplomacy" is different in name and in several essential points from the drama as he wrote it, and as it was produced at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, Paris, with Madame Bartet and the late Pierre Berton (many years later co-author of "Zaza") as Zicka and Julian. That play was called "Dora," was in five acts instead of four, and concerned French people solely. The version known as "Diplomacy," so long famous in this country and in England, and now about to be revived by Mr. Frohman, was acted for the

first time January 12, 1878, at the nowdemolished Prince of Wales Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, London, was credited to Bolton Rowe and Saville Rowe (Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson) and the cast was:

Henry Beauclerc, John Clayton; Julian Beauclerc, W. H. Kendal; Count Orloff, Squire Bancroft; Baron Stein, Arthur Cecil; Algie Fairfax, Charles Sugden; Countess Zicka, Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft); Lady Henry Fairfax, Miss Lamartine; Marquise de Rio Zares, Roma Le-Thiere; Dora, Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal).

The processes by which "Dora" became "Diplomacy" could not be more interestingly or authoritatively described than by Squire Bancroft himself in "The Bancrofts," the entertaining duo-autobiography by himself and Lady Bancroft, and by the late Clement Scott, who wrote:

"The sheets of manuscript were taken to Bancroft for his careful revision and judgment before they were sent on to the printer; the names of Savile and Bolton Rowe were on the programs, but Bancroft deserves to share fairly in any credit that fell to the adaptation of a very difficult work. He did not actually write the dialogue, but his judgment and suggestions were invaluable. I have never met so careful, experienced and diplomatic an editor of dramatic work as Bancroft, and 'Diplomacy' is not my only experience of the value of his assistance, equally with that



MARIE BURROUGHS In 1885 when she starred as Countess Zicka in "Diplomacy"



of his gifted wife, on any play submitted to them. . . . I think Bancroft would have been a model editor, for he has such consummate tact, such patience, such knowledge of men and things. He is so thoroughly a man of the world."

In the Bancroft book, speaking of "Diplomacy," Sir Squire says in part: "It was during this successful run ('Peril') that I heard Sardou was about to produce a new play at the Théâtre du Vaudeville called 'Dora,' and made plans to be *en rapport* with the première. My part in 'Peril' was too important to allow me to give it up so early in the run, but I was represented in Paris by B. C. Stephenson. He returned extremely nervous as to the new play's chance of success in England, although much impressed by one or two of its scenes, an incomprehensible timidity which in these days would have cost me the play. I

pursued the matter further, on the strength of a criticism I read in a French newspaper, and found that the author had already sold the English and American rights to a theatrical agent. With him I proceeded to treat, inducing him to give me the refusal of the play until the approaching Ash Wednesday—a day on which the London theatres were then closed by order of the Lord Chamberlain. This was arranged. I went over on Ash Wednesday and saw the play. At the end of the famous scène des trois hommes I told the agent I had seen quite enough, whatever the rest of the play might prove to be, to determine me to write him a check at the end of the performance.

"Another fine scene followed in a subsequent act. and I felt assured that there was ample material for a play in England, whatever the difficulties of transplanting it from Gallic soil might be. I gladly gave him fifteen hundred pounds, then by far the largest sum ever paid for a foreign work, for his rights, and was quite content with my bargain. Soon afterwards we placed the manuscript in the hands of Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson for consideration as to the line to be taken in its adaptation; with them, as was our custom with all French plays, we worked in concert. A long time was spent in considering the plan of action before the work was begun. Happily, the chief solution of many difficulties came to me in suggesting the diplomatic world as the main scheme. I took the adaptors again to Paris, and on the return journey, in a coupé to Calais, the whole subject of the new play was well threshed out between myself and my fellow-workers, and we saw our way to what eventually became 'Diplomacy.' It occupied both of us and the 'Brothers Rowe,' as they were called, for some months; it was revised and revised, but at last approached completion. Only a careful comparison between the original manuscript and the English

version would prove the labor it involved, and the tact and skill it required to retain just what was necessary from the French second act and incorporate it with the first.

"When the play was read to the company it produced a profound impression. Then there arose a tantalizing difficulty as to its title. Our dear old friend, Charles Reade, reminded us of the existence of his play, 'Dora,' found on Tennyson's poem. Several other suggested titles were found to be liable to the same objections. Eventually all the titles thought of were, one night at home, written on slips of paper and put into a hat. We decided that the one drawn oftenest in a given time should be resolved on. This chanced to be 'Diplomacy," which came out a long way ahead and was best of all, perhaps, fitted to the line we had adopted in the play. The hero, a young sailor in the

French, had become our military attaché at Vienna, while his brother was to be First Secretary in our Embassy at Paris. There was no kinship between these two important characters, as Sardou wrote them, and the change was a happy thought which was of great value to the play. Accident served us in regard to the stolen document; England was in the thick of the Eastern question, owing to the political relations then existing between Russia and Turkey, and discussion of the Constantipole defenses was prominent at the time.

'Nothing in our career, we thought, more clearly foreshadowed success than this production, and our view was evidently shared by a leading librarian in Bond Street, who called on me a week before the play came out, offering to buy up every stall in the theatre at its full price for six months, and to write a check in full on the spot. I asked Mr. Ollier why he ventured upon such a proposal. He replied that in a long experience he could not recall such a powerful cast as we were about to give the public, which, with some flattering remarks on our management, he declared must mean a gigantic success. I thanked him heartily for his offer, which amounted to some sixteen or eighteen thousand pounds, and then—to his amazement, it is needless to say-declined it. I did not fall into a trap, which would have surely turned our true friends, the public, into angry foes.

"'Diplomacy' was produced on January 12, 1878—a date which was chosen 'for luck,' as being my wife's birthday—with a cast which was one of the strongest of modern times. The scenes at Monte Carlo and Paris were elaborately prepared and decorated, although, we frankly admit, not so elaborately as to allow truth in a rumor current at the time that one suite of furniture had in the days of Empress Eugenie formerly graced her boudoir in the Tuileries. Our desire for realism in the last



CECIL CUNNINGHAM In "Dancing Around," at the Winter Garden



SCENES IN GEORGE M. COHAN'S PLAY "THE MIRACLE MAN" AT THE ASTOR

to us through the kindness of Sir Francis Adams, who was then First Secretary, and another friend, now Sir George Greville, who, since we knew him in his youth, had entered the diplomatic

service and become an attaché under Lord Lyons.

"The play, from start to finish, was a triumph. Before I went on the stage for the famous 'three men' scene, I told the prompter I was sure the applause would be tremendous at the end of it, and asked him to keep the curtain up a longer time than usual when we answered the call. He more than obeyed me in his zeal, and I thought would never ring the curtain down again. Nothing, however. checked the salvos of applause and the roar of approving voices, for, again and again, the curtain had to be raised in answer to the enthusiasm. which, at the close of the fine scene, splendidly acted by the Kendals in the third act, was repeated. At the end of the play, in answer to an extraordinary ovation and enthusiastic call for the author, I announced that the news of the reception of his play should be at once telegraphed to Monsieur Sardou, to whom the adaptors of his work wished all the praise to go. It was only with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Bancroft was persuaded to take up the part of Countess Zicka. She felt herself to be physically unsuited for it, a feeling which even the warm praise of the critics did

not help her to overcome. It was said by The Saturday Review that her performance surpassed in mastery and finish that of Madame Bartet."

Although the Bancrofts retired from management nearly thirty years ago, "Diplomacy" is still associated with their names in England. They still own the rights to the play, drawing royalties from every performance in England and this country; and the latest version acted over here was by their son, George Pleydell Bancroft. In 1884, after they had moved from the little Prince of Wales's to the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, they presented a revival of "Diplomacy" that is memorable for the fact that regular matinées were then introduced for the first time, for a second remarkable cast and for the fact that both actormanagers changed their rôles. Mrs. Bancroft, always out of her line as the adventuress, took up the incidental character of Lady Henry Fairfax, expanding it to her heart's content, and Sir Squire dropped Count Orloff for Henry Beauclerc. Maurice Barrymore took his place as Orloff; J. Forbes-Robertson was Julian; Charles Brookfield, who later made a fortune by writing "Charley's Aunt," and died a month or so ago, was Baron Stein; Mrs. Bernard Beere was Countess Zicka; and Eleanor Calhoun, an American, and now the wife of an Hungarian prince, was

A year later the Bancrofts retired from management and from the stage. Sir Squire has appeared twice since and Lady Ban-

act, which we laid in the British Embassy, induced a special visit croft once. In 1893, John Hare decided to put on "Diplomacy" to Paris for final details, for which every opportunity was given at the Garrick Theatre, then new, but the Bancrofts themselves and the actors in their last revival were too fresh in memory for him to dare the undertaking with anything less than what we would call an all-star cast. He asked Bancroft to emerge from

MAY SCHEIDER

American soprano who has been singing leading rôles at German opera houses for several years and who has returned to New York, one of the many fugitives of the war. Miss Scheider sings forty rôles and in Karlsruhe created the part of Zerbinetta in Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos."

his retirement and act Count Orloff, and, little thinking she would do so, he suggested that Mrs. Bancroft reappear as well. This she finally consented to do, largely because of the friendly-even familyties that bound her and her husband to John Hare. For one of the Bancrofts' sons married a daughter of Sir John and Lady Hare, and the other, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The cast of the Garrick revival was indeed remarkable:

Henry Beauclerc, John Hare; Julian Beauclerc, J. Forbes-Robertson; Count Orloff, Squire Bancroft; Baron Stein, Arthur Cecil; Algie Fairfax, Gilbert Hare; Countess Zicka, Olga Nethersole; Lady Henry Fairfax, Mrs. Bancroft; Marquise de Rio Zares, Lady Monckton; Dora, Kate Rorke.

This revival of "Diplomacy" was the talk of London, and Queen Victoria "commanded" a performance at Balmoral. The occasion is described by the late T. Edgar Pemberton in his book, "John Hare, Comedian," now out of print. "In the autumn of 1893," the account reads, "Mr. Hare received the Queen's command to appear at Balmoral in 'Diplomacy,' at that time being played by him with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and the Garrick company in Scotland. Here was a striking contrast to the

State Performance (of 'A Pair of Spectacles') at Windsor, before the Empress-Queen, with all the pomp and ceremony of the Court. At Balmoral, all was homely and informal. No ceremony; no state; Court etiquette on the part of the audience entirely set on one side; no restraint placed upon applause; and the reception of the play as enthusiastic and exhilarating as if it had been acted before an appreciative holiday audience. At Windsor, Mr. Hare was received by the Queen as the Queen; at Balmoral, by the Queen as a lady in her own private house. To the actors, the evening was made doubly memorable by the presence in the audience of the Empress Eugenie. Since the death of Emperor Napoleon, it was the first time she had been present at a theatrical performance, and she was profoundly interested and moved. At the reception subsequently given by the Queen in the drawing-room, she was present, and Mr. Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Miss Kate Rorke and other members of the company had the honor of being presented to her. She conversed a great deal with them, and it was touching to note her revived interest in the artistic pleasures from which she had been so long and so sadly separated. On this occasion the Queen specially honored and pleased Mr. Hare by commanding Mrs. Hare and his daughter to witness the performance, and to be presented to her at the reception by which it was followed.

"Shortly before supper (which was attended by the members of the Royal Family and the Court) (Continued on page 240)







Courtesy Brown Bros
ROYAL THEATER BERLIN

THÉÂTRE FRANCAIS, PARIS

THEATER AN DER WIEN, VIENNA

companions and most

courteous and willing

Most of the theatres in the warring countries are closed owing to the actors of military age having been called to the colors. In consequence thousands of players are without employment and much distress is reported

WHEN the first news of the spark that

Theatre Going in the War Zone

kindled Europe into a seething conflagration of bloodshed and destruction was flashed over the telegraph wires on the evening of July 25th, I was comfortably ensconced in an orchestra chair at the beautiful mirror-decorated Central Theatre, in Dresden, enjoying Engel and Horst's three act farce comedy, "Der Schrei Nach dem Kind." Prior to that time I had been a constant theatre-goer in London, Paris and Berlin for six consecutive weeks.

It was during the intermission after the first act (about nine o'clock) that a brief four-line message announcing the rupture of relations between Austria and Servia was projected in huge, hastily written German script on the curtain.

Immediately there was a lull in the high pitched humdrum of conversation throughout this luxurious playhouse. The trimly uniformed ushers ceased their incessant traffic in renting opera glasses; the rippling laughter and chuckling remarks of amusement-intent patrons changed to a serious mien; the pink rosettes tucked in the hair of the three quaint old women at the wardrobe check room seemed to lose their usual gay appearance; and the demand for Pilsner, Kulmbacker and Münchener beers in the elegantly appointed salon upstairs became decidedly slack.

After the second act a couple of youths entered the orchestra promenade and distributed small handbill editions of the leading Dresden newspaper. On these sheets, still damp from the press, appeared in prominent type an elaborated account of the previous information from Belgrade. Although "Der Schrei Nach dem Kind" had for several months convulsed Berlin with nightly outbursts of laughter, all its clever devices, ludicrous situations and witty lines went for naught during the remainder of the performance. The German trend of thought had suddenly turned into serious channels.

In a taxi afterwards I hurried down Pragerstrasse to the Hauptbahnhof, and was one of a large crowd that boarded the night express for Vienna at II o'clock. My company in a four-seated leather cushioned compartment consisted of a young English traveler and two Austrian infantry officers already summoned to join their respective regiments. For two hours I discussed in German with the latter the war situation from their viewpoint, and various details of the military organization of the much mooted Dual Monarchy. Both proved very agreeable

to explain the methods of gathering and training recruits, as well as the actual state of preparation for war.

Even at eight o'clock the next morning, when I arrived in Vienna, there were evidences of the impending war bubble that floated about in the general atmosphere. On the way from the Nordwest Station to my hotel I noticed several companies of cavalry clattering along the streets. The hour was early and a drizzling rain hung over the city like a wet blanket, but people were up and stirring, news venders were shouting the scarehead contents of the latest editions, waiters were chatting and gesticulating in excited squads and delaying their labor of laying clean table linen for the day's activities, and early church-goers. answering the morning's summons to worship, were agog with loud remarks over Servia's action of the previous day.

That afternoon at Josef Jarno's Lustspiel Theatre I attended a matinée performance of "Heirat Auf Probe," a lively comedy in three acts by Bernhard Buchbinder and Franz Rainer. From the American viewpoint this seemed a most unusual matinée, in view of the fact that the curtain was not rung up until five o'clock, the exact scheduled time. In our own playhouses we are filing out through the exit doors at this hour, but the Viennese have distinctly different routine. Sunday dinner is usually served between two and three, and since the Austrians enjoy extensive menus and ample time to satisfy the wants of the inner self, five o'clock is the logical time for a matinée.

Despite the fact that the plot of "Heirat Auf Probe" contained several truly mirth provoking situations and climaxes, the audience did not exhibit particular enthusiasm or burst into prolonged moments of laughter. The orchestra floor was half empty, but all the boxes were filled. Judging from the applause overhead at the end of each act, the balcony and gallery did not boast a full quota of patrons. No one was in a gay mood. Small groups gathered about in a lobby and waxed their pro and con arguments during the intermissions. "Down with the Serbs and Russians!" was the uniform expression. England, France and Germany were as yet unmentioned names.

In the Kaisergarten, the most complete and spacious of Vienna's amusement parks, I witnessed some patriotic scenes that evening. At the band concerts a number of Austrian an i German war tunes were substituted in place of the usual selec-



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CAROLYN THOMSON
In the title rôle of "Adele" now being presented on tour

tions. Throughout the course of the performance of the open air operetta, "Teresita," tingling military marches supplanted the customary entrancing waltz melodies. Although the place was thronged with its overflowing Sunday night patronage, the crowds were not moving about with the hauteur of gaiety. Small coteries assembled here and there. Discussions waxed warm. Pleas of hoarse-voiced barkers of the different attractions went for naught. In front of a brilliantly lighted café a withered

one-armed beggar woman recited a story that her two sons had been called to the front, and in response she was kept busy gathering up the downpour of copper heller pieces that missed her outstretched palms.

I witnessed many touching, deep rooted scenes while visiting with a friend back stage at the Festspiel Theatre after the first act. Women principals and tearful-eyed chorus girls were snatching a few minutes to say farewell to their loved ones, called hurriedly as the advance guard to do battle. Seated on a wardrobe trunk back of the gaudy drop curtain for a Spanish garden set, was a demure brunettish songster of the merry-merry front row, heaving her lithe little figure with loud sobs, while the tears trickle ! down in grotesque rivulets over the rouge and powder on her cheeks and lips. In the corridor leading to the women's dressing rooms, a nattily uniformed cavalry officer was bidding au revoir to the silkengowned prima donna. Mumbling audibly as he paced nervously to and fro, was a pompadoured youth. an understudy called at the last moment to step into an important rôle, which had been left vacant on account of a summons to arms. The company manager flitted about, speaking in re-assuring tones, and trying to quiet all rumors regarding half salaries. All at once the orchestra out front struck up with the opening chorus and the stage became a feigned whirlpool of song, dance and laughter.

"Teresita" proves a fairly interesting piece, although Carl Lindau did not supply any very typical Hungarian operette numbers. Fraulein Cordy Millowitsch from the Metropole Theater in Berlin and Gustav Werner, one of Vienna's light opera favorites, shared the principal honors. Three clever eccentric dances were interspersed to liven up the action, but I doubt if Pavlowa or Isadora Duncan could have aroused the stoic-faced audience. The real Viennese were there, but the real Viennese spirit was lacking.

On the evening of July 27th I sat through an entire sixteen-act bill at the Busch Circus Variété, constant inserts throughout the pro-

gram emphasizing the necessity of remaining until the last offering was finished. Contrary to the previous theatres I visited, a stirring feeling of enthusiasm was in evidence here, due chiefly to the timely quips of entertainers and patriotic selections by the orchestra. Noblett, a French character impersonator, was loudly hissed when he began a representation of President Poincaré. In order to continue the routine of his act, he was forced to eliminate this feature.

A quartet of corpulent, ruddy-faced knockabout comedians garbed in German military regalia, was encored four times. As an impromptu battle suggestion, this squad of fun makers fired a series of blank cartridge volleys at a long-whiskered, highbooted Russian dummy. This burlesque stunt had the audience standing up and shouting applause.

The general order for mobilization was issued and published broadcast about Vienna on the afternoon of July 28th. That evening I was one of a handful audience at the Intime Lichtspiele, a quaint playhouse situated at one end of the Kaisergarten. Under the direction of Herr A. Spitzer the following sketches were presented: "Des Harmlose Duell," "Und dann kam Sie," and "Gutertrennung." The treasurer of the theatre, a sad-faced individual with a drooping mustache, predicted that the place would probably be requisitioned as a hospital within the course of a few weeks. Any sensible person would agree that this purpose was worth while, for as a theatre the Intime Lichtspiele measures up to few of the common required standards. The orchestra chairs are small and about as comfortable and commodious as the pews in an old-fashioned country church. The aisles are narrow and the exits few and far between. And the acting talent would have been condemned even by American tentwenty-thirty patrons. The only redeeming advantage was the system of ventilation, which produced agreeable results.

After the final skit had been given, my box office informant, who in addition to his services as treasurer was burdened with the duties of house manager and general director, related to me in a despondent German dialect that his business had been ruined. On inquiry, I learned that he was not referring to theatrical lines of money-making, but that his profits from the Intime Lichtspiele had netted him enough kronen to buy out a flourishing livery trade. That forenoon the military authorities had requisitioned all the best horses from his fiakers (open Victoria carriages)

and einspännern (one-horse cabs). No wonder the poor chap did not smile when he sold tickets that evening.

On the following evening I attended the theatre for the last time in the war zone. This was at the Kammerspiel. People intimated that this playhouse would be closed before the end of the week. But the manager, evidently imbued with a determinate idea of drawing a capacity crowd, resorted recklessly to the practice of "papering." A long line of eager-expressioned "deadheads," mostly women, filed up to the box office window and then inside, while the manager, resplendent in a spotless dress suit, was kept busy shaking hands in a don't-mention-it attitude. And the next afternoon he was called to don a uniform and join his regiment.

The playlets on the program included "Besuch in der Dammerung," by Thaddaus Rittner; "Die Gewissenssache," a comedy by Hans Muller; and "In Festen Handen," by Raoul Auernheimer. All efforts of the dramatic artists employed to perform these plays went for naught. The people took more interest in the war items that were flashed upon the curtain than following the action that transpired back of the curtain.

Very few of the cafés in the Austrian capital remained open. Drawn window shades and locked portals greeted the prospective patron at the celebrated Graben or the Café Korb. The Café Ronacher and the Imperial also shut down. At the Café Bristol on the Karntnerring, middle-aged women assisted by lads of ten and twelve, supplanted the usual force of waiters. Refreshments here were limited to raspberry ice and cold chocolate. The regular bar had closed, so that orders for beer, wine, or mixed drinks could not be filled.

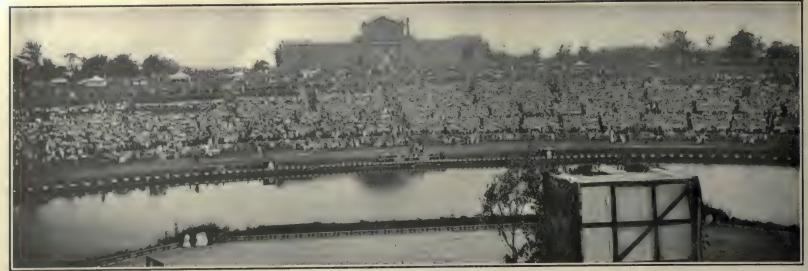
I ordered a plate of Hungarian pastry and was immediately informed by my waitress that, owing to the depletion in working staffs and the subsequent employment of inexperienced help, no pastry, cakes or small rolls were being (Continued on page 236)





Violet Heming and Lee Baker

Alice John and Julius Steger



Seventy-five thousand people watching St. Louis' recent Pageant and Masque. The picture shows the natural amphitheatre sloping down to the crescent-shaped lagoon which

THERE is no one intellect Percy Mackage on the Poetic Drama

take place. Beginning in full daylight at

working in the American Theatre to-day endowed with a broader or more illuminating vision of drama as a fine art than Perc; MacKaye. Poet, dramatist, and essayist, the range of his activity has been wide, and whatever his failings as a craftsman may be he cannot be charged with compromising his ideals for the sake of expediency. He loves the theatre. It you have ever come in contact with him that fact must have impressed you. Though many of his works have failed to achieve popularity his position in the American drama to-day, even at this comparatively early stage of his career, is higher and more secure than the writers of many so-called popular successes.

Mr. MacKaye was one of the chief figures in the "Pageant and Masque of St. Louis," a feature of the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the city held last May and June. Thousands of citizens participated in the spectacle, and hundreds of thousands witnessed it. Combining both pageant and masque in a single evening's entertainment it was a very elaborate affair and required a large number of executive heads to devise it. Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens was responsible for the pageant, Professor Frederick S. Converse of Har-

vard University composed the music, and Mr. MacKaye was the author of the masque.

The natural amphitheatre sloping from the Arts Building in Forest Park to the crescent-shaped lagoon was the site chosen. The auditorium, capable of seating over one hundred thousand people was matched in extent by the heroic dimensions of the stage set in the midst of the lake below. Five hundred and twenty feet wide at the back, and two hundred feet deep from the footlights to the background, it had a semi-circular front whose broad sweep of eight hundred and eighty feet bordered upon a strip of water a hundred and twenty-five feet wide. This curved body of water represented the great Mississippi which in reality lay not a great distance away.

Closing in the stage on three sides were walls sixty feet high, designed to represent the crum bling civilization of the Aztecs. In front at intervals were three immense mounds with flights of steps leading to their tops. Across the centre ran maskings concealing an orchestra of one hundred and a chorus of three hundred. The walls ended in towers which served the double

function of aesthetic effect and practical locations for stage directors and lighting appliances. Shrubbery and trees scattered about the stage were opened out when the action demanded, and transformed as if by magic into the huts of the early settlers, stockades, fortifications and so on.

In such a setting did the "Pageant and Masque of St. Louis"

half-past six, the spectacle lasted until eleven o'clock in the evening with a single short intermission for dinner. The history of St. Louis was unfolded in realistic episode, now in poetic imagery, now in song, now in story Starting with the days before the advent of the white man, the pageant outlined the history of the city down to recent times. De Soto, conqueror and explorer, came and went his way. Then Marquette and Joliet appeared paddling their canoes along the waters of the Mississippi. La Salle and his band followed soon after, and then in the interlude before the Second Movement, an Indian prophesied the passing of his race with the coming of the white man. The second part told of the founding of the city, and its history under Spanish and French control, and its final absorption in the new American nation. The third and last part concerned itself with a brief treatment of the significant events which happened during the nineteenth century-the visit of General Lafayette, the return of the volunteers from the Mexican war, the notable part played by the Germans in the early life of the community, and lastly scenes connected with the election of Lincoln as President, the bringing of the news from Fort Sumter, and the conclusion of peace at

the end of the Civil War.

Discussing the import of this great undertaking with the present writer, Mr. MacKaye said:

"Between three and five thousand persons were engaged in the pageant, and from one to two thousand men and women were employed in the presentation of the masque. This, of course, is extending the art of the theatre beyond the old conventional limits. The principal distinction might be phrased something in this way. In the old theatre, the audience has no intimate or vital connection with the creative part of the drama. In such a production as that presented in St. Louis, there was probably not a person in the vast audiences but who had some relative or friend participating, and so the tendency was to draw tight the bond between audience and players. The principle involved is that of participation by large masses under the leadership of a few. The production was really larger than even those attempted by the ancient Greeks. We had both an immense land and water area upon which to present the masque. In such vast spaces the human face and form dwindle into nothingness, and I tried

masque. In such vast spaces the human face and form dwindle into nothingness, and I tried to get sculptors to devise a new kind of mask to send the voice out so that it might be heard with clearness by an immense audience."

Percy MacKaye is a surprising man to meet. Then setting

Percy MacKaye is a surprising man to meet. Upon setting out to keep my appointment with him I wondered whether I should find him as shy and awkward as he appeared at the



PERCY MACKAYE



PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY

Popular English actress who is now appearing in this country in repertoire including "Twelfth Night" and "Romeo and Juliet"



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MARY BOLAND
Playing the leading feminine rôle in Edward Knoblauch's new play, "My Lady's Dress"

première of one of his plays. Quite the contrary. Fully at his ease, he touched one subject after another in quick succession, and as he talked he enthused over his work and the possibilities of making the drama a more vital and significant art. Present day conditions in America came in for a passing mention, and the dramatist's enthusiasm at once caught fire.

"The theatre was never in a more promising and vital condition than it is to-day. Every conceivable phase and technique of dramatic art is being developed. This widespread movement includes everything from the gigantic impressionistic productions of the noted German, Reinhardt, to the minute realism of Granville Barker and his Little Theatre movement. I myself have labored in both fields.

"Because of the many inventions and developments which help to heighten and sustain illusion in the theatre, I feel that there never was more hope for the poetic drama than now. Simplicity is the keynote of modern progress in dramatic art. Gordon Craig and Reinhardt have succeeded in doing away with much of the cumbersome realistic detail which distracts and subverts the attention of an audience. This new theory of stage production eliminates all but the great essentials. Quiet, unobtrusive settings quicken the imagination of the spectators to an appreciation of the poetic element in the drama. Things distracting to eye and mind have been eliminated and the resulting gain for the dramatist in getting control of his audience and holding cannot be underestimated.

"The realistic settings heretofore employed have invariably proved cumbersome and difficult to handle. In shifting scenery of this sort, the waits are long and tiresome, and audiences have very properly lost patience at such treatment. People have

either taken but a lukewarm interest in such plays or have stayed away from the theatre altogether.

"There also enters the important element of financial cost. This is a factor uppermost in the mind of the man who produces plays. It has long been a serious hindrance to poetic drama that such plays have almost always demanded elaborate and expensive productions. The theory of impressionism has simplified stage settings, and in consequence the cost of building scenery has been materially reduced. Cheaper and more practical settings should prove an incalculable aid to the production and appreciation of poetic drama in the future.

"I see an awakening of interest and participation in all forms of the theatre, and on this I base my firmest convictions and greatest hopes. One of the most hopeful aspects of the theatrical situation is the lively interest which the universities are taking in the drama.

"Curiously enough, it is not the college professors who are showing the keenest and deepest appreciation of the possibilities of the theatre, but the students. Most surprising of all is the college where this movement has received its strongest impetus-Darmouth. Imagine it! Football, sport-mad Dartmouth serving as the cradle for serious drama! Yet up there in New Hampshire, far removed from the centre of the dramatic world, a small band of men have got together and are genuinely striving for the betterment of dramatic art. They have turned their society into an experiment station and laboratory. Plays worth while are being mounted according to the newest theories, and the most up-to-date methods of production. Reinhardt, Craig, Bakst, our own Henry Miller-the ideas of all these men have come in for consideration by the college men."

"How about conditions in the theatre which are run for profit?"

"We must take the theatre out of the field of speculative enterprises and arouse interest in it among the people. Take a country of Continental Europe, like Germany, for example. The general public is taxed for the support of the theatre. America has no such system. It has not even an endowed playhouse devoted to the drama at the present time. Our theatres must make their living through their own initiative.

"Don't condemn the managers. You can hardly blame them for wanting to make money. Many times the commercial manager puts on some really fine play which he knows can't possibly make a popular success. Yet he puts his hand in his pocket and digs out the money to pay for it. When a man will do that sort of thing he is entitled to praise rather than censure.

"No, I believe the regeneration of dramatic art in this country will come only through the education of the public to an appreciation of what is genuinely worth while. Out of the material now at hand will come the means of effecting this regeneration. For instance, there is J. C. Huffman, who staged 'A Thousand Years Ago.' He is one of the best men in the profession, and his service in the theatre has been long and varied. He started as an actor, and now he has become a stage director. He is but one example of the men who have grown out of the old conditions."

Our conversation drifted to the subject of his most recent play, "A Thousand Years Ago," in which he achieved the longest run in his career in New York.

"The fantastic nature of the theme inevitably suggested to me the advantage of introducing—to enliven and, if possible, illumine an old tale with modern meanings—those types of the Commedia dell 'Arte which are really perennial in their appeal to audiences.



Strauss-Peyton

JANET DUNBAR

Leading woman with David Warfield for several seasons and to be seen shortly in a new play

The experiment has its own real and contemporary importance, for if those of us who would gladly bring back upon our boards not only the spirit, but the technique of dramatic poetry, would pitch our battle valiantly, we can pursue, I think, no more fitting strategy than to raise our banners boldly and clatter our symbolic spears against the shields of embattled Naturalism."

CHESTER THOMAS CALDER.



Pavlowa in the garden of her London home, "Ivy House"

Pavlowa to Standardize the Modern Dance

HEY'RE dancing in Waco and Victoria. They're dancing in San Diego and Des Moines. They're dancing, dancing, dancing; here, there, everywhere; before meals, after

meals, during meals. They're dancing as never before, old dances, new dances, strange dances.

What was the reason for this astonishing dancing renaissance which set in about two years ago, this allpervading terpsichorean rhapsody? Nothing can explain it unless it was the advent of Pavlowa and her incomparable art! This Russian artist it was who revealed to America the real beauty of the dancing art; she it was who aroused the latent desire to dance, existing in every human being. She it was who made society throw off its mask of ennui and put on the sandals of Terpsichore. She it was who set the feet of a nation to rythmic motion. Her art enthralled the millions, and the millions sought to imitate. So, the millions dance.

Before the coming of Pavlowa,

dancing was almost a lost art in America. We had tired of the old-style waltz, two-step and various "square" dances. There was apathy everywhere. But the Russian came, and the effect of her art on the people was electrical. She taught us the real beauty and the possibilities of the dance. Her art visualized for us most every ancient and modern form. We were amazed at the perfection of her interpretation, and then, as amazement wore away, and the deeper meaning of dancing was revealed to us, we embraced her art as our very own. We wanted to share in its further creation. And so Americans began to dance as they had never danced before. So great was our desire and so little our training we found even imitation difficult. Realizing our limitations we originated dances, more intricate and more beautiful than the waltz, the two-step, the quadrille and the figures of the German, but less difficult than the art of Pavlowa. That's why we have to-day the tango, the hesitation, the one-step, the maxixe, and the gavotte.

It was in the spring of 1910 that Pavlowa came first to America to appear at the Metropolitan Opera House, this city, for a brief engagement. Her success was instantaneous. Nothing like her dancing had ever before been seen on this continent. It was then that the American dancing era really began. The Russian became an idol and, through successive appearances, she made her position more and more secure, her devotees more and more numerous. Wherever she has appeared she has been given the most amazing ovations.

Genius is painstaking attention to details. Few who have seen Pavlowa realize the price she has paid for success; the years of hard work and self-denial; the hours spent every day in study and practice that her artistic facility might not wane. It was a long and difficult journey from the ballet to the exalted station of prima ballerina at the Marianski Theater. But the reward, she says, is worth all the travail, all the hard and agonizing labor.

During the winter season of 1910-11 a short tour of the principal cities of the United States and Canada was arranged by Max Rabinoff. Pavlowa, at the head of an organization of nearly one hundred, travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboards from Canada to Mexico. A second tour, more extended, was recently completed, and a third tour is shortly to begin.

Pavlowa re-created the desire to dance, and the feet of a nation began to move. Ballet classes were formed in many cities. Courses in folk-dancing were added to the curricula of many a school. Society went in for all manner of odd and unusual dances. But in all the dances there is no standard, no wellgrounded principle, no routine. San Francisco has its fixed idea of certain dances. So has Quebec. And so have the people in nearly every city. It is incongruous, disconcerting and inharmonious. There is too much individuality in present-day dancing, so much in fact that in many cities each clique has its own ideas

of how to interpret a dance. It often happens that a member of one clique is unable to dance with a member of another. This because of a lack of standardization.

It is to the task of standardizing and unifying ballroom dances that Pavlowa has set herself. She has

been at work most all summer on three new society dances and also on the standardization of existing dances. M. Warszinski, who will also

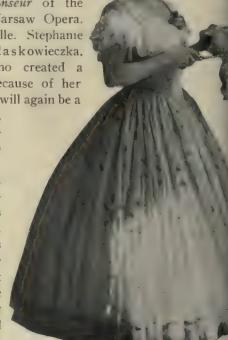
dance with Pavlowa, was given a leave of absence from his post as premier danseur of the Warsaw Opera. Mlle. Stephanie Plaskowieczka. who created a

sensation last season, both because of her dancing and her blonde beauty, will again be a solo danseuse. M. Ukrainsky, another of last season's favorites, will also be one of the solo danseurs. In addition to the classical

portion of the program, Pavlowa will present forty minutes of modern ballroom dancing. A replica of one of Europe's most noted ballrooms is the setting. Pavlowa has spent much of her summertime studying modern society She has originated dances. several entirely new dances.



Pavlowa in Rubenstein's "La Nuit"



Pavlowa in Chopin's "Une Soirée de Danse'

How the Hull House Players Fought Their Way to Success

HULL HOUSE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

Presents a Three Act Comedy

A SCRAP OF PAPER"

BY J. P. SIMPSON

at the HULL HOUSE GYMNASIUM,

240 WEST POLK STREET,

Monday Evening December 27th, 1897.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

-ENTITLED

N the article which appeared in these pages a short time ago, then, and it was only with difficulty that the cramped little stage

and some of their work, not enough was said of these young players during their formative period as a dramatic company. Few recall the circumstances of the formation of this now famous organization and its early trials and successes. And now that the Hull House Players have become famous —and most justifiably so, for they have done more in an intelligent and constructive way than any non-professional players in the country-it is well that their beginnings be put on record.

It is difficult to determine who was the actual originator of the Hull House Dramatic Association. If you ask Miss Jane Addams, she will probably tell you that it was Mr. Walter Pietsch. If you ask him, he will say it was Miss Addams. But with one or the other the idea did originate. Perhaps it sprang from each other's suggestions as

they discussed the next season's dramatic work at Hull House one August evening in 1897. Dramatics at Hull House, as you must know antedate the formation of the Hull House Dramatic Association by many years, for Miss Addams has always been an ardent advocate of the drama and its power to reach in the concrete what the most eloquent lecturer only vaguely suggests in the abstract.

It was in the fall of 1896 that Mr. Pietsch, who had just graduated from Cornell, got "roped in," as he expressed it, in the work of

Hull House. He was induced to coach the annual dramatic production of a group of young people who called themselves the Henry Learned Club. Fresh from an eastern university, where he had made an exhaustive study of the drama and of stage methods, imagine his surprise to find these young workers of Chicago's Nineteenth Ward aspiring, even insisting, upon Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

Assured of their sincerity, he lent his best efforts to the pliant, unconventional and intelligent material he found. Bound by no traditions, mannerisms or tricks of the minor professional stage, Mr. Pietsch at the very outset inculcated into this company, as he did into all the others later on, a free, sincere and natural method of acting, which has ever since been favorably commented upon in the performances of the Hull House Players.

Rehearsals had to be held in a room, and scarcely ever in the same room twice in succession. Not one of these rooms was large enough to properly teach voice inflection, and was unfitted in every way to give the young players a familiarity with or atmosphere of the stage. There was no Hull House Playhouse

describing the recent tour abroad of the Hull House Players of the gymnasium was secured even long enough for a dress re-

hearsal the night preceding the first per-

But inadequate quarters were not the only difficulties. Enthusiastic as they were about Shakespeare at first, the young players attended the rehearsals regularly. But they soon found that "As You Like It" as Mr. Pietsch desired them to play it was not to be interpreted with their old method of acting. The days of their selfdrilled "Box and Cox" performances had passed. 'A new era of dramatic understanding had dawned at Hull House, a different standard had risen. Some thought the young stage director too harsh, but came now and then anyway. Others stayed away from rehearsals without troubling to explain their absence, which meant that Mr. Pietsch himself was often forced to assume several rôles during the course of a re-

> hearsal. Then the social affairs of the club at Christmas caused the discontinuance of all rehearsals for some

The discouragements multiplied so rapidly that Mr. Pietsch almost gave up hope. But in January he reorganized his company from the membership of the club, and again they went at it. One of the Hull House residents, Miss Honiss, a young English artist, volunteered to help him, and he cast her in the part of Rosalind, Together she and Mr. Pietsch painted the scenery of the

MEMBERS OF THE HULL HOUSE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION-AUTUMN OF 1898 (Inset) Program of the first performance given by the Hull House Dramatic Association

Forest of Arden, for there was no scenery worthy the name at Hull House at that time. The costuming was on a scale never before attempted in the plays in the Settlement, though fifteen cents a seat was the highest tariff then known at Hull House. Thus the box office had a heavy production expense to cover, and the young players worried over their club's finances, with what they thought to be a certain deficit before them.

But the evening of April 1, 1897, made worth while these long months of tedious rehearsing and unpleasant drilling. The house was packed, and not only the people of the neighborhood, but the residents and their guests, saw a production of Shakespeare they had not thought possible by an amateur company. This performance, though not in name, was in reality the beginning of the Hull House Players, for from its pronounced improvement over anything ever before given at Hull House came the idea of greater things.

Soon afterward the young players of the Henry Learned Club repeated "As You Like It" several times in other playhouses, and once among the trees of Hubbard's Woods north of Chicago.

of Hull House. Such fame had never before been attained by any of the other young people's clubs at the Settlement, though these clubs, nearly all of them, gave plays, at least one play a year, as had the Henry Learned Club.

That the average of all the performances of these other clubs might be raised, Miss Addams, having in mind the Henry Learned Club's success, prevailed upon Mr. Pietsch to oversee

or drill every dramatic production given at Hull House. If training one club was difficult, this drilling of all was a herculanean task, particularly as the director's business occupied his whole day and his home was several miles distant. Still Mr. Pietsch volunteered to undertake it, how enthusiastically, I do not know. But I do know that at Hull House when Miss Addams expresses a wish, in that gracious manner which has since come to be so well known all over the country, there are few who have ever failed to volunteer to do their best to fulfill the wish.

But before the season of 1897o8 began came the idea of a company of young players representative of all Hull House. There was no such dramatic company at that time, for it must be understood that all these clubs, such as the Henry Learned, Lakeside, Friendship, Drexel, etc., were not dramatic clubs in any sense. They gave dances, they held debates, they went on picnics; their meetings, held usually once a week, teemed with the intricacies of parliamentary practice. Their annual play was only one of several interests which the members had.

During this first year Mr. Pietsch had seen several of these plays. He saw material in several of these other clubs which he would have gladly drawn upon to fill the weak places in his own company could he have done so. But the loyalty of these young people, each to their own social organization, prevented carrying out White any such idea. However, the season over, the plan ripened during

the several talks with Miss Addams, and in spite of the envy and jealousy that was bound to occur, it was decided to try to form a Hull House Dramatic Association. Instead of drawing from the limited talent of one organization, here was material to be selected from eight to ten clubs, aggregating some hundred and fifty to two hundred young people of both sexes.

The selection was not easy. One does not invite or dismiss amateurs as readily as professionals. It was harder than in the older social clubs. There, if one was unequal to a part, there was little thought about it, because the person's membership in the club was unimpaired and popularity undiminished. to form the first membership of a dramatic club was different, because if mistakes were made, and the young person requested to resign, a degree of hurt feelings was bound to occur, which had no place in Miss Addams's scheme for her young people. To make it harder, Mr. Pietsch had to take the word of several

when society in any number caught its first glimpse of the Players of the Hull House residents as to the ability of some players who were unknown to him, because he had no opportunity to see all of the plays given that year, nor chance to judge of the fitness of the several players selected in this manner, to join this all-star cast.

> But in October, 1897, those young people he had himself chosen, together with those recommended, met and formed the Hull House Dramatic Association. As to dramatic ability and

> > instinct, the choice of nearly every one of the company was proved by later tests to have been wise, but the element of jealousy among the members of the several clubs, and their unswerving loyalty to their own organization above any pride felt in the Dramatic Association, soon caused discord and made a full attendance at a rehearsal a rare thing indeed.

However, the rehearsals went on in spite of the fact that two members of the Henry Learned Club, picked for the first Dramatic Association play, refused to take the parts assigned them, as they preferred to appear in the play their own club was to give during the coming Christmas week. And there was no method of disciplining such desertions, for Mr. Pietsch now found himself the responsible stage director of every club, as well as his own Dramatic Association, and had to keep in tune with all the various elements present.

Though better acquainted with his people, the same physical difficulties presented themselves, only in multiplied form, because of the greater number of companies. The same inadequate rooms were in evidence, sometimes so filled with furniture as to leave little space for an imaginary stage. One or two plays had to be given without the formality of a dress rehearsal, or even a stage rehearsal at all, as the gymnasium where the little stage was located has its many classes, too, and could not be obtained by the players for a regular performance except on rare occasions.

Ethel Amorita Kelly As Prunella

Stafford Pemberton In "The Passing Show of 1914," recently at the Winter Garden

But in spite of these discouragements and the several other plays being coached, Mr. Pietsch felt able to announce to Miss Addams that during Christmas week of 1897 the new star company would give its first performance. This performance, the first one of the Hull House Dramatic Association, was on Monday evening, December 27, 1897, in the Hull House Gymnasium, and the play given was "A Scrap of Paper." The original players cast were the following: Oscar Marsolais, John Fiele, James Dwyer, J. Gough, Joseph Marsolais, Miss O'Brien, Miss Joyce, Miss Norton, Miss Thornton, Miss Kocienski and Miss Smith. The others who belonged to the original organization, but who were not cast in its first production or preferred to act with their own clubs, were: R. R. Pilkington, David Griffiths, H. Church, and Mrs. R. R. Pilkington.

Thus it will be seen that the Hull House Dramatic Association dates back farther than eleven years, and its initial member-



ship was fifteen. Of the original members, Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, Miss Thornton and James Dwyer came from the Henry Learned Club, the excellence of whose production of "As You Like It" had made possible the dream of the larger and more gifted company. Three of the original company are still active members to-day: Joseph Marsolais, Miss Smith and Miss Thornton. The present president of the Dramatic Association, Charles McCormick, really deserves a place with these charter members, although he was not actually chosen until some months later, coming from the Drexel Club, where his ability was quickly noted by Mr. Pietsch and rewarded accordingly.

During that winter and in the spring of 1898 there were several other plays given by the various clubs, in nearly every one of which there appeared some member of the Dramatic Association, acting with his or her club. The Association itself, notwithstanding that its first performance in December was by far the most finished piece of acting that had ever been seen at Hull House, one which pointed the way to the even greater possibilities these young people have shown with longer association and constant training, essayed no new plays that season. The club plays had to be given, and, as in the days of the feudal system, where to fight for the overlord was considered greater honor than to fight for the king, the chosen players directed their activities back again to their smaller circles.

But before the Association disbanded till the next season, they repeated "A Scrap of Paper" several times with marked success. It was during some of these succeeding performances that the attention of Chicago people generally began to be attracted to the unusual ability of these young folk.

So successful had the season been, in spite of its many trials and discouragements, that the need of a proper hall and stage for the dramatic productions was more than ever evident. Again on a summer evening, were the plans for this theatre talked over by Miss Addams



Photos White

1. Marie Walsh.

2. Marguerite St. Clair.

3. Evelyn Conway. APPEARING WITH MONTGOMERY AND STONE IN "CHIN CHIN" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

and Mr. Pietsch. She admitted the necessity and thought it worth while to try to build one, if the standard of the plays and of the acting could be kept where they had been put in one year. On the other hand, he promised that with time, and a real stage and hall to use for rehearsals and performances, the productions all the way through would be even

During the next year she raised the money and built the theatre, while he, not alone with the Dramatic Association, but with the other clubs which were feeders to it, raised the standard of every performance, so that the acting at the Hull House Playhouse has ever since signified a finish and ability that many of the better professional companies lack.

For the period of the next two years the Dramatic Association gained steadily in ability and prestige. Its members gradually became more loyal to it and sacrificed its interests less and less for their older affiliation. On December 22, 1898, was given a triple bill, "Yellow Roses," "The Morning's Mail," and "Lend Me Five Shillings," to a large and enthusiastic audience. "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals" were both put in rehearsal that season, but neither reached a state sufficiently finished to warrant a performance, though in May, Jerome K. Jerome's "Sunset" was given with a delightful intelligence and understanding as a climax to an evening of oneact pieces from the plays of the season that had been given by four of the social clubs.

From that time the permanency and success of the Hull House Dramatic Association was assured. The players became a unified body. Traditions formed and loyalty asserted itself. Enthusiasm took the place of doubt. Confidence supplanted diffidence. The hard drilling they no longer dreaded. The exacting, seldom satisfied director they no longer avoided. They began to appreciate the ideal he had for them, the standard he was literally forcing them to assume, and they strove with him loyally, earnestly, to attain it.

(Continued on page 238)

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES



No. 9: Miss Louise Dresser

ITY the poor villain! His lot is hard indeed, for he has to bear not only the

Some Recent Hits

hatred of the fair heroine, but the hisses of the audience as well. Of course, the hisses at the Candler Theatre, where "On Trial" is proving so popular, are

not really audible. But that is merely because the audience is so well behaved. For Frederick Truesdale gives a very finished

performance of the villain, making his career uniformly black. Mr. Truesdale was born in Montclair, N. J., the son of an army officer and civil engineer. After his graduation from Yale University he joined Daly's repertoire company, playing young men and character parts in Shakespeare, remaining with the company for three years. Then he was seen as Trip

White company for line years.

Frederick Truesdale in "The School for Scandal." After that he was in comic opera, playing the comedian and even dancing in the ballet in "The Geisha," "The Circus Girl," and "La Poupée." At the close of his comic opera runs he toured England with William H. Crane, then was seen in "Ben Hur," and later succeeded Bruce MacRae as Dr. Watson in "Sherlock Holmes." He was leading man to Lily Langtry, and later appeared in "The College Widow," "The Three of Us," "Maggie Pepper." He played Daddy Long-Legs in the Chicago production of that play.

MORE perfect and forceful characterization it is hard to find than Reginald Barlow's playing of Dave Wilson, the forger and murderer in Paul Wilstach's play, "What Happened at 22." And its contrast to Scaramel in "Prunella," Mr. Barlow's previous vehicle, in which he charmed and delighted everyone by the artistic superficiality with which he invested the scamp, proves Mr. Barlow to be a fine, versatile actor. Reginald Barlow was almost born upon the stage. His father was the well-



known minstrel. At eighteen he began appearing with stock and Shakespearean repertoire companies, touring the United States and Canada, and playing juvenile lead and comedy. Ten years ago he made his first appearance in New York, playing the male agitator, a comedy rôle, in "Votes for Women," and later appearing as Private Baines in "Sins of Society" at the Moffett
Reginald Barlow New York Theatre. In this rôle he was able to bring

real experience as a soldier, for he had served in the Boer War. Following this he was featured in a road company of "The Devil." On his return to New York he joined the New Theatre forces, playing in "Anthony and Cleopatra, "The School for Scandal," etc. When the company dissolved he remained with Winthrop Ames, taking the parts of the "humble man" in "The Pigeon," the cockney soldier in "The Terrible Meek," and the Prime Minister in "The Flower of the Palace of Han."

F there is one thing that Miss Rae Selwyn learned in her very young theatrical career it is to be deaf and dumb when occasion demands. For as Sarah Peabody, the supposed "deaf and dumb chicken" in "Under Cover," the clever Custom House mystery melodrama at the Cort Theatre, she imparts the most delicious bit of comedy to the first act of the play. The would-be smuggler succeeds in "stalling" the suspecting officials even when they suddenly shoot off a gun behind her back; but when she



learns that she has been betrayed by the woman who taught her the game, it is too much. It requires selfcontrol mightier even than hers to keep her tongue locked through that ordeal. It is a very clever bit of acting, and although a small rôle, an exceedingly difficult one. Miss Selwyn was born in Toronto, Canada, and educated in Louisville, Kentucky. In

spite of the fact that she comes of the well-known family of producers and playwrights, she has found it very hard to get a start on the stage. But Miss Selwyn persisted, and succeeded first in foiling them, and now she is showing them! It was through Grace George, her intimate friend, that she got her first rôle. Miss George asked her if she would like to play in her company when she gave her revival of "Divorçons" about two years ago, and accordingly Miss Selwyn was given the part of the maid.

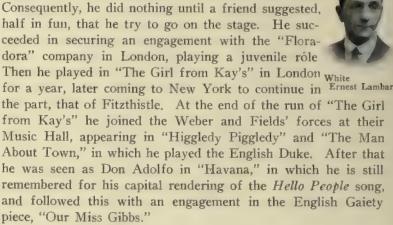
IT must have taken a good deal to persuade Ray Cox to leave the vaudeville field, where, after struggling and grinding incessantly for ten years, she had shoved through to the ranks of the

foremost and had even pulled up her salary to four figures, and to induce her to accept a straight comedy character rôle. What she has done with that rôle anyone knows who has seen the mirth-provoking "Twin Beds" at the Fulton Theatre. Miss Cox is an unalloyed joy and delight as Signora Monti, the big, masterful, slangy wife of the opera singer, who holds on tight to the "bundle of spaghetti" she has rescued from the oblivion of the cabaret singer and succeeded in converting into a "\$2,000 meal ticket." Her every appearance Copy't Moffett in the play is greeted with a shout, and her exits are



planned solely for the purpose of giving her audience time to gather strength for the next laugh! Miss Cox was born in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. As a young girl she developed her talent for vaudeville, and soon grew to the rank of headliner. Three years ago she left vaudeville to appear with Lew Fields in "The Never Homes," and later was seen in "The Charity Girl." At the end of its run she returned to vaudeville, which she again left to take her present part.

NEXT to Lew Fields, the most admirable bit of character comedy in "The High Cost of Loving," at the Republic Theatre, is the playing of Noel Burnham by Ernest Lambart, of musical comedy fame. Just as big a hit as he has ever made in the popular musical comedies in which he has appeared does he score in his present rôle, that of a young college professor whose "women friends are all dead ones-oh, dead a few thousand years, y'know!" Mr. Lambart is an Irishman, born in County Meath, and educated in England at Eton and Cambridge. As a young man he did not have to work.



HAT would "The Third Party" be without Taylor Holmes. with his fresh, boyish personality, his ingratiating smile, and his quick, ready inexhaustible fund of comedy? As Hillary Chester, alias Garibaldi Gazzaza, Mr. Holmes is the very life and fun of the piece. His every move, every change of face—and it is a wonderfully versatile face—is hailed with joy. Taylor Holmes was born in Newark, N. J., and began his career as a dramatic parlor elocutionist. Later he joined a stock

with vaudeville and stock in Philadelphia. Together with Robert

Edeson he produced "Strongheart," acting as general stage-

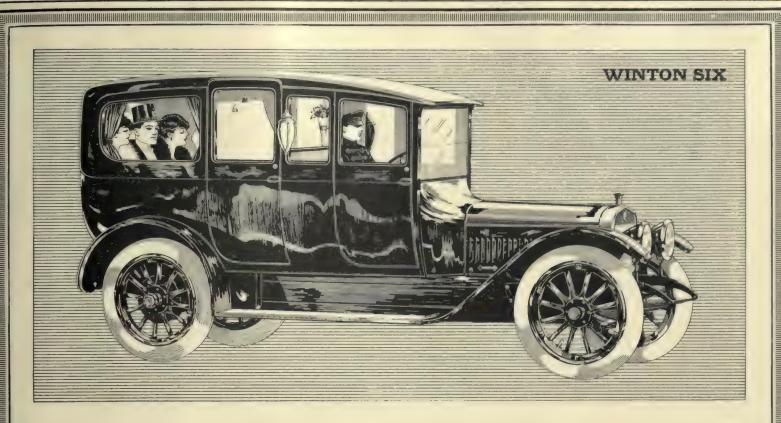
manager, and later was seen in "The Soldier of Fortune." It

company, where he received all his early training, and then joined Olga Nethersole's repertoire company, playing in the first appearances in this country of "Sappho," "Camille," etc. He was with Sothern for a while in Shakespearean repertoire, and then played stock in Newark, his home town, where he was received with great joy and pride. Then he was seen with Frank Keenan, and filled in between seasons

sick German boy. After that he



was during his year and a half run in vaudeville that David Belasco saw him and engaged him to play with Warfield, appearing in "The Grand Army Man" and "The Music Master," in which piece he will always be remembered as the impulsive, love-(Contnued on page 239)



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William Wissell,

In the War Zone

(Continued from page 221)

turned out by the bakeries. Only the long war loaves of bread, huge in shape and thick crusted,

loaves of bread, huge in shape and thick crusted, were available for consumption by the populace. August 1st I carried out my original itinerary and secured accommodations through Thomas Cook and Son on a mail train from Vienna to Budapest. Even this strip of the South Austrian Railway, situated several hundred miles from either the Russian or Servian frontier, was securely guarded, a patrol every hundred yards, and double sentries at the bridges and culverts But theatrically speaking, beautiful Budapest, with its fascinating Hungarian rhapsodies and picturesque blue Danube, lay dormant. Not a single theatre was open and most of the cafés and dance pavilions were shut. Girls who, a week previous, had graced the choruses of the various light operas, could be seen sewing military garments at the outfitting stations, or bustling about as waitresses in the cheap coffee restaurants, or walking aimlessly about the streets and avenues, tearfully bemoaning the departure of their dear ones.

My experiences in getting out of Austria-

and avenues, tearfully bemoaning the departure of their dear ones.

My experiences in getting out of Austria-Hungary were similar to those of the average American caught in any part of the war zone. Lost my baggage, temporarily, according to the assurances of the railroad luggage officials in Budapest. Impossible to get ready cash on my travelers cheques. My return steamship sailing cancelled. Stopped and searched frequently by military authorities. Could not send a cablegram home. Rode for twenty-two hours continuously on a third-class troop train from Budapest to Trieste. From sheer necessity enjoyed my first fried horse meat steak (in the latter place) since beef, pork or mutton, or fish and game were unknown edibles at the time.

In Naples, from where I sailed aboard the S. S. Taormina on August 13th, theatres were doing good business. An Italian version of "Madame Sherry" held sway at the Opera House, while "The Dollar Princess" was scheduled for forthcoming presentation at another of the principal playhouses. Widely heralded and profitably patronized at the Variété Theatre were the Eight American Tango Girls, But the seven hundred American tourists gathered in Naples paid slight attention to these inducements. Despite the the-

American tango Gris. But the seven induced American tourists gathered in Naples paid slight attention to these inducements. Despite the theatrical allurements, the peaceful daily mien of the Neapolitans, and the joyous atmosphere created nightly by rich-voiced street quartets and the stringed instrument, or chestras, the Americans stringed instrument orchestras, the Americans spent most of their time flitting between the American Consulate and the Italian steamship offices in hopes of arranging to come home as soon as possible.

EDWARD B. PERKINS.

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A Dramatic Air by Tetrazzini, Forza del Destino—Pace, mio Dio! Verdi.

Don Alvaro, a noble youth from India, becomes enamored with Donna Leonora, the daughter of the Marquis of Calatrava, who is strongly opposed to the alliance. Leonora, knowing her fotber's purposed determines to make her ing her father's aversion, determines to make her escape with Alvaro, aided by Curra, her confidant.

Martinelli Sings the Popular "La donna è

This popular air occurs in the last act of "Rigoletto," in the scene representing Spara-

An Effective Love Song by Williams. Beloved, It Is Morn, Emily Hickey-Florence Ayl-

Bori and McCormack Sing the Lovely "Bohême" Duet.

This duet occurs just after the Mi chiamano Mimi. The young girl having finished her story, Rudolph hears the shouts of his friends in the courtyard below. He opens the window to speak to them, letting in a flood of moonlight which brightens the room. The Bohemians go off

A Popular Neapolitan Ballad by McCormack, with Male Chorus. Funiculi, Funicula, Luigi

Although written as late as 1880, this song has become so extremely popular in Italy that it is classed with the folk-songs of that nation.

Julia Culp Sings Schubert's "Hedge Roses" (Pianoforte accompaniment by Coenraad V. Bos). Haidenröslein, Goethe-Schubert.

"Haidenröslein" as well as the impostat "Enterentation of the second second

"Haidenröslein," as well as the immortal "Erlking," is one of the one hundred and thirty-seven songs written by Schubert in 1815.



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The Hull House Players

(Continued from page 232)

The work was done. The nebulous, uncertain thing, ready to burst asunder with each jealousy or to crumple up under the very crit.cisms of the stage director, who was greatly responsible for its formation, was now a compact and substantial organization. The players were loyal to their director and to each other, and enthusiastic in that pride of something worthy achieved, and already ambitious for greater laurels.

Until the summer of 1900 they remained under the direction of Mr. Pietsch, as did the dramatic productions of all the other Hull House clubs, when personal and business affairs made it no longer possible for him to have a hand in their destinies. But the slap-stick plays he found in 1896 no longer prevailed. The performances of the several clubs were bettered each year, both in acting and in the character of the players broadened. In the Dramatic Association itself the players began to acquire that finish, which succeeding years of constant performance and steady training, first directed by Mr. Geo. M. R. Twose and later by the present director, Mrs. Laura Dainty Pelham, have brought to a standard that makes the name Hull House Players a synonym, everywhere in the dramatic world, for excellent and intelligent productions of the best plays.

In Hull House, on the walls of the hallway that leads to the Play House, are many photographs of the scenes from plays given in the years succeeding those here related, and there are group photographs of the players, too, particularly those of the Dramatic Association in the several years. And among these, the least pretentious of all in a group, is one of that formand the productions of all in a group, is one of that formand the productions of all in a group, is one of that the fall of the standard that makes the name productions of all in a group, is one of that the fall of the standard that makes the name productions of all in a group, is one of that the fall of the standard that makes the safe pretentious of all in a group, is one of that the fall of the fall o

are group photographs of the players, too, particularly those of the Dramatic Association in the several years. And among these, the least pretentious of all in a group, is one of that company of young people, taken in the fall of 1898, whose ultimate faith and constant effort, in spite of their little jealousies and shortcomings, made possible the present excellent company of players. How many of those in that group, whose fame had then traveled little beyond their own neighborhood, ever dreamt that their then new, and very wobbly organization, was to be not only welcomed and praised in many sections of this country, but would achieve as well honor and glory on foreign shores, and marked recognition from the leading lights of the literary and dramatic world?

As we applaud their present success and superior ability, let us not forget that had it not been for the earlier achievement of one club, from which grew the idea of the picked company, and the indefatigable work of coaching this new company and of holding it together, as well as the earnestness of several of the young players themselves, there would in all probability never have been any Hull House Players.

And let it be recorded that if John Galsworthy is to-day loud in his praises of these earnest young players, that even in those earlier days, while still in their formative period, the work of the players of Hull House was important enough to a tract the notice and favorable comment of William Archer, who visited Hull House in the first years of the organization, and of our own well-beloved Joseph Jefferson, who addressed all of the players of Hull House a year or two later.

Albert D. Phelps.

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Some Recent Hits

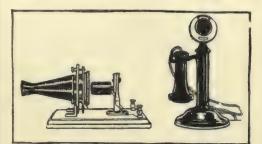
(Continued from page 234)

was seen in the musical comedy "The Midnight Sons," with Lew Fields, playing the stuttering part, and then was engaged to play lead in "The Commuters" at the Criterion. Later he was seen in "Marriage à la Carte," at the Casino, and was featured in the "Folies Bergere." He left that to play Lorimer Walsh in Savage's production, "The Million," and last year was at the Casino again in "Oh, I Say."

As pretty and dainty as a Dresden China doll is little Marilynn Miller, who has been delighting audiences at the Winter Garden in "The Passing Show of 1914." Doll-like she certainly is, with her blue eyes and flaxen hair, her gauzy skirts and twinkling feet, pirouetting in a toe-dance as Mlle. Genee. And clever withal, for besides dancing she does a few impersonations, in which she surprises one by her mimicry and

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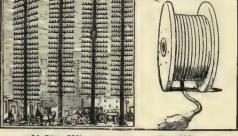
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These are some of the familiar improve-They have saved tens of millions of dollars. But those which have had the most radical effect, resulting in the largest economies and putting the telephone within everyone's reach, are too technical to describe here. And their value can no more be estimated than can the value of the invention

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the astonishing range of her voice. But little seventeen-year-old Miss Miller has been called a Dresden China doll before—quite professionally, for she is the youngest of the "Five Columbians," well known to high-class vaudeville audiences in their act called "A Bit of Dresden China Many Years Ago." She, as well as the other members of her family, hails from Columbus, Ohio. which has led them to go under the name of their home town in their vaudeville career. It was when Marilynn was a child that she first went on the stage in the vaudeville act together with her parents and her two sisters. She learned to pirouette and dance on her toes when she had barely learned to walk, so she became an important member of the act, and the fifth of the Columbians. Then, recently, the act broke up, because, as Mr. Miller himself expresses it, he "lost two daughters by marriage." It was while Marilynn was dancing at a club entertainment in London that Mr. Shubert himself discovered her and engaged her to appear in "The Passing Show."

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Triple Alliance of the Stage

(Continued from page 218)

the Queen retired, but she still continued to take the liveliest interest in the proceedings, and Mr. Hare has since learned that she sent down from time to time to ascertain if the 'players' were 'well bestowed.' After supper, Mr. Hare's health was proposed by Prince Henry of Battenberg, and before leaving Balmoral, each member of the company was given a beautiful souvenir in the shape of a handsome brooch, to the ladies, and a scarf-pin, to the gentlemen. These were presented by the Princess Beatrice in the name of Her Majesty. In addition to a magnificent silver cup given to Mr. Hare, the Queen sent him a few days later a full length engraving of herself, after the portrait by Angeli, signed in her own hand, 'To Mr. John Hare from Queen Victoria,' together with a most kind letter from her Groom in Waiting, the Honorable Alec Yorke, expressing the great delight she had felt in witnessing the performance of 'Diplomacy.'"

About that time, Rose Coghlan was at her height as a star. She produced Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance" for the first height as a star. She produced Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance" for the first time in America; but neither that nor any of the several other new plays she tried was successful, so her repertoire was in almost constant use. Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Boucicault's "London Assurance," Tom Taylor and Charles Reade's "Masks and Faces," Bulwer-Lytton's "The Lady of Lyons," the Dumas adaptation called "Camille," and Herman Merivale's "Forget-Me-Not" were among the favorite pieces; but "Diplomacy" was the surest card of all. During one of her last engagements as a star on Broadway—at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1893—she revived "Diplomacy" with a memorably good cast—her brother and her husband, Charles Coghlan and John T. Sullivan (both now dead), as Henry and Julian Beauelerc; Sadie Martinot as Dora; Frederic Robinson as Count Orloff; Ida Van Troutmann as the Marquise: and Robert Fischer as Baron Stein. Maxine Elliott and Effie Shannon were other Doras of about that period; and Frederick de Belleville played both Henry Beauclerc and Count Orloff with Miss Coghlan.

From that time until the Empire revival in 1901, and since then with but one exception, "Diplomacy" has been seen only at the hands of cut-rate stock companies.

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Books Received

VAN ZORN. By Edwin Arlington Robinson.
New York: The Macmillan Company.
ROMANCE, By Edward Sheldon, New York:
The Macmillan Company.
THREE MODERN PLAYS FROM THE FRENCH. By
Barrett H, Clark. New York: Henry Holt &

Company.

Company.

Bambi. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Garden
City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

The Cyclopaedia of Social Usage. By Helen
L. Roberts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Things That Count. By Laurence Eyre.
Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

OSCAR Wilde and Myself. By Lord Alfred
Douglas. New York: Duffield & Co.

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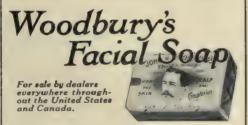
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Opera at the Century

(Continued from page 213)

performances and displayed a voice of rather unusual beauty. Lois Ewell, Kathleen Howard and Muriel Gough were important on the distaff side of these performances of Rossini's faded masterpiece, but it must be admitted that they did not compare favorably with their male companions "La Traviata," with Lois Ewell as Violetta, brought that well-known florid Verdi opera to hearing the week afterward; and the alternating tenor heroes were Morgan Kingston, familiar from last season, and Giuseppe Gaudenzi, an Italian who had been with the Chicago Opera Company. Thomas Chalmers assumed the dignity and rôle of the senior Germont, and Jacchia conducted a generally smooth performance.

So has the season of popular opera started on its way with more friends and well-wishers than it boasted last year. And the reason is not far to seek for the performances are so much better.

However extensive and devastating the present European war, its influence will not be sensed artistically by the Metropolitan opera season. According to latest reports received, the Metropolitan will open its doors on November 16th for a twenty-three-weeks' season, and the plans formed last season and developed during the summer will be adhered to faithfully, save in slight instances. All of the artists have been accounted for save Dinh Gilly, the Algerian-French baritone, who is a prisoner of war. Germany appears to have granted its artists leave of absence, so even the German singers of the male persuasion will be heard here this winter, and it is expected that the Wagner works will hold their accustomed place of importance in the repertoire.

As for new works, chief in interest is "Madame Sans Gène," a new opera by Umberto. Giordon which is to have its first performance.

hold their accustomed place of importance in the repertoire.

As for new works, chief in interest is "Madame Sans Gêne," a new opera by Umberto Giordano, which is to have its first performance on any stage at the Metropolitan, Miss Farrar singing the title rôle. It is also likely that the composer will attend.

Another feature of interest will be the presentation here—said to be the first in this country—of Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor," Weber's "Euryanthe," almost unknown to the present generation of New York operagoers, and Bethoven's "Fidelio," which has been neglected for a number of years here, will also be revived.

Public interest will probably centre chiefly about the "Carmen" revival, however, which was scheduled for last season, but was postponed. Miss Farrar and Mr. Caruso will assume the leading rôles, and it is possible that this revival may inaugurate the season.

Complete details are still lacking, but will be revealed in due season. Suffice it to say that New York will have its usual season of grand opera, a fact of which it may well be proud, for Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia have abandoned their seasons in deference to the exigencies of war. That New York will pursue its well-laid operatic plans is due chiefly to the gen eralship of Giulio Gatti-Casazza and to the worthy artistic ideals of the inestimable board of directors of the Metropolitan.

Columbia Records

Columbia Records

It is interesting to note the real activity that has developed in musical affairs generally now that the season has actually commenced, when we consider the dismay and confusion that existed a month or so ago in view of European conditions, which apparently presaged a complete demoralization of operatic and concert activities practically the world over.

Events, it seems have now vindicated the opinion of a well-poised few who held that after the force of the first cataclysm had passed conditions would resume an almost normal aspect; and with the exception of a few male artists whose military obligations may hold them abroad, it is improbable that there will be many who will be unable to fill their engagements.

This is true not only of generally interpretative but also of reproductive music, as indicated by the announcements for November—at least if the Columbia list of recorded music is indicative of the general trend. An exception, it is true, is found in the case of a new record by Ysaye, who, it now seems certain will not be heard in America this season. His subject is rather more popular than those usually heard from him, being the ravishingly beautiful Schubert "Ave Maria," which originally written to verses from Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is now heard almost more as a violin transcription than in its original form. The interpretation of it heard almost more as a violin transcription than in its original form. The interpretation of it by this master is, as might be expected, a thing of heauty.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 208)

the pistol in the dead man's hand, and they agree to make a case of suicide. Now, on the merits of the case thus presented, we have a situation that does not commend itself to interest and applause. But Mr. Broadhurst is crafty. He has established the unwritten law, as it were, of the right of a woman to slay in defense of her child. The law of the land is thus swept aside as having nothing to do with the play thence forward. The interest is transferred to the investigation to be undertaken by the Coroner, and as preliminary to that the handling of the case by the Police Inspector. Melodrama and comedy at once set in. There is laughter at the lies of the secretary. An impassive butler, playing his game of stupidity well, enters into the conspiracy of the defense, and he lies with such skillful stupidity that for a while he baffles the Inspector, and perhaps there is nothing more amusing than baffling an Inspector. The lover is less the comedian, but the officer in charge of the investigation is a most engaging and natural comedian, even in his extenses moments of pursuits of the facts. the pistol in the dead man's hand, and they agree dian, but the officer in charge of the investigation is a most engaging and natural comedian, even in his sternest moments of pursuits of the facts. This part is played by Mr. George Fawcett, than whom, when it comes to carrying his points, there is none better. Soon after coming into the room he calls up his home on the telephone and enquires, with all the sternness of his face melting into contentment, how "they" are getting on. He explains that "they" are his wife and the newly arrived twins. It is this feeling of parenthood that determines his conduct later on when he draws from the woman the exact facts about the killing. The stagecraft, authorship and acting draws from the woman the exact facts about the killing. The stagecraft, authorship and acting are so potently exercised that the audience is disposed to put aside disagreeable considerations and to accept the play in its melodramatic and comedy aspect. The play certainly doesn't "teach" anything. "The Law of the Land" is so well cast that the excellence of the acting alone makes the play noteworthy and enjoyable. Miss well cast that the excellence of the acting alone makes the play noteworthy and enjoyable. Miss Julia Dean is the unfortunate wife, Mr. Robert Harding the equally unfortunate husband, Mr. Milton Sills the unfortunate lover. Every part in the play is effectively done, so that from every point of view in the theatrical sense Mr. Broadhurst has succeeded in making a remarkable production, the final success of which may depend upon what audiences may think of the moral aspects of the story which have been parried, with apparent success, by the author.

BELASCO. "THE PHANTOM RIVAL." Play in three acts by Ferenc Molnar. American version by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced on October 6th with this cast:

Sascha Taticheff, Leo Ditrichstein; Frank Marshall, Malcolm Williams; Dover, Frank Westerton; Earle, Lee Millar; Farnald, John Bedouin; Oscar, J. M. McNamee; Waiters, Frank E. Morris, Louis Poiselli; Louise Marshall, Miss Crews; Mrs. Van Ness, Lila Barclay; Nurse, Anna McNaughton; Maid, Ethel Marie Sasse.

Waiters, Frank E. Morris, Louis Poiselli; Louise Marshall, Miss Crews; Mrs. Van Ness, Lila Barclay; Nurse, Anna McNaughton; Maid, Ethel Marie Sasse.

Mr. Ditrichstein has done an unusual thing in the adaptation of a foreign work in making Molnar's play thoroughly American. The body of the play is a dream. The jealous husband and his wife, driven almost to uncontrollable hysterics by his nagging, have returned from a restaurant, where he had accused her of exchanging glances with some of the men present. Presently she reads a letter which she had preserved, a letter that does not tend to pacify her husband. Her lover, of the days when she was free, declared that he was going out into the world, not to return until he came back renowned, perhaps as a warrior, or a statesman, or a singer; having accomplished a brilliant career, he would come and claim, claim and take her in all circumstances. He will even return if he failed and had become a tramp. Would her love endure whatever befell him? After reading the letter, and tired out with the experiences of the evening, she falls asleep. It is here that Mr. Belasco accomplishes the new bit of stage mechanism, so easy and so effective and yet so dignified and distinctive with the imaginative quality. No curtain is lowered, no appreciable time elapses; there is a moment of darkness, a sudden pale light that grows, and then through it, in a shaft of light, we see the dream-warrior, resplendent in uniform of rank, standing awaiting the woman whom he has returned to claim. He stands in the broad hall at the foot of the great marble stairway in a palatial home in New York. We had been asked on the program to consider all this as "what passes in her mind." There was no need, the drama took care of that. We had had a glimpse of her former lover in the restaurant. His position in life was indefinite. The present occasion is that of a great ball. The wife welcomes the famous soldier, (Continued on page 252) (Continued on page 252)

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Murdock in "The Beautiful Adventure"

Fashions of the Stage



In "It Pays to Advertise" Louise Drew wears an afternoon gown of satin and lace

JUST what the future will bring forth it is a matter of speculation, but the fact remains that, despite the war, Paris has made the mode for the season. The last fashion thoughts of the couturiers seem to have been mobilized for the stage, and an excellent collection of gowns are worn this season. Nowhere else are costumes displayed to such wonderful advantage, for they are the result of studied perfection, and are considered, by the actress herself, a part of the business of life, which they most certainly are.

Mlle Gabrielle Dorziat, who is supporting William Faversham in "The Hawk" at the Shubert Theatre, charmingly illustrates this fact. Her gowns are in exquisite taste, one of them, an evening gown, is made with a bodice of silver tissue, which is crossed in front and draped over the hips and edged with a deep fringe of crystal beads, with silver beads at the end of the strings, forming a tunic, falling over a

(Continued on page 248)



Miss Martha Hedman in "The Heart of a Thief" affects charming simplicity



A scintillating gown of much originality is worn by Laura Hope Crews in "The Phantom Rival"



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Fashions of the Stage

(Continued from page 246)

foundation of silver lace. The deep V-shaped neck is edged with large pearl beads. A garland of pink roses outlines the crossing of the sleeveless bodice, and forms an exquisite corsage effect. A sign of the Orient, a half moon of diamonds, worn above her brow, is the single ornament which adorns her beautifully arranged coiffure. With this costume Mlle, Dorziat wears slippers of white satin laced with ribbon, that are ornamented with small flat bows, and have, last, but not least, square toesthe newest note in footwear. Every detail of this costume is perfect, and there is no doubt as to the wearers very good taste in gowning herself.

Just now, in this realm of new clothes, we can only decide that each one surpasses the other one. No matter what the garment may be, providing the new silhouette is obtained, it is bound to be smart. This applies especially to wraps and to Miss Julia Dean, who in "The Law of the Land" wears a very stunning model of chiffon velour. It is made on the prevailing Russian

style, full length and quite voluminous. The sleeves are shirred on to a cord effect, and are finished with deep cuffs of fur. A square collar, with a band of fur on the edge, completes this stunning coat. It carries its own air of distinction.

To be well dressed means more, though than to wear the newest designs, it means that you must study

your own style and clothe yourself accordingly. That which may be smart on your fair neighbor might mar you completely.

Miss Louise Drew, who appears in "It Pays to Advertise," wears an afternoon costume worthy of note. It is made of satin and of deep craquele mesh lace of exquisite design. The panel effect and long lace sleeves emphasize the new note in dress. With this gown is worn a large sailor hat of velvet with trimming of aigrettes. Satin and lace are favorite combinations for the new frocks. There are dresses of satin, faille and other lovely fabrics, with long, tight sleeves of lace in various designs. Chantilly is particularly effective, and a smart gown is made of white charmeuse satin with sleeves of black Chantilly.



A truly beautiful combination. That long, straight lines will prevail is almost an assured fact. To illustrate this, there are frocks that are straight from the shoulder to the hem, a feature of so many Autumn models, set in sleeves of self-color chiffon, and soft, loose, long-waisted sashes are all very notable. Many of these dresses are finished with hand embroidery in a combination of fine braid work and silk, both to match the material of the gown. Many unusual shades are worn this season, but black is by far the smartest of them all, and will be much worn this

That all that glitters is not gold, is cleverly demonstrated by the gown that Miss Laura Hope Crews wears in "The Phantom Rival." It can best be described as a scintillating affair, where a bodice is not a bodice at all, but just a design to emphasize the wearer's exquisite arms and shoulders. This creation is made of many rhinestones in tascinating arrangement to form trimming. Insets of crystals and silver trim the top of the skirt, and the entire hem of the gown is finished by a wide band of paillette. A soft girdle marks a notably high waist line. Gowns of this style are first in tashion and simply beggar description. They are made of beautiful tissues in metal effects that seem to catch every high light, but that words fail to describe. Never were gowns for evening wear so gorgeous as they are this season; they can, indeed, be classed as royal robes, and treated accordingly, for metal threads and beads of various sorts are short lived and will not stand very hard wear.

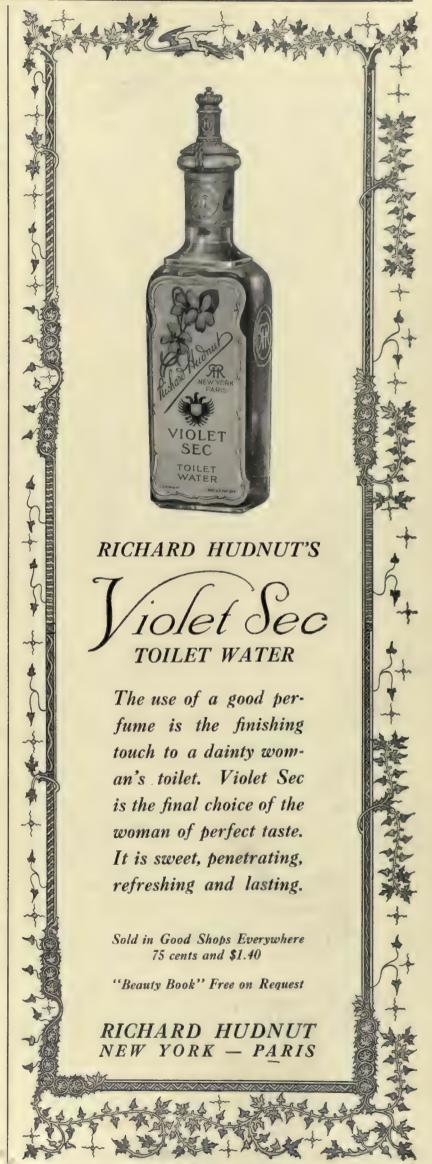
Miss Ann Murdock, in "The Beautiful Adventure," shows us how very lovely a creature a bride can be. A truly charming picture, and if you have never been interested in a costume of this sort, this one will surely fascinate you, for simplicity is the keynote of the design. Made of fine net with the plainest of all bodices, and a shirred round neck, long, tight, set-in sleeves, with cuffs down over the hands that are finished with two rows of pearl beads. This same trimming of pearl beads, made in fancy bow-knots, trims the lower parts of the bodice. A corsage bouquet is made of a spray of orange blossoms. The skirt has a foundation of soft white satin, with an overskirt of lace on which tiny orange blossoms are fastened. A double tunic is formed by two flounces that are edged with garlands of pearl bead bow-knots and draped in a graduating fashion from the waist line to the hem. Higher on one side than on the other, and seemingly draped about the figure. A long train falls from the shoulders and is edged with a single row of pearl beads. A spray of orange blossoms trims the hem of the train. As to the veil, Miss Murdock has discarded the conventional wedding veil, and wears a fascinating arrangement that is draped from the lower part of her head under a wreath of orange blossoms and falls circular fashion to the floor. This charming veil is bound on the edges with a bias satin band and the style is quite stunning. It leaves her head bare, and the girlish and simple arrangement of her hair is most effective.

White satin slippers complete this costume, that would tempt anyone to consider very seriously a proposal of marriage. There is no other costume that is quite so becoming to all women, and one that is always in good style. When it comes to the summing up of fashions in general we will find that all the designers have taken us all in consideration. There are styles for the young and styles for the old, frocks for the younger generation and for the débutante, the young matrons, and modes that mark maturity with style and dignity. There are so many smart and attractive models, that a gathering of fashionable and well-dressed women resembles a group of the most artistic and old-fashioned pictures. Gorgeous gowns of rich brocades, wraps of velvet laden with furs-dancing frocks of satin, with short, full skirts and tightfitted, short-waisted basque bodices-true copies of the style of 1830 with all the unartistic features left out. A delightful harmony of colors that all seem to blend and yet each one is distinctive in itself. The influence of this period is shown chiefly in the skirts, particularly that portion bounded by the knee and the ankle, for they are short and very full indeed. The loose movenage lines in gowns are in great favor, and the absence of a definite waist line seems doubly attractive. Flounced skirts are seen everywhere, and in addition to these ruffles there seems to be a perfect passion for pockets; they are all over, in waistcoats and in dance frocks; the smartest "tailleur" has them, and so has the most simple morning gown.

Furs are worn extravagantly, and are shown in every conceivable kind of skin, to harmonize with all colors.

From hats to shoes there is always one style best suited to us, and that should be our very own. We are distinguished these days, not by our deeds, but by the clothes we wear.

KATHLEEN ROGERS BEGLEY.

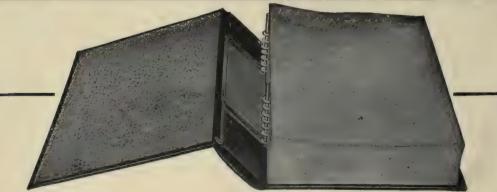




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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 246)

and is eager to yield and to depart with him, but the hostess interrupts, and takes the warrior away. The second impersonation called for by the letter comes. It is the same lover, this time a great statesman. Again her flight is interrupted, and again her lover returns, this time a celebrated singer. Each incident is played with a certain extravagance, short of burlesque, by her mythical lovers, and by her with a sentiment that belongs to the dream. The husband is not entirely absent in the action, but his jealousy is not so obtrusive. When the wife awakens the old life is resumed. It so happens that the husband has business with the Russian Consul, who sends a clerk to him the Russian Consul, who sends a clerk to him with papers. It is the lover who wrote the cherished letter and came back in the dream. In appearance he is not unpresentable, but when left alone with his former sweetheart he shows an inordinate liking for the brandy which is accessible on the table before him. A few minutes with the poor subordinate greature and she is cessible on the table before him. A few minutes with the poor subordinate creature and she is rid of her illusions. Mr. Ditrichstein, as the lover, was never so self-restrained and resourceful in his acting; while Miss Laura Hope Crews played with delightful delicacy, without a trace of overemphasis. She could not have wished for a part with happier opportunities. A somewhat ungrateful part was that of the husband, a wholly unreasonable person, almost intolerable in his rages of jealousy, except that he served the purpose of a fantastic play. However, there was a compensation in Malcolm Williams' excellent acting of this part. ing of this part.

LYRIC. "EVIDENCE." Play in four acts by J. and L. du Rocher Macpherson. Produced on October 7th with this cast:

Major Pollock, J. W. Austin; Lady Una Wimborne, Viva Birkett; Innkeeper, Allen Thomas; A Chambermaid, Cecilia Radclyffe; Cyril Wimborne, K. C. M. P., C. Aubrev Smith; Abingdon ("Bing") Wimborne. Master Reggie Sheffield; Curly Lushington, Frank Gilmore; Sir Harold Courtenav. Stanley Wyndham; Colonel Lennox, F. W. Permain; Herbert Staveley, Cyril Biddulph; Lord Ebbrington, Allen Thomas; Sir Andrew MacDonald, Fred Welsh; John Frazer, Stapleton Kent; Doyle, Leonard Grey; Duchess of Gillingham, Haidee Wright; Frederica Henniker, Phyllis Burrington; Lady Una Stanhope, Viva Birkett; Duchess of Loth, Alice Sheffield; Lady Ebbrington, Cecilia Radclyffe; Mrs. Debenham, Vivienne Whitaker. "Evidence" is characteristic of British con-

Henniker. Phvilis Burrington; Lady Una Stanhope, Viva Birkett: Duchess of Loth, Alice Sheffield; Lady Ebbrington, Cecilia Radelyffe; Mrs. Debenham, Vivienne Whitaker. "Evidence" is characteristic of British conservatism in literature and life. If the play is old, it is also modern. It is the same old romance and human nature. A husband believes his wife is unfaithful and secures a divorce from the really innocent woman. The evidence is against her. He keeps possession of their boy, a lad of ten or so. A prologue was required to bring about the separation. A villain, honestly in love with the woman, dishonest in his attempted means of acquiring her, lures her to an inn on the seacoast on a pretense, and contrives to have the husband find her alone with him. Several years later the boy, an imaginative lad, works out in his mind a fairy story that becomes very real to him. In it figures a Princess. He has even met her in the park, and invents a plan whereby he can bring her to his father's home one night and surprise him, proving to him the reality of the existence of the Princess. The Grandmother in the meanwhile, has fought for the good name of the innocent woman and she is helpful in the arrangement for the visit. There is a reconciliathe existence of the Princess. The Grandmother in the meanwhile, has fought for the good name of the innocent woman and she is helpful in the arrangement for the visit, There is a reconciliation between man and wife, but not before a second admirer of the Princess confesses that he has withheld the dying confession of the author of her troubles. All this is not mere story, for motives, necessities and causes for all that is done are set forth. It is in the delicate handling that the charm consists. The boy is the soul of romance, and the play is largely his. This young Master Reggie Sheffield revives memories of the period of Little Lord Fauntleroy. The Grandmother who has seen eighty-three winters (the boy only ten summers or so), contributes her share to the blend of romance and reality, for she stands for the right always, and is dangerous and always victorious in sarcasm and verbal encounter. The young woman playing the old woman we have met before in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and in "Tante." Her Duchess in the play would alone give it the modern touch of this all-English company. The cast is a large one, embracing C. Aubrey Smith, who plays the father, as its most distinguished member.

HUDSON. "THE HEART OF A THIEF." Play in four acts by Paul Armstrong. Produced on October 5th with this cast:

Anna Swanjen, Martha Hedman; "Kansas City Kit".
Anne Sutherland; Stallberg, Dan Collyer; Woods, Leonard Hollister; Miss Foraker, Alice Hastings; Rolf Haagen, Paul Doucet; Van Delmar, W. A. Whitecar; Martha Mary Mittmann; Wall, W. J. Kane; O'Fell, P. C. Foy; Professor, Winthrop Chamberlain; Miss Do, May Donohue; Head Matron, Magda Foy; Second Matron, May Donohue.

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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New York



is not a good playwright, but there is a big falling off in his latest venture, which deals with a young Swedish girl unjustly accused of theft by her employer. In the vernacular of the author, she was "jobbed" that his meretricious advances might be concealed. In the Tombs she meets a woman blackmailer, who secures her release and starts her on a career in which she speedlip becomes an expert. It is all very crude, coarse or sordid, with about two scenes that give the faintest sign of a thrill.

BOOTH. "THE MONEY MAKERS." Play in three acts by Charles Klein. Produced on October 5th with this cast:

James Rodman, Emmet Corrigan; James Rodman, Jr., Felix Krembs; Ronald Hartridge, Eugene O'Brien; Keith Rodman, Galvin Thomas; Pollard, Walter Kingsford; Van Stittart, Echelin Gayer; Hartridge, Sr., Dodsou Mitchell; Bulstrode, Burton Churchill; Dr. Rossiter, Joseph Adelman; Dr. Lemoyne, Alfred Fisher; Dickson, Lionel Bevans; Sturges, Eugene Prazier; Johnson, Theodore Van Eltz: Heinricks. Prentiss Evans; Emily Rodman, Alexandra Carlisle; Agatha Van Stittart, Eva Condon, Mrs. Pierson, Margaret Wycherly.

Of recent years Mr. Charles Klein's work has been in the direction of that mythical, or at least indeterminate thing, the Great American Play. It has an appreciative and practical sense of dramatic values in big ideas, ideas that are in the process of solution in our national life, and which concern not only the individual, but the whole people. His plays have been of a sociopolitical character, and while they cannot be put aside as useful only in the way of stage entertainment, they do not go much further in the direction of the Great American Play. He has done permits. It may be that he has done the most possible with his present subject. "The Money Makers" has its counterpart in "The Lion and the Mouse," but it has a wider scope than that play by him, one of the most successful of American authorship. It brings down the question in hand to individuals, and that certainly is the true dramatic methods. As conclusive as it is with reference to the individuals, it will have noeffect in the way of disposing of the evil practices it depicts, and it will hardly reach the consciences of the evil-doers. That no man who has accumulated millions, whether by fair means or foul, should die rich, is an attractive bit of morality which has been submitted to the thoughts of men, and which has more potency, in what might be called its abstract strength, than all the plays that have been written on it. It seems to be stronger politically than dramatically. The play is absorbingly interesting, and it confirms Mr. Klein's exalted and dignified position as a dramatist in intent and execution. It retainly covers every point incident to the accumulation and possession of great wealth. If it falls short of having power to revolutionize the conduct of the money-mad, it does prove that money, however great the accumulation, may corrupt, that usually it does corrupt, and that it brings the pursuit of happiness to naught. Therein the play is conclusive; but the nothingness of money is hardly proved, even to the multi-millionaire's asso

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WARREN R. PORKER, Johannesburg, Calif. I re-ceized the books in fine order and would not take five times their cost if I could not get another set.

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NAME

ing that he had thought it prudent to carry it with him on his trip. It is in the manipulation of these people that he terrifies his associates, arguing that the insane people are not punished for murder. In fact, he fires one shot to emphasize his contention. We do not think the situation is forced. Certainly it is effective. The play is substantially built up, the scenes being worked out to perfection. The production was at fault at no point. Mr. Corrigan, as the rich man, carried his points in a masterful way. Miss Alexandra Carlisle, the wife, played with beautiful refinement a part that had its difficulties. She had to confess her shame at having married him without love, and she had to make convincing her change to wifely loyalty and affection. One of the most amusing characters was the son-inlaw, a foreigner, an idler and spendthrift, who despised work and insisted on his need and right to money. With such a large cast it would be impossible to particularize individual merit. ing that he had thought it prudent to carry it with

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "WHAT IS LOVE?" Comedy in three acts by George Scarborough. Produced on September 19th with this cast:

Cora, Ruth Findlay; Celeste Gordon, Nanette Comstock; Frank Gordon, Theodore Friebus; Lucy Gordon, Alice Brady; Judge Henry Sayles, B. R. Graham; Mrs. Henry Sayles, Jennie Eustace; Robert Hoyt, Charles Balsar; John Sayles, Jerome Patrick; Samuel Hoyt, Edward See; Mrs. Samuel Hoyt, Lucia Moore.

Mr. Scarborough demonstrated his dramatic facility and his easy touch in comedy with his latest play, "What Is Love?" but, strangely enough, either because the question was too simple or too complex, too easy or too baffling, the comedy made but a transient stay at the Maxine Elliott Theatre.

COMEDY. "A Modern Girl." Comedy in three acts by Marion Fairfax and Ruth C. Mitchell. Produced on September 12th with this

John Van Norden, Julius Steger; Mrs. Van Norden, Grace Reals; Robert, Edward Nicander; Beatrice, Violet Heming; Emily, Alice John; Harry Hamilsohn, Lee Baker; Mathew Judson, Frederick Burton; Billy Barton, Edward Lester; Thomas, Charles Allison; Watkins, Frederick Malcolm.

Surely the modern girl is an object of interest. Certainly she is a fit subject for a play; and for a play to fall short on such a favorable subject is almost unpardonable. Some of its inadequacies probably come from the confusion in points of view among the authors. The blending of the modern German girl and the modern American girl might account for the falsity, at many angles, to either type. The play is much slighter in execution than it is in idea.

PLAYHOUSE. "THE ELDER SON." Play in three acts by Lucien Nepoly; English adaptation by Frederick Fenn, by arrangement with Louis Mayer. Produced on September 15th. Cast:

Charles Willoughby, Lumsden Hare; Mary Willoughby, Cynthia Brooke; Hubert Willoughby, Eric Maturin; Fanny Willoughby, Madeline Moore; Richard Burdon Norman Trevor; George Burdon, Robert Adams; Betty, Edna Hopper; Mrs. Harley, Irby Marshall; Dorothy, Nell Compton; Sam Burdock, Edward Walton; Maid, Cynthia Latham.

Managers no longer announce the last nights of their failures. They calmly withdraw their advertisements and close their doors. It was in this manner that "The Elder Son" ended its career at the Playhouse after a limited number of representations. "Nos Petits" was the French original by Lucienne Nepoly. The version presented was an adaptation with a change of locale by Frederick Fenn, the scene being laid in Kent. sented was an adaptation with a change of locale by Frederick Fenn, the scene being laid in Kent. The plot concerned a widow with children who had married a widower similarly blessed. By their union they had one child. A domestic storm was raised by the return of the widow's oldest son by her first marriage. Devoted to the memory of his father, whose real faults had been concealed from him, he stirred matters up. This resulted in a vast amount of dialogue, such as the French like, but which the Americans will not accept in lieu of action. not accept in lieu of action.

LONGACRE, "TIPPING THE WINNER." Comedy in three acts by George Rollit. Produced on September 23 with this cast:

Dorothy Gay, "Dot", Edith Taliaferro; Bettina Lee, "Betty", Margaret Greene; Bella, Molly Pearson; Aunt Augusta. Marie Hassell: Mrs. Bannerman, Katherine Brook; "Baby" Berkeley, Rita Otway; Modiste, Marie Hassell; Florist Girl, Frances von Waldron; Captain Fritzroy, Regan Hughston; Charles Perkins, Wilfred Seagram; Matthew MacPherson, Ethelbert D. Hales; Fred, Frederick Moyes; Butcher, Eric Campbell; Inspector O'Hara, R. A. Brandon; Sergeant Rafferty, Arthur Griffin; Waiter, Louis LaBey; Jewler, Bryce Desmond; Guppy, Raymond Ellis.

This piece was not a comedy, but a very old-time English farce of a character much better adapted to the juvenile idea than the sophisti-cated theatregoers of the Great White Way. Three young women were featured: Edith Tallia-ferro, Molly Pearson and Margaret Greene.

NEW AMSTERDAM, "THE DRAGON'S CLAW." Play in three acts by Austin Strong. Produced on September 14th with this cast:

on September 14th with this cast:

Wang, Paul Everton; Paul Chanavas, Frederic De
Belleville; Katie, Mabel Mortimer; Lee, Frank Herbert;
Chow San, Harry Power; Dempsey, T. H. McNally;
Tung, Robert Peyton Gibbs; Mitchell, Marshall Birming
ham; Capt. Richard Deering, Chas. D. Waldron; Mrs.
Richard Deering, Gladys Hanson; Edward Barkley,
Lowell Sherman; Mrs. Anna Lambert, Ida Waterman;
Rev. F. D. Digwell, Bobert Conville; Col. Yakushima,
Robert Hudson; Jung Lu, Frank Andrews; French Minister, Charles T. Lewis; Mme. Favier, Lilliam Bond;
Baron Orlovsky, T. H. McNally; Baroness Orlovsky,
Suzanne Halpren; Count Von Falke, Ferry Starwer;
Countess Von Falke, Clara Whipple; Sir Charles McPherson, S. J. Warmington; Lady McPherson, Madge
Corcoran; Lieut Richardson, Robert Davidson; Poole,
Harry Power.

Harry Power.

It might be possible to build a play of dramatic interest around the Boxer insurrection in China. There is also material in the war of 1812, not to speak of the picturesque Sepoy rebellion, but at the present moment all mimic battles representing the past are tame in comparison with what the imagination pictures as going on in these times. The stage management was inadequate in "The Dragon's Claw." It did the best it could with the means at its command, but the thrill of war was not there.

WINTER GARDEN. "DANCING AROUND."
Musical spectacle in two acts. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg and Harry Carroll. Produced on October 10th with this cast:

Lieutenant Larry, James Doyle; Lieutenant Tommy, Harland Dixon; Lieutenant Hartley, Bernard Granville; Clarice, Aimee Delmores; Pinky Roberts, Kitty Doner; Lieutenant Graham, Frank Carter; Annette Truesdale, Lucy Weston; Lieutenant Robert, Earl Fox; Shirley, Eleanor Brown; Dora, Olga Hempstone; Tillie, Georgie O'Ramey; Clarence, Clifton Webb; Mitzi, Mary Robson; Gus, Al Jolson; Ethel, Eileen Molyneux; Bulah Elliot, Ceeil Cunningham; Lord Graham, Fred Leslie; Fireman, Phil Branson; John Elliot, Melville Ellis; Messenger Boy, Mabel Hill; Train Announcer, Harold Robe; Patricia, Mildred Manning; Lucy, May Dealy; Butler, Phil Branson; Miss Thames, Effie Graham; Miss Gerard, Katherine Hill.

Branson; Miss Thames, Effie Graham; Miss Gerard, Katherine Hill.

"Dancing Around" deserves success. This latest addition to the field of glitter and jingle is rich in melody and beauty and art—a rare combination forsooth and hence rarely enjoyable. Al Jolson, that paradoxically darkest yet brightest of stars, heads the list of a talented cast. He is funny in an artistically coarse fashion, but his songs scarcely lend great assistance to his humor. Bernard Granville's nimble dancing and natural breezy manner make him ever delightful. Clifton Webb and Eileen Molyneux do several particularly artistic dances, among them a charming gavotte, in which they are assisted by a chorus in dainty Watteau costumes. Cecil Cunningham's voice is one of the best that has ever been heard in the Winter Garden.

It were impossible to say too much for the costumes designed by Melville Ellis. They are bewilderingly gorgeous—and yet all in the best of taste. Mr. Ellis plays his usual pianologue, and, of course, it is excellent. The music throughout is catchy and is bound to be popular. The scenic effects are good, but, with the exception of the finale scene of the carnival in Venice, do not quite come up to Winter Garden standards of previous years.

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To Aid Native Composers

To Aid Native Composers

Convinced that the selections played by orchestras in theatres and restaurants in New York and elsewhere are of a trite quality generally, Winthrop Ames plans to have his entire musical program at the Little Theatre this season the work of native composers.

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Rudolph Schirmer, the music publisher, has expressed great interest in the plan, and declares he will be glad to consider for publication all that are selected for use.—Dramatic Mirror.

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The Poor Little Rich Girl

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Sir:—In your October issue, in an article concerning Mr. Elmer Reizenstein and his play, "On Trial," there occurs the following paragraph:

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" was put together and built into a lasting stage structure by a young theatrical manager who hitherto had been identified exclusively with vaudeville productions—Arthur Hopkins.

The above statement is untrue. When—on the advice of Mr. Wilfred Buckland—I called upon Mr. Hopkins to outline "The Poor Little Rich Girl," Mr. Hopkins was already known outside the vaudeville field; first, as the author and producer of "The Fatted Calf," a three-act play; second, as the producer of the play, "Steve," in which Mr. Arnold Daly played the lead. On Mr. Hopkins's request, I furnished him with a copy of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" in book form; also, I prepared a scenario of the play. On the strength of these, he signed a contract, and I went to work. The play stands to-day as I wrote it. As soon as Act I was finished, it was put in rehearsal. The second and third acts were not even seen by anyone but my stenographer until, a scene at a time, they were ready for rehearsal. The mechanical effects were devised by Mr. Buckland. The rehearsals were conducted by Mr. Tully. And Mr. Hopkins attended to the business end of the venture. He made suggestions to each one of us. But to say that he "put" the play "together," either mechanically, or as a script, is not only untrue, but is grossly unfair to Mr. Buckland and to myself.

September 30, 1914.

To Help Dayton's Library

To Help Dayton's Library

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Sir: In the flood disaster of 1913 which engulfed the homes of 85,000 people, the Dayton Public Library lost the greater part of its valuable music collection, comprising both literature and scores. Books, music and musical instruments that can never be replaced were swept out of existence in a few hours. The only hope of hundreds of studen's and music lovers is a general lending collection of music at the Public Library. But the Library is limited in funds and must meet largely increased demands in many other directions.



Dayton Library Wrecked

Hence, beyond a moderate expenditure for books of general interest in the literature of music, nothing of direct help to students and musicians can be afforded.

The musical interests of the city are evidenced by the fact that twenty-two musical organizations comprising a membership of over 1,500 musicians have combined in a Civic Music League, whose purpose is to give concerts at cost, and also free concerts by local talent in churches, schools and public auditoriums. Aside from the aesthetic and recreational value of this movement, it has greatly stimulated the study of music in the city and the dearth of musical material due to our flood losses is more than ever apparent.

To meet this situation the Civic Music League has asked our co-operation in soliciting gifts for a general collection of music to be set apart in a special room at the Public Library as a lending library where everyone may avail himself of the works of great composers, ancient and modern.

Hence, I am asking a number of composers, musicians, publishers of music and conservatories that the Dayton Public Library may receive their consideration in case they may have in hand any surplus music or books, or standard works of the composers, even if slightly used; or libretti of operas and interpretative programs, such as those of the great Symphony Orchestra, which they could donate.

The enclosed photograph gives but slight notion of the havoc wrought by the flood of 1913 in the

The enclosed photograph gives but slight notion of the havoc wrought by the flood of 1913 in the Dayton Library. For two weeks thirteen men were engaged in shoveling mud from the library building. 50,000 books and all interior furnishings were destroyed. E. C. DOREN, Librarian.

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "Dancing Around" at the Winter Garden	CE
TITLE PAGE: Alla Nazimova in "That Sort" at the Harris	
THE NEW PLAYS: "Pygmalion," "Diplomacy," "A Pair of Silk Stockings." "Mr. Wu," "Experience," "A Perfect Lady," "The Lilac Domino," "Princess, One-act Plays," "The Highway of Life," "The Battle Cry," "Mary Goes First," "Outcast," "Suzi," "The Only Girl," "Kick In," "Chin-Chin" "Life," "Big Jim Garrity," "Milady's Boudoir," "The Marriage of Columbine," "That Sort," "Papa's Darling," "The Salamander."	<i>J</i>
"A Perfect Lady," "The Lilac Domino," "Princess, One-act Plays," "The Highway of Life," "The Battle Cry," "Mary Goes First," "Outcast," "Suzi," "The Only Girl," "Kick In," "Chin-Chin"	
"Life," "Big Jim Garrity," "Milady's Boudoir," "The Marriage of Columbine," "That Sort," "Papa's Darling," "The Salamander."	62
Scenes in four current illays—ruil-page flate	
THE MAKING OF MY LADY'S DRESS—Illustrated	- 0
Scenes in "My Lady's Dress"—Full-page Plate	
Grand Opera at the Metropolitan—Illustrated	
Mrs. Fiske—Full-page Plate	
Through the Lens—Illustrated Lynde Denig	
ROI COOPER MEGRUE—THE BOY WITH TWO PLAYS ON BROADWAY—Illustrated . A. P	
Laura Hope Crews—Full-page Plate	•
Why I Gave Up Shakespeare for Character Roles—Illustrated Walker Whiteside 2	78
Scenes in "Mr. Wu"—Full-page Plate	79
Browsing for Vaudeville Talent—Illustrated	81
STAGE CLOTHES—Illustrated	83
Fritzi Scheff—Full-page Plate	85
RIGHT AND WRONG REALISM—Illustrated	36
Frank Keenan at Home—Full-page Plate	87
Annie Saker in "The Story of the Rosary"—Full-page Plate	39
LAUGHTER IN THE THEATRE Edward Goodman 29	90
A Queen of Stage Adventuresses—Illustrated Yetta Dorothea Geffen . 20	
Some Recent Hits—Illustrated	07

THE COVER:-Portrait in Colors of Mr. Leo Ditrichstein in "The Phantom Rival"

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of The Theatre Magazine each month are those of artists who have dis-The colored portraits that appear on the cover of The Theatre Magazine each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of The Theatre Magazine is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Leo Ditrichstein was born in Hungary, and made his stage début in Berlin. In 1890 while acting at the Royal Theatre, Hamburg, he attracted the attention of Gustav Amberg, manager of the German Theatre in New York, who made him an offer to come to America. Three years after his first appearance at the Irving Place Theatre he was engaged by Charles Frohman and appeared on the English-speaking stage in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." His first hit was as the Zouave in "Trilby." After that the actor wrote pieces of his own. He collaborated with Clyde Fitch on "Gossip" and "A Superfluous Husband," then followed his other plays—"The Last Appeal," "Harriet's Honeymoon," the uproarious farce, "Are You a Mason?" (from the German), "Vivian's Papa," "All on Account of Eliza," "The Song of the Sword" and "Before and After." Mr. Ditrichstein is now starring in "The Phantom Riva!" at the Belasco Theatre.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by ographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in The Theatre. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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The Little Theatre Conferences

The fourth season of the Willis Steell Conferences commenced on November 24th at the Little Theatre. The subject of this conference was Catherine Second of Russia, with illustrations by means of an excellent new device of portraits of the Empress, the originals of which are at Peterhof, the Winter Palace and other royal residences of Russia. The personal side of the life of this remarkable woman, who was by birth a German Princess, was most prominently treated by Mr. Steell at this matinée.

The conferences are subscription affairs and a very limited number of seats are available to the public. They have proved popular and successful in preceding seasons and a taste for this form of entertainment is being developed in this city which bids fair to equal that of Paris, where such entertainments have a large following.

Succeeding conferences will be on the life and time of Diane de Poitiers, the genius and per-The fourth season of the Willis Steell Con-

Succeeding conferences will be on the life and time of Diane de Poitiers, the genius and personal history of Mme. de Staeil and the extra ordinary career of Emma, Lady Hamilton. An interlude which should prove a charming future will be introduced in the second conference when Margaret Huston, the distinguished London soprano will sing the Bruneau dances—Pavane. Sarabande, etc.—a composition which revives the atmosphere of the beautiful Diane and her Valois lover

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New York State Reformatories Parole Office.

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We have released on parole under our supervision, from the New York State Reformatory at Elmira, and the Eastern New York Reformatory at Napanoch, approximately six hundred men each year, between the ages of sixteen and thirty years, who, after having kept the various obligations of their parole for a period of six months or longer may be granted an absolute release or discharge from further supervision.

During the period of their parole these young men need more than the ordinary safeguards to

aid them overcome the temptations by which they are beset. Many of them are alone in the world and surrounded by an environment which world and surrounded by an environment which makes their permanent reformation almost impossible. Much is done by their parole officers to aid and encourage them, and we are constantly increasing our efforts in their behalf, with such satisfactory results that we now purpose to suitably furnish a large meeting room, provided to us through the generosity of the Prison As sociation of New York, which we will make as homelike and congenial as possible, to which these young men may be invited to spend their evenings and whatever leisure time they may have. The room will be constantly under the supervision of experienced State officials, trained in dealing with this class of men, and by volunteer social workers who are interested in our plans.

The present indications are that the room will The present indications are that the room will be patronized by a considerable number of the men on parole, and one of our needs will be a supply of magazines and other suitable reading matter. Having read your magazine I recognize it as one most suitable for our purpose, and heing absolutely dependent on the generosity of being absolutely dependent on the generosity of friends for the success of our work, I beg to ask you in the interest of the unfortunate men we are trying to help that you kindly give us a free subscription of your magazine.

Thanking you for your consideration and co operation in this matter, I am,

Very truly yours,

H. B. Rogers.

November 9, 1914.

Many productions which appear at first sight Many productions which appear at first sight dazzling phenomena in the province of the fine arts resemble the minic gardens of children. Impatient to witness the work of their hands, they plant broken branches and flowers. Everything at first assumes a noble appearance, till the rootless plants begin to droop and hang their withered leaves and blossoms, and soon nothing remains but the bare twigs, while the dark forest, on which no art or care was ever bestowed, and which towered up toward heaven long before human remembrance, bears every long before human remembrance, bears every blast unshaken, and fills the solitary beholder with religious awe.—Schlegel.



and

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THE THEATRE

Vol. XX.

DECEMBER, 1914

No 166

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White



LIBERTY. "PYGMALION." Romance in five acts by G. Bernard Shaw. Produced on October 12th with the following cast:

II III Didd: Marinel.	
Henry Higgins Philip Merivale	
Col. Pickering	
Freddy Eynsford-Hill Algernon Greig	
Alfred Doolittle Edmund Gurney	
A Bystander	
Another OneE. I. Ballintine	

Eliza	L	000	lit	ttl	e		٠		M	r	S.		F	a	tri	ck	Campbe	211
Mrs.	E	yn	sf	01	d	-F	Ιi	11					N	Ír	s.	Ed	Gurne	èv
Miss	E	y n	sf	or	d	-H	[i	11			٠		0	li	ve	W	. Davi	es
Mrs.	H	Īig	gi	ns				۰				,		. N	olv	ira	Greeg	an
Mrs.	P	ea	rc	e.	10		0							. P	Te1	lie	Morty	ne
Parlo	r	M	aid	d.											M	aud	Philli	DS

When, some years ago, Mrs. Patrick Campbell resorted to "Sophocles" at the Garden Theatre, she theatrically starved. Recently Mrs. Pat, aided and abetted by George Bernard Shaw, "sold out" at the big Park Theatre, and when that playhouse was needed for other purposes, moved down to the Liberty and does just as well, which would seem to prove that "the play is the thing," and that New Yorkers prefer Shaw to "Sophocles."

It must not be forgotten, however, that the bewhiskered George Bernard had to wait some time before his full value was recognized in this country. Now he has reached that happy state where everything he writes is accepted offhand. As long as the piece comes from his pen, that is enough, and so it is that "Pygmalion is received with as much cheer and acclaim as if it were another "Fanny's First Play," which it is not. Even Shaw is not always at his best, vide "Androcles," recently published.

"Pygmalion" is Shaw in one of his most extravagant moods; yet he describes it as a "five-act romance." Henry Higgins, a professor in phonetics, on a wager with Col. Pickering, takes a Covent Garden flower girl, Eliza Doolittle, and declares that by his system he can in three months pass the girl off as a Duchess at an Ambassador's Garden Party. Her education is then taken in hand, only to be interrupted by her father, a dustman, one of the "undeserving poor," who initiates a polite effort at blackmail in a scene delicious in its hypocritical satire. In the third act there is another delightful interlude, wherein Eliza's progress is tried at Henry's mother's day at home. Intonation, enunciation, all are perfect, but when Eliza ventures beyond the dialogue allotted to her by the Professor, the effect is screamingly funny. In her vocal development, Eliza's heart also develops, and what to do with her now that she has been made a human being opens up a problem which Shaw leaves each one in the audience to decide for himself. It is all very entertaining, amusing and witty, but it should be curtailed.

As Shaw picked Mrs. Pat to play Eliza, who should cavil at her rendering? No one will, for it is a technical exposition of rare value instinct with humor, feeling and great emotional sincerity. Philip Merivale is a vigorous Henry Higgins, Dallas Cairns a polished Pickering, while Edmund Gurney as the father, later a convert to "middle class morality," showed himself a comedian of resourceful grotesque humor.

EMPIRE. "DIPLOMACY." Play in four acts by Victorien Sardou. Revived on October 20th with the following cast:

Henri Beauclerc William	Gillette
Comtessa ZickaBlanch	e Bates
DoraMai	
Julian BeauclercLesl	
Count OrloffGiorgio 1	
Baron SteinGustav Sc	
Algie FairfaxNorma	n Tharp

0
M. Steffoni
Antoine
SheppardJohn Carmichael
Marquise Rio-ZaresJeffreys Lewis
Lady Henry FairfaxBertha Fordyce
Mion Malice Sheridan
BellboyBewford Hampden

"Diplomacy" has become a veritable warhorse for the exploitation of dramatic capacity. To regular theatregoers the play is well known; to the rising generation it will provide many a thrill by the ingenuity of its plot, its exciting development and the value and weight of its principal characters. Its revival at the Empire will give oldtimers a subject for acerbate comparison. Others, perforce, may think it "just grand and lovely."

In the matter of scenery and appointments there is no criticism to offer; in its presentation it is sadly lacking in atmosphere and that proportionate balance that go to make up a homogeneous and satisfying whole. The program scintillates with the names of stars. The performance, however, does not shine.

Gustav von Seyffertitz carries off the honors. His Baron Stein is a character study that pictures outwardly and inwardly the cunning and insistent capacity of the political intriguer. Blanche Bates gave a good technical rendering of Zicka, the catlike spy. It was hardly subtle, but it was theatrically sound. Marie Doro was very gentle and pretty to look upon, but Dora requires something more than this for true effectiveness. Giorgio Majeroni departed freely from convention as Orloff, but was well liked. Leslie Faber was entirely too restrained as Julian, while William Gillette as Henri Beauclerc, diplomat and man of the world, was sadly miscast. Instead of masterful reserve, personal distinction and supreme authority, Mr. Gillette was fussy, undistinguished and monotonous of speech.

LITTLE. "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS." Comedy in three acts by a human way, so true to life, that it is easily the best part of the Cyril Harcourt. Produced on October 20th with this cast:

Lady Gower.....M. Hamley-Clifford Irene Maitland....Sybil Carlisle Pamela Bristowe...Mary Glynne AngelaBarbara Allen Captan Bagnal. P. Clayton Greene Sam Thornhitt...Kenneth Douglas Str John Gower....Cyril Harcourt

It is a very agreeable, polite, amiable and occasionally funny

three-act comedy which Mr. Winthrop Ames has imported for presentation at the Little Theatre. It is called "A Pair of Silk Stockings," and was written by Cyril Harcourt, who plays the fairly prominent part of Sir John Gower. Be it said, Mr. Harcourt writes much better than he acts. Its first act has a rehearsal of a scene from "Caste" as a means of bringing forward its characters. It is intended to produce what "A Pantomime Rehearsal" did in the way of humor. Therein it fails, for the rehearsal is a bit flat, but from it it is easily learned that among the guests is a goodnatured, slangy young man named Sam Thornhill, who is to play the bibulous Eccles. He and his wife have separated. She claimed he gave furs to a fair charmer, and he alleged that she gave him no chance

to prove his innocence. A dashing person is this Mrs. Thornhill, who presently arrives, her car having broken down, as she says. As Captain Bagnal, an old flame of hers, but now engaged to Pamela Bristowe, is returning to town, his room is given to her for the night. Thither Sam in his Eccles makeup resolves to burglariously enter in order to effect a reconciliation. Interrupted before she sees him, he hides himself in a closet, whereupon, having lost his train, Capt. Bagnal enters by the window. Usual complications. Sam is seized, bruised up, his feet tied with a pair of his wife's silk stockings and thrust into the bathroom. Enter Miss Bristowe. More complications. Especially as Sam has escaped and she refuses to believe the burglar yarn. In the third act everything is straightened out, but so deftly, and in such

a human way, so true to life, that it is easily the best part of the piece. Kenneth Douglas is splendidly amusing as Sam, and Caroline Bayley, dashing, breezy and finished as his wife. Lady Gower is a genuine creation as presented by Miss M. Hamley-Clifford. P. Clayton Greene is an agreeable Bagnal, and Miss Sybil Carlisle sympathetically appealing as a sensible and attractive woman who has been overlooked.



ELEANOR PAINTER
In "The Lilac Domino." at the 44th Street Theatre

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "Mr. Wu." Play in three acts by Harry M. Vernon and Harold Owen. Produced on October 14th with this cast:

A Minstrel, Charles Dopreau; Ah Sing, Arthur E.
Sprague; Nang Ping, Antomette Walker; Low Loong,
Nancy Winston; Basil Gregory, Frank Wupperman;
Mrs. Gregory, Diedre Doyle; Hilda Gregory, June
Keith; Ah Wong, Maude Shaw; Mr. Gregory, E. J. Ratcliffe; Tom Carruthers, Sydney Stone; Wu Li Chang,
Walker Whiteside; Chinese Clerk, Nat Sack; The Compradore, M. J. Rale; Murray, Hollister Pratt; Holman,
Clifton Alderson; A. Coolie, Grant Sherman.

Mr. Walker Whiteside did not go astray with his dramatic instinct when he played in "The Typhoon" a few seasons ago, or when he chose for his present activity a play entitled "Mr. Wu," in which a Chinese merchant of great wealth and mysterious power seeks revenge upon a so-called superior civilization, which, through the passion of a youthful Englishman, has debased his daughter. The play, involving as it does

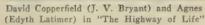
a conflict between two civilizations, is novel, picturesque and effective. In the absence of Mr. Wu, a young Englishman has found his way to the heart of his daughter. The foreigner has been trifling, for he is going back to England to make a marriage there that has been arranged for him. Mr. Wu discovers the affair and puts his daughter to the sword, after the custom of Chinese families. Mr. Wu now sets about accomplishing the ruin of the father of this youth. The father, a prosperous merchant, presently finds his business is going wrong. His ships meet with disaster. Strikes interfere with his cargoes. His credit is impaired His son is spirited away before he reaches England, being secretly held as a captive by Mr. Wu. The English merchant is so violent in an interview with Mr. Wu that the Oriental



White

Thurston Hall
Act II. Ruth Wilson (Miss Bennett)—"I have the music for it now—birds in the air, a rippling brook"
SCENE IN "THE ONLY GIRL," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE







White Mr. Micawber (Lennox Pawle)
THE MICAWBER FAMILY IN "THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

refuses to confer with him further, but offers to discuss matters at his own

home with the wife of the merchant if she would deign to visit him. This visit to the house of Mr. Wu is to afford the most tense situation of the play. The wife arrives at Mr. Wu's house, accompanied by her native servant, a faithful woman. The room into which the wife is ushered has an Oriental magnificence, very successfully conveyed by the setting, with its details and color schemes, its shining brass and objects of art. The servants are dismissed and they are alone. Orders are given that the doors are to be opened for her when he strikes a gong. He is smoothly polite and deferential, always speaking with a level voice, but he gives her to understand that she shall not leave the room until she has paid the penalty for the disgrace of his daughter, the disgrace brought about by her son. He leaves the

room and will have tea served. The woman's smothered cries for help are heard by her female servant, who throws through the transom a vial of poison. The wife will destroy herself with it, and drops the poison in the cup of tea, which Mr. Wu in his gallantry exchanges for his own. It is needless to say that Mr. Wu becomes sensible of the situation almost immediately after drinking the tea. It is in those very few moments that Mr. Wu, or Mr. Whiteside for him, has a few busy and tragic moments. He attempts to slay the woman, and with almost the last swing of the sword he strikes the gong which is to release his intended victim. It is not always possible adequately to describe an effective piece of acting such as this was. It is easy to see that if the contributory circumstances were not absolutely strong and illusive that the situation would fail. At the same time it is a very fine piece of acting. The acting of the subordinate Oriental characters, which had to be in keeping, their task being one of simulation which had to be kept up at every moment, was excellent throughout. Mr. Whiteside's performance is noteworthy. Whether a

true study of Chinese character or not matters little. His impassive face, stiff

bearing and gestures fit a theory at any rate. Miss Diedre Doyle

Produced October 27th with this cast:

Em'ly (Dorothy Parker) and James Steerforth (Vernon Steel) in "The Highway of Life"

as the wife, and Mr. Ratcliffe as the husband were satisfactory. BOOTH. "EXPERIENCE." Play in ten episodes by George V. Hobart. Incidental music by Max Bendix; songs and cabaret music by Silvio Hein.

Love	Miriam Collins	Conceit	Edmund Roth
Hope	May McManus	Snob	Duncan Harris
Youth		Beauty	
Ambition	lillard Blackmore	Wealth	Charles Stevenson
Experience	Ben Johnson	Intoxication	. Margot Williams
Pleasure	Roxane Barton	Passion	Florence Short
Fashion		Despair	
Style	Julian Little	Chance	. George T. Meech
Frivolity	Marian Whitney	Degradation	Marian Halaqueta

A morality play of to-day, written without sincerity, would be an imitation of an old form. George V. Hobart has given a new turn to the morality play. He blends the elements so judiciously

> that he makes a rare entertainment out of his preachment. We realize that when Youth goes out into the world he will encounter temptation from beautiful women. Incident follows incident. There are two consistently abstract persons in the piece-Experience and Ambition-the one supposed to have died in the early part of the Youth's journey, but happily reappearing at the end, and the other, Experience, accompanying him all the way and uttering sonorous platitudes. After Youth starts on his journey he meets with Pleasure and Opportunity "In the Street of Vacillation." When he reaches "The Primrose Path" he encounters Travel, Song, Sport, Fashion, Blueblood, Style, Frivolity, Conceit, Snob, Pride, Beauty, Deceit, Slander, Wealth, Intoxication and Passion. In this scene we have a slice of the midnight supper life on the highroad of folly in New York. Youth, after some hesitation of innocence, gets to know what mean the sparkle and the bubbles in the wine. Surely, there is not so very much abstraction about this. "In the Corridors of Chance," a luxurious gambling room, Youth learns the fascination and despair that hang



MARIE TEMPEST Starring in "Mary Goes First," at the Comedy

Scenes in Four Plays Now Being Presented on Broadway



ie Mack Berlein Jane Grey Katherine Harris John Barrymore
SCENE IN WILLARD MACK'S PLAY, "KICK IN," AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

on the turn of the wheel in roulette, exultantly winning and hopelessly losing, with Good Nature, Superstition, System, Stupid, Despair, Chance, Careless, Thoughtless, and Stool Pigeon, as his companions. As true a little scene this as could be written or staged. In every detail it is remote from abstraction. It is absolutely modern. Having lost his money, Youth reaches "The Street of Disillusion." Pleasure and Beauty have little use for him now.

Style disdains him. Frivolity and Wealth pass him by. There are bits of acting in all this that are gems. The very people that appear and fit in for a moment make an incident complete, so that the multiplicity of characters does not disturb the flow of the story. Thus, when Work offers employment to Youth we realize the dignity of labor from the speech, not a declamation, made by the rude laborer in his shirt sleeves-an excellent bit done by Willard Blackmore. Youth does go to work. He becomes a waiter in a disreputable dining-room and dance hall. He has to do with Grouch, Frailty, Makeshift, Rogue, Dissolute, Sneak, Illiterate, Indolence, Rascal, Reckless, Cheat, Poverty No aband Law. stractions in this experience. Law, a policeman, arrests him when he tries to shield Frailty, who commits her first theft of a pocket-Each little book. scene has its story, and is a little play in itself. Margot Williams, as Frailty, out of all the host of excellent players, won a curtain call for a spirited burst of natural acting. When Youth is thrown out of employment

make it one of the most notable successes of the season. Its merits are so abundant and the distinctive performances so numerous that a general recognition in praise of "Experience" must be accorded without detail.

HUDSON. "A PERFECT LADY." Play in four acts by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. Produced October 28th with this cast:



Copyright Charles Frohman

Julian Beauclerc (Leslie Faber) Henri Beauclerc (William Gillette) Count Orloff (Giorgio Majeroni)

Act II. Julian Beauclerc: "You are a coward and a liar"

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF SARDOU'S "DIPLOMACY," AT THE EMPIRE

he is terrified by the aspect of Poverty, and is induced by Delusion to find forgetfulness in drugs. In "The House of Lost Souls" he is forced to consort with Habit, Degradation and Crime. In the "Street of Forgotten Days" he comes to himself again, recalled by the familiar music that floats from the church; and is soon back again with his Love and her companion, Hope, "In the Land Where the Dreamer Awakens." The staging, the acting, the costuming, the scenery, the music, the lighting, the choice of players, and everything entering into the production,

in her hands, and in anybody else's it would excite derision. She is an ex-star of the burlesque, known as Lucille Le Jambon, Lucille the Ham, a name which she is trying to live down in a village which, we are asked to believe, is a sort of suburb of Kansas City. There she brings her dear little sister, who has been educated on the ill-gotten gains of burlesque, to a cabaret with tango trimmings, and tells her this is now her home. The dear little sister isn't pleased with the new home or with a party gown trimmed with coral pink that big sister has sat up late

A Comedian, James Cody;
Another Comedian, Louis
Mason; Bertie Snyder, Ned
A. Sparks; Flossie Day,
Beatrice Noyes; Mazie,
Agnes Marc; Hiram Gee,
Charles A. Sturgis; Sadie
Randall, Adele Adams, Sam
Lipman, Harry G. Bates;
Lucille Higgins, Rose Stahl;
A Newsboy, Harry Penn;
Robert Griswold, Raymond
V. Sickle; David Grayling,
Harry C. Browne; Mrs.
Beckwith, Isabel Goodwin;
Della Cooke, Marion Stephenson; John Griswold,
William A. Norton; Martin
Craig, Chie Burnham; Lem
Short, Sidney Blaire; Claire
Higgins, Cherrie Carlisle; A
Lamplighter, Alfred Goldberg; A Housekeeper, Helen
Leslie.

Several years ago a play of no very great consequence was produced in this city, which contained a line so good that the memory of it has endured. In the progress of the love story the young lover had to see his inamorata very late at night; she expostulated that nobody came to a tryst at such an hour, and he replied: "Romeo did." The man who thought of this retort courteous has probably been trying in the intervening years to live up to it. these years he has fathered or stepfathered (there was a collaborator) several musical comedies. The play, "A Perfect Lady," is the most recent thing seen here in which he is interested as co-author, and while it contains several bright and amusing lines, none of them comes up to his "Romeo did." Miss Stahl's rôle is not very effective, even



Vaughn Trevor and Emelie Polini in "Little Face"

o' nights to finish for her. The pathos of this episode, if it is intended to be pathetic, somehow misses the handkerchief. The story of Lucille's fight with an obdurate and puritanical landlord, with the scandal-mongers of the town, with the preacher who gives in his pulpit what she calls a "bum" monologue, is told with utter absence of realism and in a manner so reminiscent of the crude methods of fifty years ago as to be amazing. The piece gave none of the twenty-one actors employed an opportunity, and this was to be particularly regretted in the case of Miss Stahl, who is a comedienne of rare talent.

FORTY-FOURTH STREET. "THE LILAC The Cherub"

Domino." Operetta in three acts by Charles Cuvillier; book and lyrics by Emerich Von Gatti and Bela Jenbach; English adaptation by Harry B. Smith; English lyrics by Robert B. Smith. Produced on October

B. Smith; English

28th with the following cast:

Vicomte de Brissac.... George Curzon
Georgine... Eleanor Painter
Elledon... James Harrod
Leonie D'Andorcet... Rene Dettling
Count Andre... Wilfrid Douthitt
Prosper John E. Hazzard
Casimir Robert O'Connor
Baroness de Villiers... Jeanne Mauhourg
Istvan Harry Hermsen
Fifi Ethel Pettit

Mimi Jennie Miller
Mariette Marie Hamilton
Suzanne Christine Mueller
Celeste Gertrude Grosberg
Florette Julie Cahill
Jean Leicester Parker
Frederic Maxwell Olney
Max A. R. Gilchrist
Henry, Louis Burke

That "The Lilac Domino" is produced by the Dippel Opera Comique Company is reasonable assurance that there is real music in it, music of the kind that almost makes the book negligible. It has a story that is hardly worth the telling, but it answers the purpose. There is an exchange of identities and an heiress fairly won without any thought of her money. The book and lyrics were first written by Emerich von Gatti and Bela Jenbach, and then rewritten by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith; the music by Cuvillier. In good part, and for by far the

most part, the opera is new, and it was not in the power of adaptation to smother that newness. A delightful new singer came with the opera, an American girl, Eleanor Painter, who has been singing in Germany. Her recognition there was not slow, and it will be instant here. She is young and lithe, selfconfident, but with an air of gracious modesty, light in movement, unobtrusively but strongly coquettish, sufficiently skilled in acting to seem not to be trying, carelessly winning, and with a voice of very great purity and a training that is worthy of a Dippel opera. The most applauded song of the evening was the duet with Mr. Douthitt, "What Is Done You Never Can Undo." Mr. Douthitt is an agreeable looking young man, light in build, with a baritone the wonders of which had been much rumored before he came to us. In one song he sustained a note so long that the audience awaited breathlessly, and at its finish applauded him again and again, compelling him to do it again. Jeanne Maubourg and Rene Dettling are voices of delightful refinement in training. Miss Dettling was permitted to be funny. She had a song, "What Every Woman Knows," in which the opinions of Mother Eve on dress were communicated; and it was her priv-

ilege to make the three comedians jump sticks and otherwise to disport themselves as gay dogs in training. It is fair to say that this one digression of nonsense stands alone in the opera, and that the comedy in general was of a better and more refined order. The introduction of some fine motion pictures in color of the carnival at Nice was not inappropriate, for the action passed in that picturesque town and included the carnival. The chorus has youth and comeliness.

PRINCESS. One-act plays. "PHIPPS," by Stanley Houghton Produced October 17th. Cast: Sir Gerald, Vaughn Trevor; Lady Fanny, Jean Murdoch; Phipps, Holbrook Blinn.

The thriller did not hold a prominent place in the first new (Continued on page 299)



Gladys Hill and Holbrook Blinn in "The Goal" SCENES IN THE ONE-ACT PLAYS RECENTLY AT THE PRINCESS

WE often like a thing for just what it is, and

The Making of My Lady's Dress

some of the very finery in which she is to be married. A sordid story, but

would resent criticism of it as an impertinence. This would be a very reasonable attitude with reference to "My Lady's Dress." It is not a play in the ordinary sense, and yet it is a play in an extraordinary sense. Six little plays follow an introduction, and these little plays have no connection whatever the one with

the other in so far as the characters are concerned, for each of the little stories concerns people of its own and is played in a locality of its own, Italy, France, Holland, Siberia and England. It would not be possible to make the stories more distinct. No plot connects them. The stories, or scenes, however, have to do with the history of My Lady's Dress. We must assume that the dress was identified with the romances, for the most part of heartbreak, which are unfolded before us. These stories are the dreams of a wife who has fallen asleep in her boudoir after discussing with her husband a beautiful dress which she has just received from the shop, and the costliness of which outrages the husband's sense of propriety. When she wakes up, remembering her dreams, she resumes her discussion with her husband and comes to some wholesome conclusions. Thus the dreams have been a real part of the action. We do not feel that we have been tricked into witnessing half a dozen little plays made available by makeshift. They belong together, after all. At any rate, this arrangement is satisfactory in the absence of what, strictly speaking, would be called plot. There is a certain unity in that the two principal characters, different in each little play, are always the wife, who we know is sleeping in her boudoir, and her husband. Each little play being complete in itself, we do not have to try to establish any connection between the different stories, for none exists, ought to exist, or could exist, except in the minds of the

audience with reference to the dress, which is already completed. The dream element is entirely justified. There is a charm about the play which is all the more impressive because it is not easy to describe to ourselves. To say that the piece is instinct with refinement would be absolutely true, and yet most of the scenes depict sordid lives in sordid surroundings. But there is always the touch of sympathy, sympathy for the misguided as well as the unfortunate. It takes refinement of art, too, to express refinement of sentiment. Between the two lies the charm which is not indefinable. The first of the little plays has to do with the silk worm. It doesn't matter that these particular silk worms have nothing to do with My Lady's Dress. These particular silk worms are killed by the treachery of a discarded lover who has been left in charge of the room containing the worms, which has to be kept at a certain temperature. The peasant who owns the worms has to be absent, with the girl he is to marry, for the ceremony that is to make him happy. The jealous and defeated lover has been played upon by the girl, who has obtained from him by cajolery and deception picturesque, and with the impress of human nature on it. We have been hasty. We must assume that some of the silk worms lived and were represented in My Lady's Dress. The second story is even more sordid, and yet not indelicate, for it is so very human. It is in France. The wife plies the loom, the

MARY BOLAND
In "My Lady's Dress" at the Playhouse

husband, feeble and emaciated, a consumptive, toils at a part of the work. A tipsy weaver, passing by, visits them. He has with him his bolt of silk. The Inspector comes and would reject the weave of the woman. The tipsy weaver substitutes his own as hers. We are to infer that he will get his reward after the death of the fast-failing husband. We need not say that there are details to this little story that give it an interest that cannot be conveyed in a brief summary. The lace of My Lady's Dress requires a little play in Holland. Here we have another tone, that of comedy, and excellent comedy. In order to get rid of a rich, conceited, foppish suitor, who cares most for her money, and whom she does not like, the daughter of the proud old burgher takes the place of the old lace-maker in the court yard. Such a vision of loveliness selling laces at once engages the attention of the fop when he arrives. The scene that follows is witnessed by the father of the girl from a place of concealment. She thus gets rid of the unwelcomed suitor in some happy passages of comedy. The setting is very picturesque. The costumes in all these little plays add distinction and helpful novelty. The flowers for the dress come from the Whitechapel district in London. The characters and circumstances of this scene are sordid, but there is always a compensation that justifies such details. A crippled girl, finding that her sister requires a little more money to marry on, sacrifices her own golden curls to bring about the desired happiness, her own life hold-

ing out no hope of cheer. The next little play has to do with the furs for my lady's garment. The scene is in Siberia. The trapper, in his stockade, finds his wife in the arms of his trapper servant. He is told that the child he loves is not his own. A tragedy involving death would seem imminent, but the trapper controls himself, accepts his disillusionment, and departs, after bidding them to seek what satisfaction they can in their future life. The deceived trapper takes with him to the market the sable skin which he had laid aside for a cap for his boy. . The next story brings us to the refinements of civilization, closer to the home of My Lady's Dress, We have the show rooms of a fashionable dressmaking establishment conducted by a man. We see the vanities and follies of the votaries of fashion. We see an old baronet who ogles the beautiful models who pass in review clad in the shining gowns, and who bargains with the proprietor for opportunities with his help. It ends in tragedy when one of the beautiful shop girls, in consequence of the intrigue against her, kills the proprietor.

Scenes in Edward Knoblauch's Play "My Lady's Dress" at the Playhouse



Viviane de Roincee Mary Boland Leon Quartermaine
Act I. Scene 1. Anne shows the new dress to her husband, who unbraids her for
extravagance. He goes out, and falling asleep she dreams of all the dress has
gone through in the making



Lucy Beaumont Leon Quartermaine S. J. Warmington Mary Boland Scene 2. A peasant's house in Italy. Nina jilts the peddler Gioann for another. While she is absent for the marriage ceremony, he in revenge kills the crop of silk worms which are to be her marriage dowry



Eric Snowdon Mary Boland

Leon Quartermaine

Scene 3. A weaver's cottage in Lyons. Nicolas is dying as he weaves the silk, and Joanny passes off his perfect work as that of the consumptive



Ina Rorke Fuller Mellish Mary Boland Leon Quartermaine
Act II. Scene 1. A garden in Holland. Antje dons a peasant's disguise to
expose to her father the duplicity of an unwelcome suitor



Leon Quartermaine Mary Boland

Scene 2. A room in Whitechapel, The little crippled flower girl lets them shear her beautiful hair so her sister can have a swell wedding with plenty of beer



Leon Quartermaine Mary Boland

Scene 8. A trapper's stockade in Siberia. Ivan, an intellectual, has married a peasant who despises him when he won't kill her on discovery of her infidelity



Photos White Act III. Jacquelin's famous dressmaking establishment. The parade of the beautiful mannequins



Scene 2. The other side of the curtain. Jacquelin insults the mannequin and she defends herself by stabbing him with a pair of shears



Copyright Mishkin EMMY DESTINN In "La Gioconda"



ENRICO CARUSO In "Aida"

title rôle. She was a member of the Chicago company last season and has sung in New York ere this. But she shone in "Madam Butterfly" by her admirable dramatic Copyright Mishkin work, her unusually clear diction and her charm of voice.

Orville Harrold sang the lyric music of the rôle of Pinkerton beautifully, and Chalmers was praiseworthy as Sharpless, while Kathleen Howard was an acceptable Suzuki. Jacchia conducted finely,

"The Jewels of the Madonna" was also a fine, dramatic performance; so was "La Bohême" notable for its spirit, always remembering, however, that this is not Metropolitan opera. In "La Bohême" Helen Stanley made a very effective Mimi and Morgan Kingston was a lyric Rudolph. In the part of the philosopher Colline, Henry Weldon displayed his noble voice to good advantage, singing the famous "coat song" with compelling sentiment.

It is much, much better opera than was given at this institution last season, and it is a pity that such worthy offerings were not presented then, when public interest in English grand opera was at flood tide. Now that it has ebbed, it remains to be seen whether or not interest can be recalled. Unhappily, the present is not propitious for such experiments, but that is another story,

It's an old adage that what is one man's loss is another man's gain, and the same sentiment may be paraphrased to read that what is one country's artistic loss is another country's artistic gain. This applies to nothing so much as to music just at present, for the appalling European war situation has driven most artists out of their European realm to this country, where there is still a field for art that is not beleagured by cannons or made hideous by shrapnel.

In former years the opening of the Metropolitan opera season marked the real beginning of the music season; but this year there is such a wealth of artists to be heard, and such an avalanche of concerts scheduled, that the week has scarcely enough days and evenings, the city barely enough halls to accommodate them all. A great many artists had arranged in advance to give the United States the benefit of their artistic services, but a vast horde who had selected Europe as

MELANI KURT (New dramatic soprano)

their artistic field of attack this year have been driven here by the war.

And white this is no war column, it may well be the place to voice a sentiment in favor of these artists who have forsaken the field of carnage for this country. They have been called unpatriotic by some, yet that seems to be a flash opinion and a very biased judgment. Probably the least thing an artist is capable of is fighting; and as art knows

no geographical boundaries, is it not true that the art of a great musician belongs not to his particular people or country, but to the world? This judgment obtains in times of peace, so why not in times of war? If Europe wars, why not let America gain by Copyright Mishkin art? So bring your



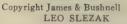
EFREM ZIMBALIST

wares to this country, and if your wares be artistically fine

To return to our music: Thus far no feeling of bigoted senti-

grained enough, you will find a good market for them.

Copyright Hartsook IOHN McCORMACK



Paris a year ago. It is decidedly impressionistic, depicting a lovely garden wherein a spider has woven his web into which flutters the butterfly and there meeting death. But as the butterfly dies the ephemera, or May fly, is born and lives its brief span of life. Other insect life is introduced, too, the ants appearing and groaning under the

was Brahm's second, and the wonderful

Adagio was played with a fine appreciation

for its beauties. The programme's novelty

was "Le Festin de l'Araignée," this title

being translated as "The Feast of the

Spider," composed by A. Roussel, a French

composer and a pupil of Vincent d'Indv.

Originally it was a ballet, and produced in

which they are endeavoring to drag away. The music, in its present form as a tone poem suffers from lack of obvious action which must have marked it when produced as a ballet. It was decidedly Debus-

> syesque in harmonic structure, save a rather banal waltz theme, the latter supposedly indicative of the dancing butterfly. There were moments in the work when cleverness of orchestration made appeal to the ear seeking new tonal effects, but as a whole it was scarcely a noteworthy novelty. Following directly upon the heels of this was Debussy's Second Nocturne, entitled "Revels By Night," this rather the memories of the foregoing "Feast of the Spider."

> The soloist was Efrem Zimbalist, serious and eminent Russian violinist, who played Bruch's G minor concerto, played it with nobility and with warm sentiment, displaying a tone while lovely was not always as deep and round as may have been wished for. But what atoned for any possible

disappointments in sweeping bigness of tone was this artist's nobility of interpretation. Walter Damrosch conducted both

weight of a rose petal

ment has entered into the matter of concerts here. Both of our important local orchestras, the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony Society are composed of nearly all races, and before beginning their rehearsals conductors Stransky and Damrosch invoked a spirit of neutrality, imploring

the musicians of their respective orchestras to remember that they were assembled in the name of art and not for the purposes of war discussions. Further proofs of practicing what they preached were evidenced by the conductors' arrangements of their initial programmes, the utmost catholicity prevailing, German, French, Russian, Bohemian and Austrian composers being assembled on single programmes. No symptom of bias has thus far Soloist with New York Symphony

entered into the spirit of concert giving. And

while it is easy to imagine that in the breasts of many of these foreign musicians there beats a bleeding heart, or rages an

unquenchable racial hatred, yet outwardly there reigns

Walter Damrosch and his orchestra began the symphony season, and it must be admitted that this Symphony Society of New York has seldom played better than it did at the opening concert. In the matter of spirit, it seemed as though new life had been breathed into this estimable orchestra. The solo work of the various men was commendable, particularly in the wood wind group, while the balance of the choirs in ensemble playing was excellent. In the matter of clarity there were moments when this much desired quality left a great deal to be desired.

The symphony performed



Copright Kajiwara
MARIE CASLOVA

good results. Of the Philharmonic's first concert not quite so many laudable things may honestly be written. It was the beginning of this orchestra's seventy-third season, and it was the fourth year that Josef Stransky has officiated as its conductor. There was

no soloist on this occasion, and the programme was catholic in its make up, beginning with Dvorak's Symphony "From the New World," in which the Largo was finely played, while the Scherzo and Finale both suffered from rhythmic unevenness. The novelty was called "Fireworks," composed by a young Russian,

solo numbers and accom-

paniment with authority and

Strawinsky, who wrote it to (Continued on page 298)



FELICE LYNE (Prima Donna)





LAURA HOPE CREWS
Playing the leading feminine rôle in "The Phantom Rival" at the Belasco



Why I Gave Up Shakespeare For Character Roles

By WALKER WHITESIDE -

HY did you do it?" It is a question concerning my departure from Shakespearean rôles to "character" parts that has been frequently put to me since my appearance in "The Melting Pot." Until now I have managed to evade giving my reasons, or I have answered with silence. To those who have been kind enough to interest themselves in the change my attitude may have seemed puzzling, but no other course appeared logical to me; indeed, none other seemed fair to my questioners.

Allow me to state my reasons. Suppose we visit an art gallery to judge some particular canvas. What do we do? If our interest is deep we balance our viewpoint by assuming various perspectives. We stand close up, then move back and to the right and left. We shift our position until we discover the vantage point, the point from which we can best estimate the picture's quality, its technique, its full effect. Only thus can we mould our opinion and equip ourselves to express an intelligent valuation of the painter's work.

So have I treated my "new" line of endeavor. I say "new" line of endeavor, but, as a matter of fact, I have played char-

acter parts before "The Melting Pot" was produced. But of that we shall speak later on; first, I shall try to answer the question in hand.

In order to be able to explain why I made the transition I had first to critically examine my work in character parts. I had to judge my own ability, so to speak, and I could only do that retrospectively by looking back and weighing what I had done in such parts against what I hoped to accomplish. If, for instance, I had said when "The Melting Pot" was first produced: "I have made the change because I want to portray some of the elemental emotions that can best be delineated in character rôles," I would have explained my reason in part, but undoubtedly I would have been asked: "Then what other rôles do you contemplate playing after 'The Melting Pot?'"

The question would have floored me; I would have been up against a blank wall, for I had to give my entire time and best efforts to the interpretation of Mr. Zangwill's play, trusting to the future to provide the opportunity for work along the same general line. I "felt" the type of character I wanted to portray, but to clearly define that type would have required not only a superhuman power to foresee the future product of dramatists, but also the ability to transmit to others an opinion which was still in a state of formation. I was sizing my canvas and laying on the first strokes. Meanwhile, mentally I was shifting my position to get the best view of my work, so that I could bring it into harmony with my ultimate aims. Those aims I could not lucidly



Marceau WALKER WHITESIDE

Now appearing in the title rôle of "Mr. Wu"

outline because they depended so largely upon the material, the pigments I might call them, that time would offer.

This faith in the future taking care of itself was justified in the opportunities that came to me in my second character play, "The Typhoon," and in my present vehicle, "Mr. Wu." It has been via these opportunities that I have arrived at the vantage point where I can look back and critically survey what I have done in the way of unusual characterizations and say, "This gives an idea of what I started out to do, of what I am striving to accomplish."

Presenting a picture of what I am trying to do answers the question in part, but it still leaves unanswered that phase of the query of why I foresook Shakespeare at all, why I chose any medium other than the works of Stratford's immortal bard. My reply is that in such things what sometimes appears to be a matter of choice upon the part of the player is in reality none of his making. And in saying that I am not preparing to hide behind the hackneyed defense that "Shakespeare spells ruin." I produced Shakespeare for eight years and lived, and the actor who pos-

sesses the least vestige of sincerity asks no more of his art.

No; there was another reason for the change, and that reason I can give in two words—the public. Anticipating the argument, "But the public wants Shakespeare," I will tell just how I found that want expressed. In the cities large enough to warrant an engagement of three nights, a week or two weeks the public demands its Shakespeare in "broken doses." In other words, a different play must be presented every night or the receipts will not cover the expenses. One or two possible reasons may be advanced for this attitude on the part of the theatre-going public. Either each play has its group of admirers large enough only to support but one performance, or the Shakespeare actor's following wants to witness his portrayal of a different rôle every time they go to see him.

Either reason is logical, and yet either may be wrong. It is difficult to judge such things from behind the footlights. But, whether the reasons offered are right or wrong does not alter the effects upon the player's work of having to appear in a different part at every performance. In the exuberance of youth I fondly imagined that I could play a different Shake-spearean rôle every night and do each part full justice—give my very best to its interpretation. I might even confess that I have never wholly relinquished that opinion. My love for Shakespeare is so profound that I cannot help feeling that the inspiration to be gotten from the master's work should enable one to surmount any material obstacle. And that is where the difficulty lies. The



No. 1. Walker Whiteside and Antoinette Walker. Act I. Mr. Wu discovers his daughter's secret. No. 2. E. J. Ratcliffe and Walker Whiteside. Act II. Wu outwits Mr. Gregory. No. 3. Deirdre Doyle and Walker Whiteside. Act III. Wu discovers that he has drunk the poisoned tea. No. 5. Deirdre Doyle and Walker Whiteside. Act III. Wu a victim of his own plot.

spirit is eager where the flesh fails. A solution of the problem would be at hand if the public were content with seeing their we cannot progress. Every player knows there are certain me-

Shakespearean favorite in minor rôles. Unfortunately, it is not-at least, I found that the modest following I was able to build up demanded that I assume a leading rôle in

The amount of work-of physical laborthat this entailed was almost overwhelming. As time passed the physical strain became so great that I found myself unconsciously relying upon the mechanics of acting for my effects. There were times when I would finish a performance with the conviction that bodily fatigue had so affected the power to exercise my own will that I had unwittingly "walked" through my part. What during the play had seemed to be inspiration was largely the feverish excitement induced by overtaxed vitality. That was the conviction I reluctantly had to face when the curtain fell and I reviewed my effort.

Of course, that was by no means true of every performance I gave. I tried in every Fear of that sort is fatal. We must have self-confidence or

chanical means for producing a stage effect, and that these means may be used to create practically the same impression that would otherwise require study, concentration and inspiration, words which, in the lexicon of the theatre, are synonymous with work. No conscientious player will deign to employ such means save in those instances where the requirements of a part necessitate husbanding one's strength so that the full value

The average theatregoer may not discern these stage mechanics; sometimes they are obscured by the composite efforts in a performance. But the player knows them, and if he is ambitious he refuses to rely upon them. I confess to being ambitious-if a legitimate desire needs confession!-and when I found the physical demands of my endeavors affecting the quality of my work, I set about to overcome the difficulty. To continue as I was going meant artistic failure, and that, it seems hardly necessary to



Caroline Bayley

Act II. Captain Bagnal (Mr. Greene): "What are you doing in my bed?" (Inset) Kenneth Douglas as Sam Thornhill

SCENES IN CYRIL HARCOURT'S COMEDY, "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

give the public my best, but eventually enthusiasm would get the upper hand of discretion. My vacations were periods of complete rest and recuperation, and I would start each new season with what seemed an inexhaustible supply of energy and strength. I would fling myself into my work with the feeling that my vitality was limitless, and not until I had liberally drawn upon what Professor James called the "reserve reservoir" would I acknowledge that there was a limit to my powers of endurance. Then I would live in constant fear of slighting my work, of unconsciously playing in the easiest way, of substituting stage "tricks" for actual effort.

add, was a possibility that I refused absolutely to entertain.

You who sit out in front and see only the performance of a play may express surprise that its presentation should overtax the player's strength. I remember a remark once made by a woman who had witnessed my production of "Richard III." "I should love to be a player," she said. "It seems such natural, easy work, and yet it is so inspiring. Playing just a few hours each evening must give you a great deal of time for doing lots of other things."

There is time for "other things," but those things are related to the work that the audience (Continued on page 295)



FRANK TINNEY

P in the Bronx, in New York (which might be a thousand miles from the trail of theatrical fame), there is a theatre where more than one distinguished Broadway comedian has tried his luck with a vaudeville audience.

One of the very finest comedians in musical comedy consented to appear at this theatre one night after his own performance on Broadway. It was his in the first attempt to entertain a vaudeville audience. His nervous-

ness, and his failure, was the talk of the Rialto the next day. After this experience, the man said that \$5,000 a week would not pay him for the ordeal he went through as a vaudeville entertainer.

The vaudeville act is a thing of mystery to some of the most talented, the most brilliant performers. They wonder at the success of head-liners whose names are frequently unknown to any other but vaudeville audiences. There are many considerations to be accounted for in a vaudeville success which have already been well analyzed, but the man who does the "browsing" for vaudeville talent is unknown. Like the beaver of priceless coat and industry, he modestly plies his trade in the vaudeville business. The public never hears of him. Even the profession does not give him his due, and yet, to his energy, his courage and his sixth-vaudeville-sense many headliners owe their fortunes and their fame. Much of the glory that is theirs is painted upon them by his showman's skill. He should share the applause of the public, even as the bill-poster should, too.

The vaudeville browser is responsible for the new "star" that flashes triumphantly every few months in the vaudeville firmament. Usually it flashes brighter than all the rest.

Where do these new "stars" come from?

"The fact is," said a browsing agent, "that the vaudeville performer is much more versatile than the average actor. He has to be. He has no one to rely upon but himself. His performance stands or falls on its merits. In vaudeville, the entertainer makes his appeal—alone. His first entrance must count. He must, in the vernacular of the variety stage, get his audience."

That is why it has been the custom among some of the big managers to look for the unexpected. In the Bronx theatre, the surprise act is given one night of each week. Very often it is one of the "stars" appearing on Broadway in a musical comedy. It is scarcely safe to rely upon the opinion of the audience of a surprise act. An amusing incident happened at one of the smaller vaudeville theatres on amateur night which justifies this. A celebrated comedian appeared among the performers who risk the ignominy of the "hook." He was hissed off the stage.



Exter or of the Colonial Theatre, one of the most popular vaudeville houses of New York (Inset) Fannie Brice

Browsing for Vaudeville Talent

finds them in New York, struggling for a hearing; he finds them in the back rooms of saloons entertaining the loafers; he finds them in the tank-towns, the villages, the small, out-of-the-way concert halls South and West. The vaudeville scout browsing for talent is often directly in the employ of the big vaudeville booking offices; more often he is an adventurer in search of his own managerial success. His experiences, usually adventurous, are often romantic.

Ward Baker, whom we have all heard in vaudeville, was discovered by an agent browsing for vaudeville in the streets of New York. Baker, after having exhausted his resources to secure a musical education in Europe, came back to America, to find that there was no room for him. He tried to get a hearing of any kind in the New York theatres, but failed. Finally, in desperation, he took his fiddle and played in the streets of the city. Months and months, he did this persistently day by day. A vaudeville scout chanced to pass a street corner where he was playing, and recognized that he was a genuine artist. He offered him a substantial salary, which he at once gratefully accepted.

Probably there is no more appealing, warming, vaudeville act than the delightful singing of Willa Holt Wakefield, whose personal success, although not due entirely to a vaudeville scout, was the result of an appreciative Browser. She had been an entertainer for church affairs and social gatherings in the South, and, like all ambitious Southern women, she came to New York. After a few successful engagements through a Lecture Bureau, some friends induced her to engage a theatre, to perpetrate the fatal act of a special matinée. She chanced to meet Tim Hearst, of baseball fame, about this time. Although he did his best to discourage this performance, he failed to do so. It was disastrous financially, as he expected. His faith in her, however, induced him to go to Mr. Albee, a power in the one-time Proctor and Keith circuit, and ask a booking. Being received with little encouragement, he said to Albee:

"If you give this woman a booking, and she fails, I will give you \$250; but if she succeeds, you will give her a blanket contract over your entire circuit for \$250 a week. Is it a go?"

That is how Willa Holt Wakefield got her first chance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. Her success is an old story. The triumph of Belle Story's singing is one of the records of

Having a sense of humor himself, he hurriedly took off his make-up and reappeared before the audience, who recognized him at once as a Broadway favorite.

AL TOLSON

However, it is the "surprise act" which the man who is browsing for vaudeville, is looking for. He ambitious, she came to New York to try her chance on the vaude-

ville stage as a ballad singer. The usual experiences of the unknown confronted her, and she could not get a hearing. At a matinée in Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre she found herself in the audience listening to the singing of Adele Ritchie. In a spirit of fun she joined her in the chorus of the song. She received an ovation from the audience for her beautiful voice, and before she left the theatre a vaudeville scout had made her an offer.

Oscar Hammerstein, the renowned explorer in the realm of unknowns, received a wireless one day from a vaudeville scout who had been browsing along Fourteenth Street. It summoned him to Huber's Dime Museum, where an unknown charmer, billed as Princess Rajah, was enchanting a trained snake with her beauty and her dancing. The peerless princess, who was playing anywhere from eight to twenty shows a day, was instantly engaged by Mr. Hammerstein for the Victoria Theatre, where she furnished one of the genuine sensations of vaudeville for over fifteen weeks. This had been the record run up to that time. To-day she is considered one of the world's Big

From the West, where she had been a great favorite as a ragtime singer, came Billie Seaton to New York. To her amazement and surprise, nobody knew her.. Worse still, nobody cared to know her. She joined the haunting army of vaudeville aspirants who travelled wearily through the agents' offices without so much as a smile from them to cheer her on. Not even the cheap vaudeville theatre would engage her. Finally she offered to give her services in one of the moving picture houses free of charge, for the chance to appear in New York. It was a very obscure theatre, prob-

ably unheard of by the United Booking Office. But the browsing vaudeville agent is everywhere. He found her, gave her an engagement, and she is one of the greatest successes in vaudeville.

Percy Williams, famous and fortunate as a vaudeville manager, was speeding gaily homeward through the east side streets of New York in his high-powered motor-car, when something went wrong with the machinery and he broke down. While the

the surprise act. Born in Pittsburgh, where her father had a repair was being made he heard a man singing in a cheap moving church, her voice had been trained for the church choir. Being picture theatre. It was in a tenement district and was a surprise act. He went in, and the following week the singer, Cesari

Nesi, was getting \$500 a week in one of his theatres. Every vaudeville manager is a "browser" at heart.

It was on the east side that Happy Fannie Brice, the coon singer, was discovered by a vaudeville scout singing in the streets. Often, as these discoveries have been made in the abject surroundings of poverty, your true artist forgets the despair of circumstance in the grandeur of his art. Once a matinée hero, Donald Brian, sang in the streets for coppers and silver. Some years ago, in the obscurity of his early genius, he was playing with a company in Michigan without funds. The manager, being called away at the inconvenient time when salaries were due, inconsiderably neglected to get them out of town. It was necessary for them to get to a real city, which in this case happened to be Detroit. By fate, not design, it happened to be Christmas Eve, and Donald Brian, with other members of the company, entertained the villagers with Christmas carols on the street corner. They put their hats, business end up, on the pavement in front of them, and listened to the jingle of the coins that were tossed into them by an appreciative and sympathetic audience. They not only made enough to get to Detroit, but enough to reach New York.

The vaudeville scout has little respect for the average artistic opinion of the average audience. He made a test once of the much-boasted discernment of New Yorkers in this respect. He induced Madame Trentini to put on shabby clothes, to enter a hotel café, and to sing for the welldressed ladies and gentlemen assembled there for their modest evening meal. She was promptly put out. And yet, no doubt, many of the ladies and gentlemen in the café paid \$2

to hear her sing that night. Al Jolson, the "black fireworks" of Winter Garden fame, was discovered by a vaudeville scout, who got lost in Yonkers one night. He was singing there, with the utmost temperamental effort, to an audience of Arcadians on the Hudson. He immediately signed up Jolson at a large salary.

Grand Opera tenors, whose romantic careers are obviously unavoidable, have frequently been (Continued on page 295)



ALICE NIELSEN Well-known soprano who is now appearing in concert



Copyright Daily Mirror Studios GROUP OF CHORUS GIRLS IN "ADELE" SHOWING EXPENSIVE COSTUMES WORN

Each of the above dresses worn by the chorus in "Adele" cost from \$300 to \$500, making a total outlay of \$10,000 for the chorus alone

M ILADY'S escort at the play leans slightly forward in his seat. The chorus and principals throng the

STAGE CLOTHES

In the stock companies, where the players provide their own clothes, a wardrobe is an arbitrary investment.

stage for the first act's *finale*. Framed by the proscenium arch is unfolded a constantly shifting picture of myriad colors, of gorgeous fabrics, of beautiful furs and glittering spangles, of exquisite plumage and resplendent trappings. For a moment, his mind, bewildered by the luxuriance of the scene, Mr. Mere Man gazes quizzically. Then he turns to his companion.

"They say," he whispers, "that is cost forty thousand to costume this piece—think of it!"

Milady smiles. How like a man to think only of the cost and overlook the style! She herself is more interested in the fashion notes sounded by the women's costumes. That unusual pointed tunic the star is wearing, for instance. Is that to be the season's mode? It probably is, for the program says her costumes were designed and made by a modiste world-famed for innovations. And the ingenue's frock of rose petal chiffon blended with midnight blue velvet. Is that to be one of the season's color combinations? Undoubtedly, for the program announces that it originated in one of Fifth Avenue's leading ateliers. Milady smiles. After all, it is natural for her companion to overlook the fashions of the costumes and think only of their cost. What does he know of the mysteries of a bodice or the secrets of a flounce?

To the male theatregoer, the present-day extravagance in stage productions is always a matter of interest. Dollars and cents never fail to make a strong appeal to the masculine mind and though the color ensemble appeals to him first, his interest in the capital involved is by no means slight. With the woman theatregoer it is different. It is the style of the gowns worn by the actresses rather than what they cost that compels her eager attention. From the feminine point of view, the gowns displayed in a new Broadway production constitute a liberal education—in dress. It is an instinct with most women to try to look their "best." It is the penalty and the pleasure of the sex. Fashion is woman's one serious rivalry, and the theatrical manager, dealing always in the elemental conditions, finds himself the victim of a demand he is powerless to resist.

The clever manager meets this situation without counting the cost. Otherwise, he fails. American audiences will no longer stand for imitations in stage clothes. Home fashions may be faked, but stage fashions must be real. That constitutes an unwritten guarantee which Milady pays for through the box-office window. An actress's gowns may be classified as part and parcel of her tools of trade, like the carpenter's kit or the surgeon's case of instruments. They are part of the means to the end she seeks.

Even to-day the stock company has not overcome these conditions. Quite often the leading lady's "modern gowns" are a potent attraction measured in matinée patronage in feminine interest. This is especially true of stock companies in the smaller American cities, or more or less remote from the influence of the world's fashion centres. The leading lady is looked to for the latest style products of London, Paris and New York.

Stage clothes have become an inspiration and a guide to women. During the coming season, as the procession of plays and musical productions wend their way across the country, American women will enjoy a veritable sartorial feast. Some of them, undoubtedly, will wonder where this display of fashion comes from, how the gowns are made, who designed them. Sandwiched in between the war news, the cables have carried messages explaining that the European conflict would seriously interfere with the importation of fashions from the old world style centres. But the resourcefulness of America's leading women may be depended upon to find some way out of the difficulty. We are assured that the stage this year will show us wardrobes as varied and luxurious as ever.

The actress's clothes as she appears before the public represents the last word in fashion. Frequently they precede the fashions. But to go back to the question of where stage clothes come from, they are the product of the most famous experts in the art of adorning beautiful women. The expense of costuming his companies is one of the burdens of the theatrical manager. He is constantly on the alert for the most beautiful gowns, and that, of course, means the most expensive. Most of the leading managers maintain special offices in Milan, Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna and Brussels for the purpose of quickly providing ideas for new gowns. In fact, the first displays of the latest fashion designs in Europe are usually made for the benefit of the theatrical managers. This accounts for the stage exhibiting the latest modes weeks and months before they appear in the shops.

An advance exhibition of new styles was made in Brussels long before the war broke out, and every manager of prominence in New York had a representative there. From this exhibition were selected and immediately shipped to this country many of the models that have appeared upon the American stage. The cost of such stage finery is nothing short of fabulous for the original models and their replicas are fashioned from the most costly of fabrics. Everything is genuine. Specially woven silks and velvets, real laces, wonderful furs, exquisite feathers, fans and accessories—all these are no longer unusual in stage attire.



Otto Sarony JOBYNA HOWLAND Seen in "The Third Party" at the 39th Street Theatre

They are to be seen in almost any of the first-class American productions. It has been found expedient to use only genuine materials in costuming not only in the modern society play, but in musical productions as well. Why? Because cheap materials do not withstand hard wear, and stage clothes are subjected to the most severe wearing test.

When Belasco produced "Years of Discretion," the gowns worn by Effie Shannon and Alice Putnam created one of the sensations of that year. They were made and designed by Henri Bendel, whose name frequently appears on theatre programs, at a cost of \$10,000. During the course of the play Miss Shannon wore seven gowns, the most expensive of which cost \$1,200. It reflected what might be termed the pre-latest mode, for it heralded a fashion that subsequently became widely popular. And that \$1,200 worth of sartorial art was worn for less than twenty minutes at each performance!

In "Twin Beds," one of the most successful of the current plays, Ray Cox wears a négligée that was listed on the costumer's bill at \$450. Now, \$450 does not seem a great amount of money to spend upon a costume that must be worn eight times a week all season. That amount of wear should counterbalance the cost, but Miss Cox's négligée is made of the sheerest of chiffons and laces, and before "Twin Beds" ends its New York run the costumer will be called upon to furnish at least two and maybe more duplicates, each at the price of the original \$450. No manager who seeks to maintain the standard of his production will permit his players to appear in worn or shabby costumes, and if, as in Miss Cox's case, they are called upon to wear frocks of perishable fabric, then the expense of duplication must be added to the original cost of costuming.

Julian Eltinge, whose costumes are at once the wonder and envy of the women in his audiences, spends thousands of dollars upon his wardrobe every year. In "The Fascinating Widow" he had six complete sets of costumes, and he rarely wore the same gowns at two successive performances. One of the costumes he wears in "The Crinoline Girl," an evening gown imported from Paris, cost \$900. Every detail of his wardrobe receives the closest attention. His shoes are made to order, and he wears out dozens of pairs every season! If he carries a handkerchief it is of the finest of linen trimmed with a bit of real lace. His fans are exquisite, his hats visions of the milliner's art.

All these things cost money, money that runs into thousands before the season is over. For instance: Mr. Eltinge off stage is a well-set-up, athletic-looking young man, very different in appearance from the creature of graceful feminine curves he represents behind the footlights. Which means, of course, that he is not a stranger to the corset-maker's skill. His corset bills are no small item in themselves, for the stays he dons must be encased in the strongest of coutil, and, at that, he wears out a pair of corsets at every performance! They are not literally worn out, but the shape is so altered that they are of no further use to him.

In the figures of theatrical production the cost of costuming a modern society play is not usually excessive. The musical productions, with quite as much care of detail, call for a far greater outlay. When "Sheherazade," the spectacle in which Gertrude Hoffmann appeared, was brought to this country from the Théâtre du Chatelet in Paris; it was considered a highly artistic ensemble. The costumes were designed by and executed under the direction of Bakst, the foremost Russian colorist and designer. The result was a bewildering procession of color, so novel and decorative that the production was a sensation. The procession of flunkeys, serving at the feast, was a masterpiece in fluid continuity of design. In Europe it was regarded as the highest expression of the decorative in the theatre, but so accustomed have we become to luxurious stage effects, the beauty of the costumes was meagrely mentioned when the production was made on this side. And that in spite of the fact that the cost was the most extravagant on record in American productions up to that time.

Klaw and Erlanger's production of "The Count of Luxembourg" was one of the unusually expensive musical productions. The costumes for the women alone, principals and chorus, represented a cost of \$15,000. The costumes in "Oh! Oh! Delphine," were equally if not more costly. The cost of the dresses worn by the chorus averaged \$100 each. The men's uniforms cost even more Frequently the most expensive gowns in a muiscal comedy wardrobe are only worn for five or six minutes on the stage. For instance, a chorus of twenty girls, appearing in a musical number that might last five minutes, may cost over \$2,500 in costumes alone. Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., in one of his annual "Follies" productions, spent \$35,000 on costuming the chorus. Some of the chorus girls wore costumes costing \$1,000, while Jose Collins, a principal, wore one gown that cost over \$1,200. In (Continued on page 206)



FRITZL SCHEFF
Recently seen in the title rôle of "Pretty Mrs. Smith" at the Casino

Right and Wrong Realism

BELIEVE in realism if it is the right kind, but it

must be effective. It must have enough force to get across the footlights. It must have beauty enough to remind a man of the best and sweetest elements in his life, and to say of the message of the actor, "That is true."

Frank Keenan, the realist, was talking of realism. He was making ready for a great Irish characterization and had but just finished a long tour in the sketch, "Vindication," that was so realistically played that it caused a searching for and renewed

wavings of the nearly forgotten incarnadined garment in both North and South. He played an aged Confederate soldier with such surety and sympathy that the audience permitted him to use in his rôle a double expletive that in the mouth of a lesser actor would have been repulsive. The oath uttered at the climax of the playlet, and with what was apparently full justification, was a triumph of realism.

His Jack Rance in "The Girl of the Golden West" was a study of a coldblooded gambler that might easily have become repellent, but that was instead fascinating, and is cited by his own guild as one of the perfect characterizations of the American stage. His Fagin in a version of "Oliver Twist," he himself made, is memorable for its boldness of conception and power of delineation. In our memory of the experiment in an evening of one-act plays at the Berkeley Lyceum, his Dr. Tarr in "Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," stands pre-eminent. When we think of realism there arises in our minds vision of Frank Keenan. His name is the synonym for realistic acting in America. And yet he mounted no pulpit to preach on realism. He maintained that he held no brief for it.

"We are liable to confuse power with realism," he said. "A man drives a truth home to the heart and brain and audiences say of him, 'What realism!' It would be much nearer justice to the artist to say, 'What art in impressing the truth!'"

"What is realism?" asked the interviewer humbly.

The extraordinarily tall man with the strong yet sensitive face, of personality that swings to the extreme of saturnineness in one mood and to tenderness in another, answered:

"A few years ago I played in the West in a one-scene play. My wife, in the play, was a fine little actress. The scene was our own room, and we were talking of our family affairs. There was nothing suggestive, nothing repellent nor coarse about it, yet a woman who had been in the audience said: 'After the first four or five speeches I bowed my head. I could not bear to look at them. It was too intimate.' That was realism. When a scene is so true that the audience feels that it does not belong there, that its presence is an intrusion, that is realism. Realism is the essence of truth intimately presented.

"But it need not be ugly. It must seek and find the depths of auditors. Paradoxical though it sounds, there is no realism without romance. An author who was a realist among novelists said: 'Half the beauty and virtue and romance of the world

God puts into humble souls hides in plain bodies.' I would double the number. Romance is put into every soul. The grimmest business man you and I know has hidden in him some belief in something sweet and

the fashion of the day to be ashamed of sentiment and hide it. It is the function of true realism to probe down into that man's soul, touching that belief and forcing him to say of what he is seeing and hearing on the stage: 'By Jove, that's true!' Or, to change

hearing on the stage: 'By Jove, that's true!' Or, to change the figure, realism is brushing aside the dust of life and revealing its strong and true phases.

"Sometimes truth seems romantic and reality exaggeration. When I was playing Jack Rance in 'The Girl of the Golden

West' the critics unitedly declared that no gambler while playing a game would ever turn away his head and give his partner a chance to ring in a cold deck on hm. The clamor was so strong that David Belasco thought of taking it out. I protested that while the man was a life-long gambler, he was obsessed at the time by a greater passion, not cards, but the girl. That obsession would have changed the current of his thoughts and habits for the time. I regarded, and still regard, that action as the strongest kind of realism."

beautiful, and which

he hides because it is

"Was General Warren in 'The Warrens of Virginia' an example of realism?"

"It was realism with the romantic note strongly sounded. The character of General Warren was one in which romance was a strong element. Yet it was a photographic representation of types I found in the South. I went to Virginia and lived there three weeks studying several local General Warrens. I went, by the way, at my own expense, and it was worth it to know that I was getting the real Warren, not Warren as I or someone else fancied him. We have no right to do what a character is made to do in our way. It must be done in his way."

"Then you don't believe, as I have heard many actors say, that it is useless to study a character at first hand, that, instead of observation, you must depend upon insight?"

Frank Keenan's smile was half grim, half tolerant.

"A man may succeed in a part so studied now and then, but when he does it is sheer accident, and if he persists in it the Nemesis of the lazy will overtake him. I have never created a character that I did not go out in search of something, perhaps many things, to make the portrait complete. When I was making ready my Fagin, which was the best work I ever did, I visited any number of insane asylums. After playing it one night I heard that a man was waiting to see me. I met him in my dressing-room. He was a man six feet four and of commanding aspect. He said: 'I came to see whether you are really a crazy man. Now that I see you're not, will you tell me how,' using an expletive, 'you ever got all those things right? There are hundreds of men in the asylums doing exactly what Fagin did.' He was the superintendent of a hospital for the insane in Connecticut.

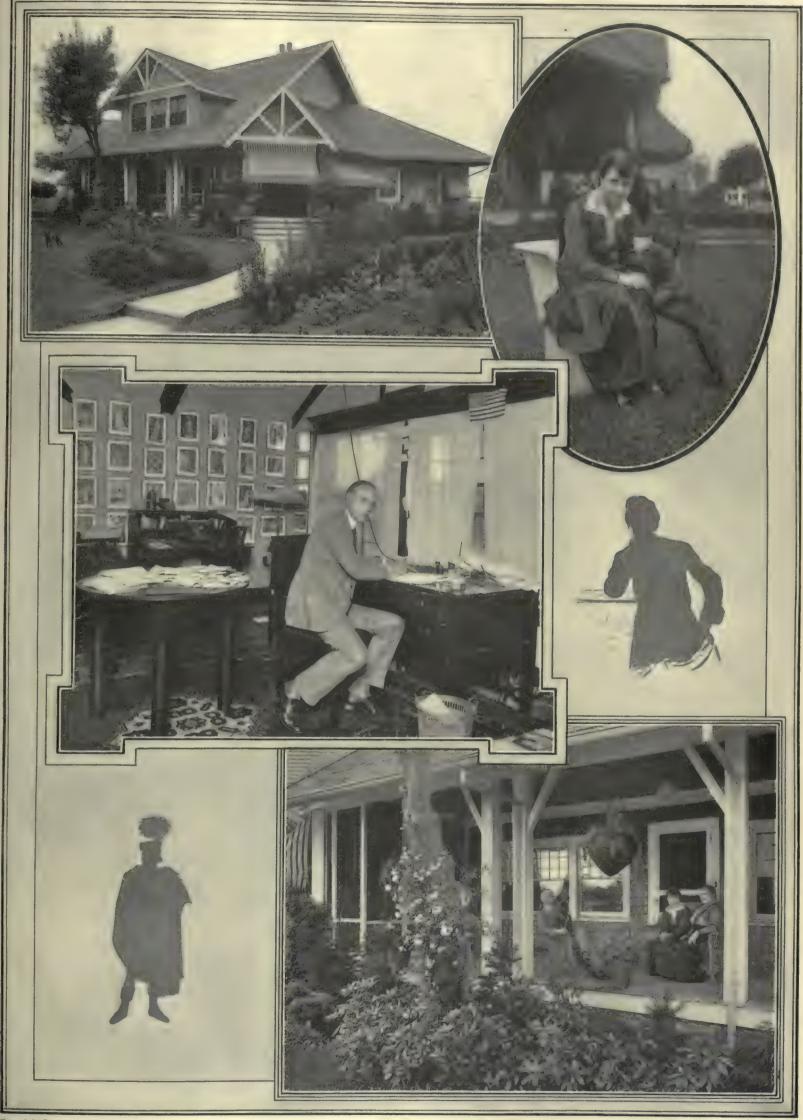
"But while I was studying Fagin I noted other types. These chance observations served me well when I played Dr. Tarr. Many lunatics are polished, cultivated gentlemen, unsound mentally on only one point. The Fagins, raving maniacs, are rare. I recalled many of the refined, keenly mental New England type of these monomaniacs, and noted especially one trait, the nervous opening and



Copyright Dupont FRANK KEENAN
As Hon. John Grigsby



PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES



Copyright Byron

No. 10: Mr. Frank Keenan

This well-known actor, whose remarkable impersonation of Jack Rance, the gambler, in "The Girl of the Golden West," stands out so vividly in every theatregoer's memory, recently built this charming country house at Laurelton, L. I. In the right upper corner is Mr. Keenan's daughter Hilda and her French builterrier

closing of their hands. That, you recall, was one of the characteristics of Dr. Tarr. And you remember his refinement. Even when they were tarring and feathering the superintendent, Dr. Tarr scarcely raised his voice, and it had a cultured intona-

tion as he called, 'A little more tar.'

"Dr. Tarr, then, was a left-over of your study of Fagin?"

"Yes, and the old Confederate soldier in 'Vindication' is a leftover of my studies of General Warren."

"And did you know any Jack Rances?"

Dozens of them. Part of the success of that rôle was due to the makeup. If you make a character look as your audience remembers such characters whom they have met, the part is half played. On the opening night of 'The Warrens of Virginia,' a Southern woman came back and told me she knew at least six men at home who looked as I did in the part. Hearing that, I expected the favorable lines I read next day in the reviews. Photographic makeup is realism. The public welcome such makeup. Recognizing the character as an old friend they are pleased before the actor speaks a word. It is on the stage what a pleasing personality is in the drawing-room.

"I shall see that the Irishman I am to create this season will be a photograph of the intelligent, well-placed Irishman of our great

American cities—not the snub-nosed, high-eyebrowed, tuft-onthe-chin Irishman of the stage. The political bosses that the newspapers lampoon are in private life engaging gentlemen of refinement and refined sensibilities and cultivated tastes. He will be such an Irishman as I meet at club and church."

"Does the stage of to-day tend toward realism?"

"Right realism, yes. But the public, which is nearly always right, is finding out that you can't make a play of scenery. A too elaborately painted set will distract attention from the action of the piece. Here is a parallel. No jeweller ever makes a jewel box too ornate. The box may be neat and handsome and lined with the color that will set off the jewel, white satin, for instance, if the jewel be a black pearl. But that is all. If the box were overdecorated and the lining a crimson and gold brocade, it would detract one-half from the lustre of the jewel.

"The characters and action will not be hampered by unim-

portant detail. It is cruel to heap superfluities upon a character or situation. It smothers them. It is like wrapping a beautiful statue in baby ribbon."

"To be a realist?" began the interviewer.



MARY ROBSON

Now appearing in "Dancing Around" at the Winter Garden

Paneing Around at the Whiter Carden

actor across the luncheon table. "The most foolish words ever spoken are, 'We must stop and give the boys An actor a chance.' should study and analyze character, consciously or unconsciously, and go on working until he dies. He must know something about everything.' "It would seem that realism pays," I said,

"One must always

progress," replied the

"It would seem that realism pays," I said, my eye sweeping the vista of dining-room, living-room and sunparlor in Mr. Keenan's handsome home at Laurelton, Long Island,

"Frank's realism has paid me," said handsome Kate Keenan, who has been the actor's guide counselor and friend and semimanager for thirty years, and to whom he recently presented their home as a reward of merit.

"Any more definitions of that elusive thing, realism?" I asked, for the whistle of the train that was to take me to New York was sounding in the distance.

"It is using such artifice as is necessary to project the truth with apparent reality," said Mr. Keenan. "That is right realism.

The wrong kind is realism for realism's sake. I need not mention plays of that kind. A mental review of last season will reveal several. These so-called realistic productions sacrifice logic and everything else to a false, artificial realism. The soul of the play is buried under a lot of tawdry clap-trap that quite fails to impart the note of truth and sincerity.

"But managers are too much blamed for the manner of putting on plays. They put them on not because they want to, but because they must. With a few exceptions the managers would prefer looking after the business direction of their enterprises. I said to a manager recently, 'I am used to putting on my own plays.' 'That is exactly what we want when we can find anyone who can do it,' he answered, and left me to my own responsibility and devices. Managers are not the natural enemies of actors. The sooner the actor stops thinking so the better for the stage."

ADA PATTERSON.



White LOLA FISHER AND RALPH MORGAN IN "UNDER COVER" AT THE CORT

Laughter in the Theatre

ROFESSOR BERGSON has said that laughter is a purely intellectual reaction. It is a statement for which he shows plenty of proof. It is a statement for which, further, the theatre shows plenty of proof. Contrast a humorous vaudeville sketch with, say, a comedy by Wilde or Gilbert, or, in our own day, Houghton or Barrie, and you will readily see that the material for producing laughs varies with the intelligence of the audience from which the laughs are to be produced. It is not even necessary to leave the "legitimate" field to notice this. Though not so great perhaps as the difference between horseplay and play on words, no one can deny a noticeable distinction between the humor, for instance, of a play such as "The Legend of Leonora," or "General John Regan" and that of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," all pieces that enjoyed a success on our regular stage last season, although each has appealed to a different type of audience.

It may readily be seen then that a writer of comedy is far more at the mercy of his audience than the writer of an emotional play. People of certain sorts may not care to be emotionally aroused by a drama, or, again, may, if they do care to be aroused, desire that emotion not to attack their blind ideals. But if it is true emotion that the dramatist gives them, they will nevertheless be aroused. "Rebellion," "The Easiest Way," and "The Great Divide," even "Ghosts," may not have pleased all who saw them; but they certainly moved them. Mrs. Alving, the mother, when face to face with the problem as to whether or not she should poison her own son to put him out of his misery, might not give a vaudeville audience, for example, the sort of thrill it cares to have. But she certainly would give it a thrill, just as certainly as she thrills the devotees of Ibsen. Many of the epigrams, however, of Wilde, would equally certainly not "get over" to that vaudeville audience at all.

The *writer of comedy then must always collaborate with his audience. This is a truism which in many respects is acknowledged and taken into consideration. Wilde is not produced on the "variety" stage, and of his humorous work, only the cheaper burlesques of Barrie are seen there. But there are other respects in which this truism is not remembered.

It might seem that, since laughter is a matter of the mind, a comedy, provided it be played before an audience of intellectual collaborators, would always "carry." But there is this added peculiarity as to laughter: Man, at least Anglo-Saxon man, is averse to laughing alone. Rare, indeed, is the individual who laughs aloud as he reads a book by himself. Ask the habitual joke-teller how much easier it is to get every person in a crowd laughing together than to get any one person of that crowd laughing alone. Whether it is that our civilized system of repression is such that we refrain instinctively from making the noise of laughter unless we are in such noisy company, certain it is that few of us laugh unaccompanied. And if this is the rule when we are physically alone, it is even more the rule when we are physically in company but mentally alone. Let a man be reading the "funny column" of his newspaper in a crowded subway train, let him laugh aloud at something that tickles his sense of humor, and notice how very quickly the sensation he has caused will overcome his own sensation of mirth. Probably it is advance fear of this possibility that will keep one from laughing in a crowd, unless he feels that the crowd will a'so laugh

It is for this reason that a comedy which may be played to gales of laughter before one audience may be performed to an almost silent auditorium at another representation. Other things being equal, the larger the audience, the more frequent the laughs. In a large audience, if one hears a joke, it is likely that there is somebody else that is also amused by it. The result is that one laughs without fear of being alone. In a smaller audience the fear is greater and the laughter less. (Continued on page 294)



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF GAIL KANE BY GENTHE

Y OU never would think it, to look at her. For off

A Queen of Stage Adventuresses

pink!), playing with her two woolly little g. It makes you rather

(fancy a vampire in

the stage Gail Kane is just a very sweet girl—meek, gentle-eyed, quiet of manner, retiring, modest. She really does not go through life with a vampire flash to her dark eyes, her tall figure huddled in trailing gowns of red or black, her chin poked forward as though trying to puncture the air, and her arms out-thrust in a dramatic "Ha-Ha!-Give-me-the-ch-ee-ild!" gesture.

Not at all. That is undoubtedly our conception of Gail Kane, formed from witnessing her performances as an arch villainess—as Myra Thornhill, the blackmailing adventuress in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"; Maria, the Russian adventuress in the "Great Diamond Robbery," and as Helena Vail, her present rôle in "The Miracle Man."

Yet she makes so perfect a villainess that to see her in her home, in a frilly and bewitching négligée of pink silk

poodles, is more than disconcerting. It makes you rather gasp.

But, notwithstanding the success she has had in these rôles, Miss Kane is not satisfied. She feels that she is doomed. Never again, she fears, will she be permitted to portray upon the stage a woman who is normal, virtuous and respectable.

"I suppose it's because I'm tall and dark," she wails. "It was a terrible mistake, taking that first adventuress part and succeeding with it. They will make me go on playing wicked ladies until the end of my days. To the managerial eye I am a vampire—black and serpentine.

"I lost my stage reputation last year, utterly and irretrievably, with that awful cuss word. I wanted it cut out at first. I couldn't bring myself to say it with the true conviction that it requires. At rehearsals they had to pet and cajole me into doing

"Wait a moment," she said. "Let me show you something." the line. But when the opening came and I saw what an enormous hit it made when Myra turned on Max and threw all She pirouetted out of the room and returned, her arms laden with cigarette boxes of every size and descripher pent-up feeling of hatred and disgust into that tion. There were regular sized packages of "Aw, go to hell!" I felt rather relieved. At popular brands and large wholesale boxes least, they liked it. My reputation could holding what appeared to be hundreds go to the winds, but, at any rate, I was of them. There were plain, subgiving my audiences' sense of humor stantial-looking men's cigarettes, a tremendous tickle. And very and dainty, slender, gold-tipped soon I began to like it myself. ones. And there were tinv. It's strange what a feeling of perfumed little smokes, as light-hearted buoyancy one well as evil-smelling reggets when one no longer ulars. has a reputation to live "But where--" up to! "My friends! "After a while I They've been sendbegan actually to look forward to that ing me cigarettes until I can't anpart of the perswer the door-bell formance. During without running the day I would into another harbor up my package. I vow grudges and re-I've got the bigsentments and gest and choicexplode them est collection all in that on record. But swear line. It I'm afraid it's was a perfectly legitimate way, a conspiracy. It looks very you see, of givmuch as ing vent to though they my feelings. were wishing "I remember me a speedy the very last death, doesn't night of the it? So, can you play"—she smiled musingly picture little Gail leaning back in -"when I realized that I would an armchair, gaznever say that line ing dreamily out again. I actually across the park. felt dismayed. I had while blowing rings grown so attached to of curling smoke up that little cuss word into the atmosphere? that it seemed as though I've not yet learned to I were bidding farewell look dreamy, though. I to an old friend! still get a wild, clutchy, "But I've got a swear in panicky look, as though I my new part, and it feels like expected each mouthful I inhome. It occurs in the second haled to be my last. "Good Heavens!" she groaned act, when Helena turns upon one suddenly, as a haunted look came into of the gang and says contemptuously, 'Like hell y'are!' So I'm perfectly happy her face and her great brown eyes dilated again. It's the first friendly thing I came with fear, "I wonder if they'll make me upon in the part, and I hug it every time. White smoke on the stage for the rest of my life!" Reggie Sheffield C. Aubrey Smith "I go a bit further, though, than swearing "Horrible thought! But why do they IN "EVIDENCE" RECENTLY AT THE in the new part. I smoke! Actually smoke! persecute you with swearing, smoking, in-LYRIC THEATRE decent parts?"

I've been practising it so hard that I'm frightfully sick. Yes, I have smoked before a little, but never with that 'Fer-Gawd's-sake-give-me-a-cigarette!' feeling. And

with that 'Fer-Gawd's-sake-give-me-a-cigarette!' feeling. And that's how Helen Vail smokes. As soon as she gets back to her gang of crooks—tor she's a sort of dual personality, you know—she becomes tough. She must have cigarettes to steady her nerves, and she doesn't smoke prettily and daintily, either. She puffs away fiercely like a little chimney. I'm learning to inhale. Ugh! it's beastly. It chokes me up and makes me deathly sick. But I've got to stick it out and learn to do it like an old veteran. I hate to see any one on the stage do it in an amateur way.

"What are you doing, spending all your young moneys on cigarettes for practicing?" she was asked.

She laughed.

"Because they know I can do them. Once a manager sees you succeed in a certain rôle, nothing in the world can convince him that you can do any other. He sees you in the light of that rôle forever after, and passes up everything else. Then, too, I suppose there's a scarcity in real villainous looking villainesses. So that, I suppose, is my advantage— or disadvantage, if you like—in being tall and dark and able to thrust out my chin and hike up my shoulders. It is due to that, and that alone, that I have learned to swear and smoke. I wonder what they'll have me doing next? They'll probably have to create rôles especially for me and invent a few more vices! I won't be satisfied any more unless I can cuss and smoke and kick up generally!

"I don't really dislike the parts, (Continued on page 294)





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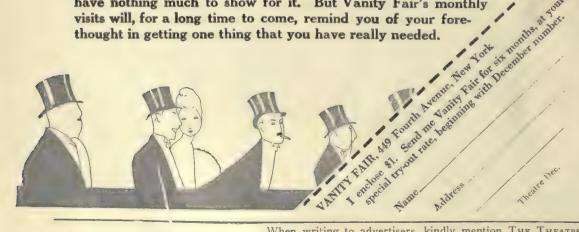
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Laughter in the Theatre

(Continued from page 290)

Moreover there is undoubtedly a certain pleasurable relief derived from indulgence in laughter such as one cannot get from hearing or seeing something funny and restraining one's laugh. If you have ever been to a comedy played before a full, appreciative house, and then have seen the same piece played before a sparse audience, you will understand that you have been far more amused in the first instance. This is due not only to the relief that has come to you from laughing, but also to the fact that there really has been more to laugh at. An actor is influenced by the reception of his work. To the comedian, laughter is an artistic stimulant. The fewer the laughs he receives the fewer the laughs he will produce.

Moreover, you yourself will laugh in a full audience at things that would not appeal to you as funny in a smaller one. Laughter is contagious. This is a platitude, but it is sometimes necessary to recall platitudes to understand. Many a joke is not a joke to you until it is one to your neighbor.

All this may explain why the critic whose discernment you value, be he professional or amateur, seems to have slipped up on occasion so lamentably as to what is funny. Had you both been at the same performance there might have been no slip. All this may also explain why a serious drama can keep on succeeding while playing to half-filled theatres, whereas a comedy in the same position is in a plight.

The moral? If you are a playgoer, be cautious in your judgment of comedy. If you are an actor, or a manager, try to keep the audience for your comedy large.

EDWARD GOODMAN. Moreover there is undoubtedly

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Queen of Stage Adventuresses

(Continued from page 292)

though, for the time being. In fact, I'd rather play a perfectly human, adventuress with a real, beautiful temper than a namby-pamby, milk-and-honey, too-good-to-be-true sort of girl. That kind makes me sick. She's not real. She smirks until her face gets cramped. And it's so much easier to be wicked than to be good. I suppose I don't look it, but I love to fly into tantrums on the stage. I must have something really wicked and villainous in my make-up, 'way down deep. and villainous in my make-up, 'way down deep, and I enjoy bringing it to the surface."

YETTA DOROTHEA GEFFEN.

LLT IER TO THE EDITOR "The Third Party"

London, October 22, 1914.

LONDON, October 22, 1914.

To the Editor of The Theatre Magazine:
My attention has just been called to your kind criticism of my play, "The Third Party," in the issue of your esteemed journal for September last. You are, however, mistaken in stating that the farce is adapted from the French. It is quite original; but a French author has entered into a contract with us for its adaptation into French for production on the continent, which latter the terrible war has, of course, delayed. I shall be much obliged if you will correct the error above referred to, which is liable to lead to misapprehension. Yours faithfully. apprehension. Yours faithfully,

JOCELYN BRANDON.

Renewed Musical Activity For The Christmas

MANY INTERESTING FEATURES IN THE COLUMBIA

One of the most prominent reassuring signs that there will be, in one direction at least, no dearth of first-class musical material is found in the Columbia Graphophone. Madame Destinn sings a two-part recording of one of the great arias that has caused the name of Weber's "Freischutz" to stand for almost a century as representative of one of the most fecund periods of musical creative art.

representative of one of the most fecund periods of musical creative art.

The Columbia is unique in having issued in the past records of the great chimes of "Old Trinity" recorded in the belfry of this most famous of New York churches.

Another Christmas recording that will hold especial interest for the children is an admirable recital by Harry G. Humphrey of that classic of childhood, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," the verses of which commencing "'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house," are known to every English-speaking child.

Advt.

Walker Whiteside

(Continued from page 280)

sees and their nature is very exacting. When a different play is presented every night there must be rehearsals every day. If perfection is one's goal, no end of attention must be given to the mechanical and business sides of the repertoire. Scenery must be planned and built, costumes must be designed, made and kept in first-class condition, itineraries must be considered and laid out, countless business details must be attended to. Various members of the business staff handle these several problems, but in the end a final decision must come from the head of the company.

When the demands of my repertoire became excessive I turned to the one-night stands for relief. I visited the large cities less frequently and for shorter periods. In this way I was able to dies the number of plays in my repertoire, but

relief. I visited the large cities less frequently and for shorter periods. In this way I was able to reduce the number of plays in my repertoire, but after a few seasons I found myself approaching the very situation I was trying to avoid. The one-night stand audience that saw "Hamlet" last year wanted "Romeo and Juliet" this. Next year they would demand something else, and to continue adding to the number of productions meant eventually restoring my entire repertoire, and that in spite of the fact that almost constant travelling allowed less time for rehearsals and other details of production.

My next attempt at a solution of the problem was to alternate my Shakespearean productions with plays requiring less initial effort and study to produce. I added "A Cousin of the King," by Paul and Vaughn Kester, in which I portrayed a French nobleman eighty years of age; "Eugene Aram," in the writing of which I collaborated with Paul Kester, and "The Man in Black," a dramatization of Stanley Weyman's story. This latter production called for my appearance as a young cavalier who later was transformed to a paralytic necromancer. In each of these plays I portrayed what are known as "character" parts. Besides these I added a play founded upon de Maupassant's "Jewels of Fire," as well as "The Fool's Revenge," "Heart and Sword," "We Are King," and "The Magic Melody."

It was my success in these character parts that opened my eyes to the possibilities of the character play that would bring a message of import. I could not give up portraying Shakespearean rôles to assume the modern, so-called "business"

acter play that would bring a message of import. I could not give up portraying Shakespearean rôles to assume the modern, so-called "business" character, for I could not view such a departure as other than a step backward. The character play seemed to offer the only opportunity for serious work outside the realm of Shakespeare, and I let it become known that I was looking for such a play

and I let it become known that I was looking for such a play.

Then the manuscript of "The Melting Pot" came to my hands, and with it the opportunity to submit to New York my equipment for the portrayal of character parts. That meant definitely associating myself with a different line of work, for the other character rôles I had essayed had been presented only on "the road," and, just as London's approval gauges the success of the English player, so New York's verdict is valuable in any venture the American actor makes. venture the American actor makes.

(Continued on page 312)

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Browsing for Vaudeville Talent

(Continued from page 282)

"discovered." Orville Harrold, the new tenor, who sang in Oscar Hammerstein's London "discovered." Orville Harrold, the new tenor, who sang in Oscar Hammerstein's London Opera House, and who is the leading tenor in the Century Opera Company, was discovered singing in a very average quartette in vaudeville. Mr. Hammerstein put him under the tuition of a good coach, and his success is substantial. From one manager to another he went, and not one of them would take him seriously. Few managers have the speculative courage which is the stock in trade of the vaudeville browser. Percy Williams and Oscar Hammerstein have perhaps done more to develop the "unknown" than any other managers.

Frank Tinney is the graduate of the Bronx Institution, where many Broadway "stars" have failed to please the vaudeville audience. He made his first appearance in New York there, and received \$150 for his trial week. He is getting over \$600 a week now, thanks to the browsing vaudeville agent.

The list of surprise acts is short, to be sure, but it is growing bigger every year as the activity of the "browser" increases. But he is a peculiar man, a being of mysterious perceptions for the big act—in vaudeville.

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STAGE CLOTHES

(Continued from base 284)

this particular production Miss Collins' wardbe, including various changes, cost \$3,000.

At New York's Winter Garden, where the

At New York's Winter Garden, where the costuming has been an important factor in building up a large feminine clientèle, productions have been made where the wardrobe cost reached the neighborhood of \$50,000. Melville Ellis, of the Shubert producing staff, designs these costumes and in one number of a Winter Garden production he dressed the chorus girls in the simplest of Irish frocks costing \$50 each. That doesn't seem much to spend on a stage costume but in this particular number there were fortyeight girls. That meant a total cost of \$2,400, and the number lasted four minutes!

Musical productions, prolific as they are in

but in this particular number there were fortyeight girls. That meant a total cost of \$2,400,
and the number lasted four minutes!

Musical productions, prolific as they are in
imaginative designs, involve many months of
labor in the workshops of the big producers.
Although the costuming of grand opera is most
expensive, operatic productions have not yet
reached the cost which one often finds in musical comedy. Many of the great singers take
pride in owning their own dresses. Occasionally in comic opera a prima donna will provide
her own gowns; but this is so unusual that it is
an exception to the rule. Generally, the most
costly gowns are provided by the managers even
though the star may reserve the right to select
them. All that the principals or show girls are
expected to furnish are stockings and slippers
and frequently the slippers are provided. The
cost of grand opera costumes obviously varies
according to the standard of the production. A
great part of the expense of grand opera costumes is given to the study of accuracy in design and period.

In the dressing of "Aida" the smallest historical detail must be correct; there must be no
guess work about it. Materials for such productions are not always easy to obtain. Every
one remembers the elaborate costuming which
Oscar Hammerstein gave his operatic productions. The chorus numbered over 200 people.
No chorus costumes in grand opera cost less
than \$30 each, so Mr. Hammerstein's wardrobe
expenses can easily be estimated. In his productions of "Carmen," "Salome," "Herodiade"
and "Thais," the costumes were exceptionally
beautiful. This was also true of his presentation of "Tales of Hoffmann," "Traviata" and
"Lucia." For his production of "Hans, the Flute
Player" the costumes were made in France at
an expense of \$18,000.

While the costumes worn by the great singers
are usually their own property still the management must always he ready for emergencies and

an expense of \$18,000.

While the costumes worn by the great singers are usually their own property still the management must always be ready for emergencies and there are wonderful costumes held in reserve for an entire repertoire of grand opera. Most of the costumes for the principals are made in New York by a man named Freisinger, who is one of the world's foremost authorities on grand opera costuming.

one of the world's foremost authorities on grand opera costuming.

Grand opera stars disregard the principles of economy in selecting their costumes. The robes worn by Dalmores as Herod in "Salome" cost \$600 each. Geraldine Farrar's "Madama Butterfly" wardrobe represents an outlay of \$1,000. Renaud's clothes worn in "Herodiade" cost \$700. Mary Garden's costumes are admitted to be the most magnificent ever seen in grand opera. Her jewels are worth a fortune in themselves.

In productions such as are given at the Hippo-

In productions such as are given at the Hippodrome in New York, where there are twenty-five changes during a performance, for a chorus of three hundred people, the cost is very great, although, because of the vastness of the theatre; the materials need not be as expensive as in the smaller productions presented in a more intimate environment. environment.

smaller productions presented in a more intimate environment.

The costumes worn by Gaby Deslys at the Winter Garden are said to have cost nearly \$15,000, an estimate that seemed conservative when one studied their richness and beauty. For some of her gowns she paid \$1,000, while one gorgeous creation trimmed with Bird of Paradise feathers cost \$3,000. Her's is an unusual case, but still no actress on the stage to-day will attempt to make her appearance until she has carefully and elaborately studied out the details of her wardrobe. That is why stage clothes are so inspiring an element to the women in American audiences. It is at the play that the feminine public gets the latest word in fashion.

So far as price is concerned, it matters not that a garment is to be worn but a few minutes in a production. An actress may come upon the stage wearing a hat, remove it, and hand it to a maid who immediately carries it off stage. That hat must be just as expensive as though it were to be worn throughout the scene. It is the effect that counts even though it may be of a moment's duration, and effect cannot be gained with cheap

costuming. When Charlotte Walker appeared in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" she wore a coat trimmed with mink that cost \$750. Even so small a detail as a fan is an issue of importance. In this same play Miss Walker was very proud of a fan she used for a few minutes, which cost \$150.

which cost \$150.

Of course, one must add to stage attire, its adornments of jewels, which are by themselves an additional lustre. There is no precedent to show that theatrical managers supply the jewels. An actress's diamonds are her private property. Fannie Ward's jewels are said to be worth a king's ransom. She wears most of them when playing, and where the scene or costume does not permit of gems being worn, they stay in the dressing room under care of a body guard. Their full value is estimated as \$250,000.

full value is estimated as \$250,000.

No doubt the time is not far off when managers will be compelled to supply ropes of real pearls and genuine diamond tiaras for their leading women, in the up-to-date society play.

ISABELLE MARTIN.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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Through the Lens

(Continued from page 275)

cleverly visualized that the substance of the playwright's contention is made unmistakably clear by the action of the characters, interrupted only by a moderate number of pointed sub-titles giving some impressive figures bearing on the subject. This is drama with a purpose, but good sound drama just the same. A less satisfactory photoplay, also having eugenics for its theme, is "The Price He Paid," inspired by an Ella Wheeler Wilcox poem. The qualities of directness and logical development that give "Damaged Goods" much of its power are lacking here and in consequence an audience spends too much time in keeping track of the relationship of the characters and accounting for their behavior. However, the producers should be given credit for attempting a difficult subject and handling it with fair success.

ship of the characters and accounting for their behavior. However, the producers should be given credit for attempting a difficult subject and handling it with fair success.

"Marta of the Lowlands" is a completely artistic picture that achieves exceptional importance by reason of the compelling performance of Bertha Kalich who, it may be remarked, takes her acting before the camera seriously. She rehearsed the emotional scenes in Angel Guimera's drama, until satisfied that her picture would register the proper degree of intensity. It does. At times her performance is almost a revelation in the sphere of expressing emotion without words. Ethel Barrymore, a film actress for the first time in Augustus Thomas' "The Nightingale," is another stage star who appears to fine advantage in pictures, and a third, who made her début in "Wildflower," a charming production in every respect is Marguerite Clark. Miss Clark assumes the delightful girlishness and sprightly gaiety of childhood that wins an audience quicker than anything else. Her personality and method are individual, but just for the benefit of those who have not seen Miss Clark in pictures, it may be ventured that they will instinctively compare her with Mary Pickford.

Whether or not the Pasquali Company of

will instinctively compare her with mary ford.

Whether or not the Pasquali Company of Turin, Italy, has produced a spectacle equal to "Cabiria" probably is known before now. "Salambo" was brought to the United States in the early autumn and held by the Liebler Company pending a satisfactory booking arrangement. It is founded on Gustave Flaubert's classic, scenes being laid in Carthage. Early reports claim that photographically it equals "Cabiria," while the story is less complicated and more interesting. The Famous Players are holding "The Sign of the Cross" for release in February. When shown in England this very elaborate spectacle received glowing reviews and it is reasonable to expect a magnificent production, every scene of which was made in America.

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Books Received

PHILIP THE KING. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY. By Hiram Kelly Moderwell. Illustrated. New York: The John Lane Company.

THE CHANGING DRAMA. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

NAT GOODWIN'S BOOK, By Nat C. Goodwin. Illustrated. Boston: Richard G. Badger.



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Grand Opera at Metropolitan

(Continued from page 272)

grace the occasion of the marriage of Rimsky-Korsakoff's daughter. Rimsky-Korsakoff had been Strawinsky's master, and this tribute was a gracious act. It is short, brilliant and fairly interesting. It is supposed to limn in tones the whirling of pin wheels, the aerial ascent of rockets, the booming of bombs and what not. And, as a pseudo wag remarked after its performance, it is obviously intended chiefly to display an orchestral pyrotechnique. Letting that play an orchestral pyrotechnique. Letting that pass unnoticed, it must be admitted that the Philharmonic's playing of this music was not very dazzling, and the reception accorded it by the audience, after it had been heard and was still lying undigested where it had fallen, was Letting that

still lying undigested where it had fallen, was cool.

By some unfortunate coup Stransky had placed this work on the program, immediately after Richard Strauss's monumentally clever and brilliant "Don Juan," so that after the surge and dash of this, the "Fireworks" sounded chiefly like what the boys call a "squib." Not, alas, that the Strauss music was impressively played, for the opening motif, the rushing violin figure was badly scarred by lack of precision.

Among many recitals only the important ones may be touched up on here, and this list must in all justness be headed by the song recital of Alma Gluck given at Carnegie Hall. It is no new thing to have Alma Gluck sing here—we have heard her with pleasure and disappointment at the Metropolitan, and both in orchestral concert and recital. Her voice was ever a beautiful organ, but she lacked artistic greatness to avail herself of the powers that a kind heaven had bestowed. Monotony of song interpretation was one of her strong points, and while the beauty of her voice would rouse the hearer from time to time, the singer's lack of artistic appeal would soon send him dozing again. Even her fondest admirers began to despair of this singer. Then soon send him dozing again. Even her fondest admirers began to despair of this singer. Then one fine day she went to Sembrich for advice and lessons and she studied with that great artist all summer, returning to us here as an artist of the very first rank, the beauty of her voice magnified a thousand fold, the art of interpreta-tion at her command; and coupled with this all, a winning, lovable personality of the concert stage. Incidentally she had married Zimbalist, the famous Russian violinist.

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The Newman Travel Talks

The travel-lecture season will not be affected by the war. Mr. Newman returned home about September 5th, after experiences even more severe than most travelers in the war zone were subjected to. For taking motion pictures in Berlin, of scenes coincident with the mobiliza-tion, he came under the suspicion of the military authorities and was arrested. For four days he was kept under surveillance in a military hospital, until released through the good offices of Ambassador Gerard. Mr. Newman is now appearing each week in Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit. He will lecture simultaneously in Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis. January 15th he begins his annual engagement in Philadelphia. Washington and Baltimore, and during the latter Washington and Baltimore, and during the latter part of February and March comes to New York, Boston and Brooklyn. His new subjects this season, all illustrated with pictures which he took in person since last April, are as follows: "Egypt—Yesterday and To-day," "The Holy Land from Mt. Sinai to Jerusalem," "The Holy Land from Jerusalem to Galilee," "The Riviera to Paris" and "Berlin—The War Centre."

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duced by this wonderful Schubert in the eighteen the age of thirteen, and his death at thirty-one, no fewer than six hundred and three are songs. Frieda Hempel, Soprano. "Il Bacio," Arditi. Arditi was fond of composing vocal waltzes for the prima donnas

the prima donnas.



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ROI COOPER MEGRUE

(Continued from page 276

in degree than in kind. For instance audiences of 'Under Cover' always laugh at the jokes on Michael, the bibulous husband. I don't know why but they do. Perhaps audiences like to see a man derided. Women preponderate in

most audiences."

"And that may be the reason they don't want to see a woman made fun of, not too severely

"And that may be the reason they don't want to see a woman made fun of, not too severely at any rate."

"I've learned, too, that a man should be allowed to write his plays in his own way. If another man tries to tell him what to do the result is lifeless. Not that I don't think a man should accept a suggestion. If something is suggested at rehearsal that is good if he's the right sort he will say: 'Great. Let's do that.' But in the work of writing the play he should have no interference. At the risk of seeming temperamental I must say that to do good work he must have joy in it. He must love it. He cannot do good work with one-half his mind constantly asking. 'Will the audience get this? Will that pay?' He must write his play because he is enamored of the idea, because he believes in it. Afterward he may stand at a distance and criticise it as coolly as he wishes, but he must be let alone while he is creating his play."

"The passion of composition," I mused.

The young author nodded.

Eleven years ago Roi Cooper Megrue rapped on the door of Miss Marbury's office in the Empire Theatre Building and was bidden to enter. He told the business-like head of the office he wished to dramatize a popular book that had taken his fancy. Miss Marbury's keen eyes appraised the rotund youth just out of college and spoke one word: "Try."

"I tried," said Mr. Megrue, "and the dramatization was awful. It was the worst dramatization ever made. I stopped dramatizing for awhile."

"With Miss Marbury's kind assistance?"

awhile."

"With Miss Marbury's kind assistance?"

"No, as I remember she was very patient. She read it and said it was pretty good, but if she were I she wouldn't bother about dramatizations for awhile. She gave me a desk in her office."

"And here you learned playwriting?"

"I always was interested in plays and players," he replied. "My imagination and humor I got from my mother. She has a humor and a lot of imagination. Too much, I say, when she wonders about my whereabouts."

A. P.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 267)

program at the Princess, but if some did not like the shockers of yesterday there were not a few who looked upon the present season's first bill as a sad falling off in humor, pathos and literary value from its predecessors.

Stanley Houghton, who died so prematurely, wrote some excellent stage material. It was unlind therefore to his memory to put forward

wrote some excellent stage material. It was unkind, therefore, to his memory to put forward such an immature and foolish fragment as "Phipps." Sir Gerald and Lady Fanny, equally devoid of brains, quarrel. They propose to divorce each other when Phipps, the statuesque butler, offers to relieve the situation by taking the lady. The precious pair are therefore brought down to green earth.

green earth.
"The Forest of Happy Dreams," by Edgar

Wallace.

Waltace.

A wastrel lies dying of fever in a swamp in India. It is called the forest of Happy Dreams. The local commissioner treats him and in his delirium the man sees in a vision the jockey, the financier and the woman, to each of whom he apostrophizes the what might have been. When the commissioner returns he finds his patient dead. Mr. Harry Mestayer acted with real emotional sincerity as the man.

"THE CAT AND THE CHERUB," by Chester Bailey Fernald.

Fernald.

This is a dramatic little tragedy of San Francisco's Chinatown. All the suave cruelty, sneaking savagery and impenetrating passivity of the yellow man is admirably characterized by Mr. Fernald's incisive and well-chosen English. The piece, too, was enacted for its full value by Mr. Blinn, the impassive, executioner by Mr. Mestayer as his murdered son, and by Mr. Vaughn Trevor as the treacherous kidnapper, Chin Fang.



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Francisque Sarcey, in Le Figaro, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant? "I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of leve."

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SPECIALTRIAL OFFER: Three months subscription to The Theatre Magazine, including a handsome Portfolio of Six Portraits de luxe of stage favorites \$1.00 "The Goal," by Henry Arthur Jones. It was seventeen years ago that Henry Arthur Jones wrote "The Goal." It is hardly a play. It is rather a piece of declamation with a few characters thrown in to emphasize what a strong and compelling figure is Sir Stephen Famariss, who, in the opening scene, is doomed by his doctor to die a speedy death by angina pectoris. After this he drinks champagne, talks loudly and violently with all who listen to him, talks a good deal about himself and is really unhappy that his son shall not return before his death. They had quarrelled. The son does return, acknowledges he was wrong, and Sir Stephen dies across a table. It was a strong virile picture that Mr. Blinn painted of this dominating and yet doomed figure of a talented egoist. figure of a talented egoist.

"LITTLE FACE." Romance by Roland Oliver. It was not to be that the bill was to go without It was not to be that the bill was to go without a shock. It came in the concluding number, a romance of the year 199,000 B. C. The stage setting and make-ups were exact replicas of those amusing cartoons of Opper representing the Cave Man, and the sketch had a good satirical swing showing that to-day is only a variation in the unessentials from the primeval life. The pursuing female, one of Shaw's obsessions was executed with a dash and realism as appalling as it was true by Miss Emelie Polini. Mr. Mestayer was admirably comic as Scar Tooth, a fine and versatile actor is Mr. Mestayer, and the whole company appeared to advantage.

"THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE." WALLACK'S. Dramatic version in four acts by Louis N. Parker of Dickens' "David Copperfield." Produced on October 26th with this cast:

duced on October 26th with this cast:

David Copperfield, J. V. Bryant; Betsey Trotwood, Eva Vincent; Richard Babley, Prince Miller; Janet, Rhoda Beresford; A Donkey-Boy, Master John Healy; Agnes Wickheld, Edyth Latimer; James Steeforth, Vernon Steel; Tommy Traddles, Philip Tonge; Littimer, Leslie Ryecroft; Dan'l Peggotty, Alfred Bucklaw; Clara, Emma Chambers; Little Em'ly, Dorothy Parker; Ham, J. H. Green; Mrs. Gummidge, Louie Emery; Martha Endell, Anne Cascon; Mr. Wilkins Micawber, Martha Endell, Anne Cascon; Mr. Wilkins Micawber, Lennox Pawle; Mrs. Micawber, Waggie Fisher; Micawber, Jr., Emmet Bradley; Emma Micawber, Arline Dewey; The Twins, Gladys Bradley, Miss Rieser; Uriah Heep, O. P. Heggie; Mrs. Heep, Helen Weathersby; Mrs. Crupp, Mabel Stanton.

The difficulty in dramatizing Dickens is not that there is lack of dramatic story but that there is a superabundance of characterization and that there is lack of dramatic story but that there is a superabundance of characterization and that the numerous characters have the Dickens mark which cannot be changed so as to meet popular acceptance by adding to or taking from. "David Copperfield," of all the novels by Dickens, cannot be handled as a whole in one dramatic piece, but it can be covered by depicting separate, but not wholly disconnected, incidents. Mr. Parker shows the only way. He was not only reverent and judicious in confining himself to the text of Dickens for his dialogue, but he was just as faithful in the equipment of the scenes and in the dress of the period. Mr. Corrigan's Dan'l, Mr. Heggie's Uriah Heep, Miss Dorothy Parker's Em'ly, Mr. Bryant's David, Miss Vincent's Betsey, and other performances, were satisfactory to all who were willing to take Dickens reproduced in the best of faith. The most energetic, and certainly the most amusing characterization in the performance was Mr. Lennox Pawle's Micawber.

LYRIC. "THE BATTLE CRY." Play in five acts from the story by Charles Neville Buck. Produced on October 31st with this cast

duced on October 31st with this cast

Mrs. McNash, Lillian Dix; Jeb McNash, Donald Gallagher; "Brother" Talbott, Harry A. Hadfield; Juanita Holland, Grace Elliston; Dawn McNash, Beatrice Aller, "Uncle Bob," William Cullington; "Fletch" McNash, Will Marsh; "Bad Anse" Havey, William Farnum; "Mitt" McBriar, J. K. Hutchinson; Tom, Erville Alderson; Bill, Albert Williams; Sam, Bert Hyde; Nash Watt, Thomas Mason; "Jim" White, W. H. Dupont; Mark Thixton, T. E. B. Henry; Mrs. Everson, Ora Lee; "Young Milt, Foxhall Dangerfield; Roger Malcolm, George Irving; "Sim" Everson, Forrest McComber; "Breck" Havey, Daniel Hall; Mr. Trevor, Hallett Bosworth; Roy Calvin. Walter Rainfort; Judge Sidering, James C. Malaid; "Jim" Fletcher, George Lawrence.

"The Battle Cry," made from the book by Charles Neville Buck by Augustus Thomas (it is an open secret) is a tale of a feud in the Kentucky mountains. Grace Elliston and William Farnum are featured in the production.

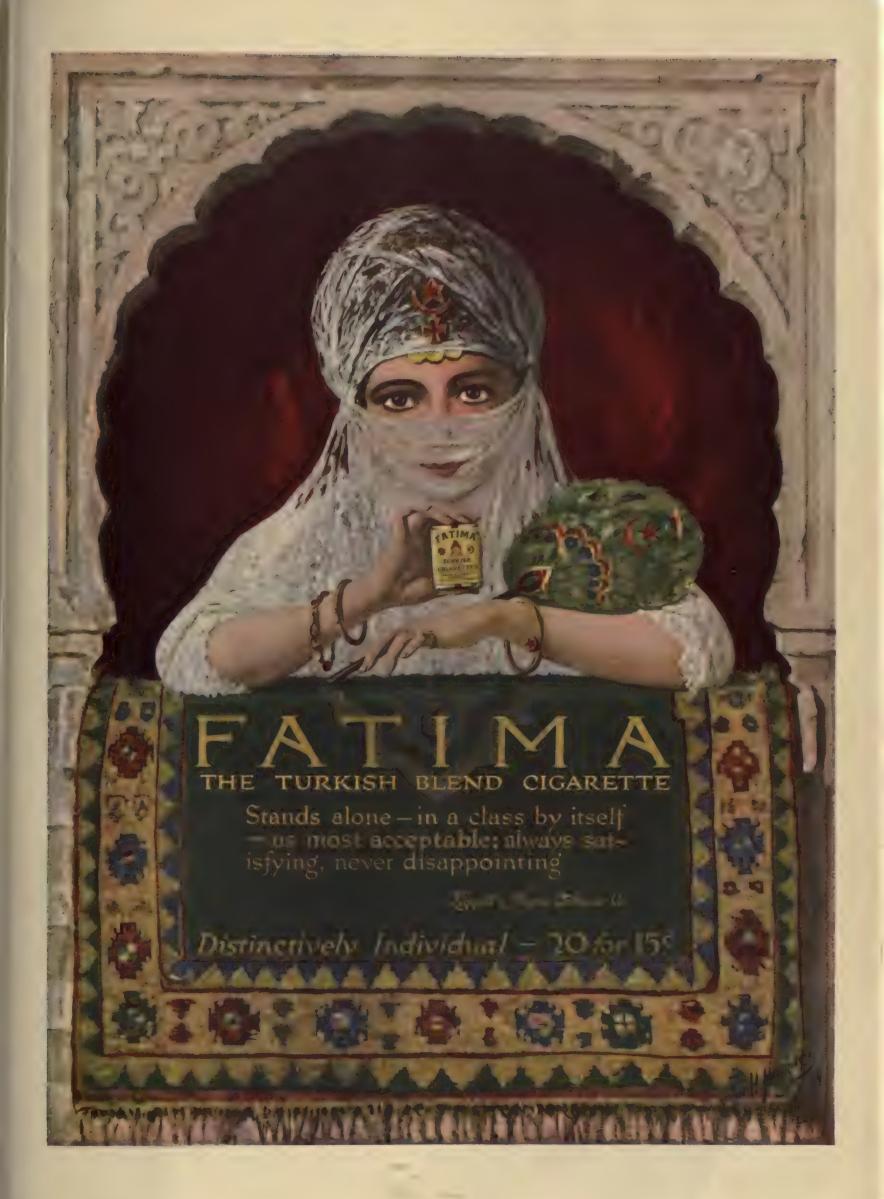
COMEDY. "MARY GOES FIRST." Comedy in three acts by Henry Arthur Jones.
on November 2nd with this cast:

on November 2nd with this cast:

Sir Thomas, Kenyon Musgrave; Richard Whichello, Franklin Dyall; Felix Galpin, W. Graham Browne; Mr. Tadman, John Alexander; Dr. Chester, Herbert Ross; Harvey Betts, Guy Newall; Pollard, Norman Loring; Dakin, Horton Cooper; Lady Bodsworth, Kate Serjeantson; Ella Southwood, Lillian Cavanagh; Mrs. Tadman, Barbara Fenn; Mary (Mrs.) Whichello, Marie Tempest.

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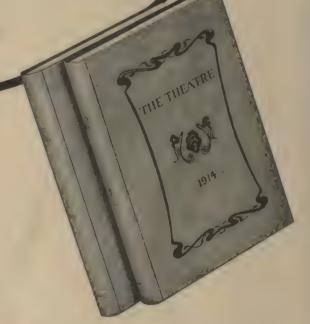
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In one century France has had a Talma and a Frederic Lemaitre—that is the whole list of French tragedians since the revolution. And this is true not only of the male, but of the female tragedians as well.—Max Norday.

Nothing is more needful for a critic than sympathy with his subject. The faculty of appreciation, of hearty admiration, of contagious enthusiasm even, is among the best gifts of a true critic.—Brander Matthews.

little while, at the Comedy Theatre in a repertoire of plays, with her own company, from the Playhouse, London. Marie Tempest is unique. She is one of the few who can play with the appearance of artlessness; and yet there is hardly a moment in her acting that is not filled with tricks—of her own. She is thoroughly of the stage, knowing every means of expression, but she is always individual. The play is a satire on the middle class in England, Sir Thomas Dodsworth, a pompous person, with a vulgar and silly wife, has just reached his inferior but much prized title. Mary Whichello, with an unambitious husband, resents the rise in the world of this silly vulgarian, and determines to gain the precedence over her in social function. Who is to "go first" is the booby prize of the struggle between the two women. The action largely revolves around some sarcastic remarks made to the vulgar woman of the new title. Apologies are demanded. This leads to many comical incidents, Mary offering to modify her language, but her amendment is not accepted. Mary goes into politics, buying from the political whip the candidacy for parliament of her husband. Mary finally secures a title for him, contests the suit for libel up to the point where she wears her rival out and accepts the offer that the suit be dismissed if she gives a written, harmless note of apology, which she does. On the occasion of going into dinner, the order of preference is settled by Mary's going in, arm in arm, with her rival. little while, at the Comedy Theatre in a reperher rival.

LYCEUM. "OUTCAST." Play in four acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced on November 2nd with this cast:

Geoffrey Sherwood, Charles Cherry; Hugh Brown, Warburton Gamble; Tony Hewlett, J. Woodall Birde; Taylor, Leslie Palmer; Miriam, Elsie Ferguson; Valentine, Marguerite Leslie; Nelly Essex, Anne Meredith; Maid, Nell Compton.

Nell Compton.

"Outcast," by Hubert Henry Davies is a most unusual play. It makes no compromise with romance, the honest treatment of the theme and material making it, indeed, impossible. It is, moreover, not a pleasant play, and yet it strangely grips you in sympathy for the unfortunate woman, who, as the title of the play indicates, is an outcast. It is true that she is not such a type of the fallen woman as we are accustomed to an outcast. It is true that she is not such a type of the fallen woman as we are accustomed to associate with depravity, but her unhappy experience remains. The play is a study of the attitude toward life of a woman in the circumstances who is ready to accept the care of a man who does not offer marriage. Except as such a study the play has no appealing quality. Its very strangeness, however, challenges attention. The real distinction of the performance of the play is in the acting of Miss Elsie Ferguson. Without going into detail about it, it may be said of it that in nothing she has ever done heretofore has she reached a higher art or a deeper sincerity.

CASINO "Suzi." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach, founded on an Hungarian operetta by Franz Martos; music by Aladar Renyi. Produced on November 3rd with this cast:

Joseph, Juan Vilasana; A. Page, Gertrude Rutland; B. Page, Adelaide Mason; Magda, Laura Hoffman; Signor Piglioni, Arthur Lipson; Herr Horn, Lew Hearn; Count Fmerich, Melville Stewart: Countess Rosetti, Fritzi Von Busing; Stenhan. Robert Evett; Dr. Herring, Tom McNaughton; Lina Balzer, Connie Ediss; Suzi, Jose Collins; Chef de Reception. Gilbert Clayton; Marie, Gene Peltier; Celeste, Pauline De Lorme; A. Maid, Esther Rutland; Wilma, Elsa Reinhardt; Tina, Georgie Cummings.

A good-looking and susceptible Count, much younger than his supposed years, wishes his son to marry a certain Countess. The son, in the meantime, manages to fall in love with one Suzi, a singer. In course of time, and after the

Suzi, a singer. In course of time, and after the usual easily imaginable obstacles, he does obtain Suzi, while the Count himself secures the Countess, who had apparently loved him all the while. This in brief is the story of "Suzi."

While all the players are competent and well east, the honors were easily carried off by the women. As Suzi, Jose Collins had a rare opportunity to increase her well-earned prestige, and she was grateful to eye and ear. Fritzi Von Busing was admirable as the Countess, combining grace and dignity. The piece is lavishly mounted and the scenic effects exceptionally effective. The orchestra, always of unusual size, balance, and excellence in this theatre, was competent and and excellence in this theatre, was competent and discreet. "Suzi," for all this, is far above the average musical comedy and deserves prosperity.

39th STREET. "THE ONLY GIRL." Musical farcical comedy in three acts, adapted from Frank Mandel's comedy, "Our Wives." Book by Henry Blossom; musics by Victor Herbert. Produced on November 2nd with this cast:

Alan Kimbrough. Thurston Hall; Sylvester Martin. Richard Bartlett; John Ayre, Jed Prouty; Andrew Mc Murray, Ernest Torrence; Ruth Wilson, Wilda Bennett;

If a census of business men in the large cities

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Saunders, John Findlay; Birdie Martin, Louise Kelley; Margaret Ayre, Josephine Whittell; Jane McMurray, Vivian Wessell; Patrice La Montrose, Adele Rowland; Ruby, Estelle Richmond; Violet, Marjorie Oviatt; Viola, Jane Hilbert; Paula, Claire Standish; Pearle, Gladys Schultz; Renee, Jeanne Darys.

Ruby, Estelle Richmond; Violet, Marjorie Oviatt; Viola, Jane Hilbert; Paula, Claire Standish; Pearle, Gladys Schultz; Renee. Jeanne Darys.

"The Only Girl" is the adaptation to operatic use of a play entitled "Our Wives" which was seen at Wallack's a few seasons ago. The original play was an adaptation from the German which had a good idea and agreeable qualities, falling short of the success it might have had with a better production. A librettist needs a collaborator. He is pleased with a song sung and played on the floor above him, and sends up to have the unknown musician come down. She is a talented girl. He has a small opinion of women, but finally agrees to her collaboration. He has three friends who are supposed to be as indifferent to women as he is. They visit him presently, each one in love; each one marries. The comedy is brought about by their experiences. The librettist marries his collaborator. A simple story not crowded with scenes, but with enough of them to give consistency and substance and to fairly entitle the piece to its classification as a musical Farcical comedy. To Mr. Blossom's clever work on the book is added Victor Herbert's always spirited music. To describe the music as sensible may sound a bit odd, but "The Only Girl" has, in every way, the rare distinction among comic operas of being about something and not being a hodgepodge about nothing. It is so well played as well as sung that no energies are wasted. It is an uncommonly good collection of people. Miss Wilda Bennett, the girl from upstairs, is a new acquisition to opera, most pleasing, in every way, with her fresh voice and a modesty that suggests timidity. Her triumph will cure her of that touch of nervousness.

LONGACRE. "Kick In." Melodrama in

LONGACRE. "Kick In." Melodrama in four acts by Willard Mack. Produced on October 19th with this cast

Deputy Commissioner Garvey, Edward Gillispie; "Whip" Fogarty, Paul Everton; Jack Diggs, Lionel Adams; Myrtle Sylvester, Josephine Victor; Old Tom, Edward J. Mack; Chick Hewes, John Barrymore; Molly, Jane Grey; Charley Cary, Forest Winant; Mrs. Halloran, Annie Mack Berlein; Daisy, Katherine Harris; Boston Bessie, Maidel Turner; Gus, Noel Arnold.

Turner; Gus, Noel Arnold.

"Kick In" is a title that has no meaning whatever to most people, and it certainly gives no promise of any refinement in the play so named. It is not a refined play; but it has real character, real thrills, and real comedy. Mr. Willard Mack, its author, in an actor, and naturally he keys his scenes to the highest possible tension. In venturing on a "crook play" he had to have something a little stronger than had been seen in similar pieces, something true in its realism, and something new. He has succeeded n all these particulars. A few points of resemblance with current successes in this fashion of play was inevitable, but the play remains distinctive. The right of an ex-convict to reform and lead an honorable life unmolested by the police was demonstrated—if there was any need to demonstrate it—but the real force in the play was in the sensational situations and not in the philosophy of it. There was telling sentiment in only one passage, and that at the very ending of the play. It is in the final scene with that the wife, Jane Grey, makes her successful appeal. She begs that her child that is to be born be saved from unmerited infamy. This one impassioned outburst is an admirable bit of acting, worthy in its force and passion, of a better play.

GLOBE. "Chin-Chin." Musical fantasy in "Kick In" is a title that has no meaning what-

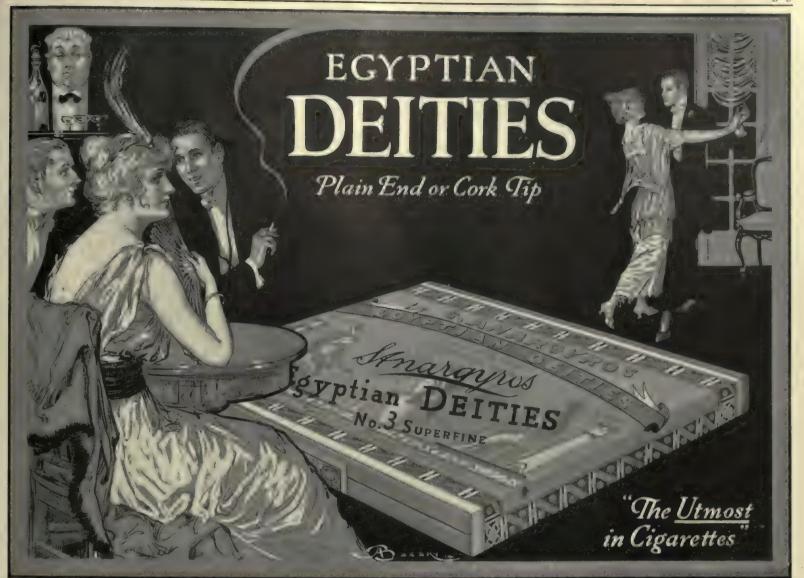
GLOBE. "CHIN-CHIN." Musical fantasy in three acts. Book by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside; lyrics by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea; music by Ivan Caryll. Produced on October 20th with this cast:

October 20th with this cast:

Chin Hop, David C. Montgomery; Chin Hop Hi, Fred A. Stone; Aladdin, Douglas Stevenson; Abanazar, Charles T. Aldrich; Cornelius Bond, R. E. Graham; Tzu Yung, Eugene Revere; Li-Dragon Face, Edgar Lee Hay; Ring Master, Charles Mast; Violet Bond, Helen Falconer; Goddess of the Lamp, Belle Story; Widow Twankey, Zelma Rawlston; Sen-Sen, Juliette Day; Fan-Tan, Violet Zelm; Silver Ray, Marjorie Bentley; Moon Blossom, Lola Curtis; Lily Petal, Evelyn Conway; Lotus Leaf, Hazel Lewis; Cherry Bloom. Lorayne Leslie; Little Wing W., Agnes McCarthy; Little Lee Toy, George Phelps; The Four Bears. Misses Breen.

"Chin-Chin" is like a happy country, it has no

"Chin-Chin" is like a happy country, it has no history. When Montgomery and Stone's names are flashed on Broadway we know that the real are flashed on Broadway we know that the real theatrical season has struck town. The plot of "Chin-Chin"—if there is a plot—is so thin that you cannot find it. But what does it matter if in each act you find real enjoyment. It may be called a vaudeville extravaganza with a "punch" in it, and when the curtain goes down on the last act you wish it could start all over again. Music, girls, costumes are all above par. As to Stone he is a real artist and alone worth the price of admission.





Theatrical Features in the December Smart Set:

"A Promising Actress," by Albert Payson Terhune—a realistic story of a woman on the stage.

"In Hell with the Dramatists," a screaming satire by Randolph Bartlett.

"Charles Klein and Other Great Thinkers," by George Jean Nathan—a review of the drama of the current month,

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MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE. "LIFE."
Drama in four acts by Thompson Buchanan.
Music by Clarence West. Produced on October
24th with this cast:

24th with this cast:

Ruth Stuyvasant, Kathlene MacDonell; Ralph Stuyvasant, Dion Titheradge; Wm. Van Rennselaer Stuyvasant, Frazer Coulter; Thomas Burnett, Walter Hampden; Tom Andrews, Frank Hatch; Grace Andrews, Leonore Harris; Mrs. Andrews, Lillian Page; Hampton, Richard I. Scott; Bill Reid, John Bowers; Jimmie Jones, Tom Maguire; Mr. MacLarren, Lynn Hammond; Anna Stuyvasant, Jane Miller; Tessie Maginnis, Jane Corcoran; Dennis O'Brien, Walter D. Greene; Bull Anderson, Ralph Stuart; Dutch Joe, Sheldon Lewis; Dago Mac, Effingham Pinto: Madame Clarice. Mrs. Stuart Robsars; Warden McCarthy, Alfred Moore; Mrs. McCarthy, Virginia Elwood.

"Life" is undiluted melodramatic joy. Its strenuous plot, involves Bill Reid, the sink-orswim hero, stroke of the Yale crew, who is juggled by Fate in the guise of a pair of million dollar villains. The latter break each of the Ten Commandments and then look around for more. dollar villains. The latter break each of the 1eh Commandments and then look around for more. Finally, convicted for murder, our hero finds himself in the death house at Sing Sing with one day to go. Then, of course, there is an escape. And such an escape!—in a three hundred horse-power automobile past a bewildering panorama of cubist trees and farm houses. Then there is the pursuit—and then—but what's the use! Everything ends most happily, and at least one of the worthies responsible for Bill's worries dies a miserable death in full view of the audience. It's all very splendid, and must not be missed, It's an old-time come-early-and-stay-late. The cast includes some of the best character players on the boards. Those who particularly distinguished themselves were John Bowers as the hero, Dion Titheradge, a dissipated youth in the cohorts of villainy, and Sheldon Lewis as Dutch Joe, a crook. And brightest star of all was Kathlene MacDonell the heroine who by her naturalness and charm, has made who by her naturalness and charm, has made herself the "darling o' mellerdrammer." Walter Hampden as villain-in-chief also played well.

NEW YORK. "Big Jim Garrity." Melodrama in four acts by Owen Davis. Produced

NEW YORK. "Big Jim Garrity." Melodrama in four acts by Owen Davis. Produced on October 16th with this cast:

John Dexter, John Mason; Jack Dexter, Frank Thomas; Judge Cragen, William Sampson; Doctor Malone, John Flood; Dawson, John Emerson; McLaughlin, Guy Nichols; Tom Dane. Robert McWade; Thompson, Willis Martin; Mrs Dexter, Amelia Gardner; Sylvia Cragen, Janet Dunbar; Laura, Katherine LaSalle.

Apart from "Big Jim Garrity." the first play put forward at the New York Theatre under its new management, the experiment of Mr. Woods to introduce "dollar drama" is interesting. There is every reason that the experiment should be successful. The expensive nature and other features of production may, very often, very properly determine higher prices of admission than a dollar, but classification as "dollar drama" need not define the play as cheap in quality. Mr. Woods will no doubt be successful in his venture. "Big Jim Garrity," in all frankness, was cheap in quality. The play was certainly not a step forward for Mr. Owen Davis, Everything in the play was of a sensational sort and was soon withdrawn. withdrawn.

GARRICK. "MILADY'S BOUDGE." Play in three acts by J. C. Drum. Produced on October

20th with this cast:
Godfrey Lewis, William R'ley Hatch, Joan Blackmore, Adele Blood; Mrs. William Blackmore, Mrs. Charles G. Craig; William Drew, Edward Lynch; Kate, Dallas Tyler; Frank Wilding. Everett Butterfield; Teddy. Jack Keane; Vernon Edwards, Henry Bergman; Oscar Bridwell. Mark Smith.

well. Mark Smith.

This story, which is filled out by minor characters and incidents of more or less interest, is too naïve for New York. Hardly any of the happenings are credible. There was some god acting in the performance, but it was thrown away on a play that came to the stage before it was ready. Miss Adele Blood, who made her first appearance in New York in the play, is a young woman of beauty and attractive personal qualities, young enough to take time to mature and to appear again in a more mature play. and to appear again in a more mature play.

PUNCH AND JUDY THEATRE. "THE MARRIAGE OF COLUMBINE." Comedy in four acts by Harold Chapin. Produced on November 10th with this cast

Scaromouche, Charles Hopkins; Columbine, Mrs. Hopkins; Tommy, John Edward Emery; May. By Herself; Jeanne, the baby. By Itself; Mrs. George Salamandro. Edward Emery; Mrs. La Bolero, Louise Closser Hale; Alfred Scott, Herbert Yost; Jessie Poole, Vera Pole; Bob. Charles Hampden; Annie, Linda Bolton; Mrs. Iollings, Eleanor Carey.

The first aspect of interest in the opening of a new theatre in New York is the hazardous nature of the venture, and this accentuates the kindly wish that it may prosper by reason of some novelty and instinctive merit in its plan. The smaller the theatre the more obligatory these requirements. The Punch and Judy Theatre in

Forty-ninth Street may not be happily christened, but the name may have an accidental or incidental value. It is really immaterial. It is the quality of the plays that will count. The house seats less than three hundred, the interior suggesting, according to a more or less indefinite popular idea, the primitive Elizabethan playhouse. Above the benches, in a narrow hall, are boxes which correspond to the balconies overlooking the court of an inn. The ushers are blue-frocked boys. The play selected for the opening is not inappropriate, for it is quaint, and its action belongs closely to the theatrical life of something like two centuries ago. The atmosphere and the conditions of the play are distinctly local to England, the turning point of the story being on the cherished idea of "British respectability," which would make a satire of modern application of the piece, "The Marriage of Columbine." If it were not for the futile romanticism and unfounded premises of the play. In its characterizations and in the details of the acting our interest is kept alive, but in its entirety the play is not satisfactory. So much to commend is left, however, that the future work of the little theatre may be looked forward to with a reasonable certainty of its success. The resources for this success are abundant. The players distinguished themselves. Scaramouche, a clown of repute, is paying one of his periodical visits to an English town. He is modestly quartered in his temporary little home with Columbine and the three children of their union, the youngest child a babe The editor of the local paper, given in the bill Forty-ninth Street may not be happily christened, porary little home with Columbine and the three children of their union, the youngest child a babe The editor of the local paper, given in the bill as "printer," visits the house in order to interview the distinguished clown and publish interesting information about his private life. The clown doesn't care for this, and, being called away, leaves the editor with his wife. This editor is a straight-laced moralist. He discovers that there is no marriage certificate of this union. away, leaves the editor with his wife. This editor is a straight-laced moralist. He discovers that there is no marriage certificate of this union. He greatly disturbs her by telling her that she is living in sin. When the boy is brought home from an outing grievously hurt in an accident, she determines to flee and to accept the proposal of marriage made by the editor, and thereby gain respectability. Scaramouche appears and rescues her from this step. The woman, who was about to be thrown aside by the editor, also plays a part in the solution of the situation. The innocence of Columbine may be touching, but it is preprosterous. We have spoken of the acting. It is very satisfactory. Mrs. Hopkins, as Columbine, is charming and almost persuades us. Edward Emery, as George Salamandro, as a friend of the family whose appetite for food is in the nature of a scourge, is exceedingly amusing. Mr. Herbert Yost, as the hypocritical, straight-laced editor, keeps the character within bounds, and is a thoroughly natural unnatural type. Mr. Hopkins, as Scaramouche, is a capable actor, but his fidelity to type was useless. Louise Glosser Hale was a retired circus rider soured on the world. Eleanor Carey was a landlady. Glosser Hale was a retired circus rider soured on the world. Eleanor Carey was a landlady. The performance, but not the play, held out

HARRIS. "THAT SORT." Play in three acts by Basil Macdonald Hastings. Produced on November 6th with this cast:

Dr. Maxwell, Charles Bryant; Sir John Heppell, David Glassford; Philip Goodier, Vincent Serrano; Hon. Derek Dallas, Wilfred Seagram; Mr. Klein, John Burkell; Lady Heppell, Charlotte Granville; Maureen Heppell, Beatrice Prentice, Diana Laska, Nazimova.

Heppell, Charlotte Granville; Maureen Heppell, Beatrice Prentice, Diana Laska, Nazimova.

The prototype of this play, of course, is "East Lynne," but that abandoned play about an abandoned woman, about which, without entire justice, it is the custom to speak derisively, is a much better play. Here is a woman whose word for it we have that her husband procured a divorce on what we call statutory grounds, who has lived a dissolute life in London after the divorce, who has aroused the sympathies of a doctor who is called in at the hotel to revive her after an attempt at suicide, and who is introduced by him into the house of her former husband as a means of curing her of her nervous depression and suicidal tendency. Mr. Hastings has succeeded only in making a more or less interesting study in medical pathology. Her only disguise on her visit, is that she assumes a new name, her identity being known to the former husband as his second wife. The ingenuity of the audience is not taxed, in witnessing the play, to foresee that the suitor of her daughter will presently be recognized by her as a companion in the vice of a part of her career. She succeeds in petaling off this match. She also succeeds in getting out of the house without any disclosure to her daughter of the distressing facts. The distinguished actress made the most possible out of her opportunities, but the play was hopeless, old and artificial, and without any really sympathetic qualities.

(Continued on page 312)

(Continued on page 312)



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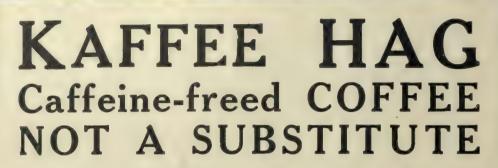
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Some of the Recent Hits

Edmund Gurney

As amusing and distinctly Shavian a character as one could wish to see is Alfred Doolittle, the dustman in "Pygmalion" who denounces "middle-class morality" and suddenly finds himself a victim of it. And Edmund Gurney makes the dustman very human and although "Pygmalion" is full of clever characterizations, real. Mr. Gurney is well known in England as an actor producer and playwright, and has even had a real. Mr. Gurney is well known in England as an actor, producer, and playwright, and has even had a play produced here, in spite of the fact that this is his first visit to America. He was born in Cork, Ireland, and attended college in Dundalk, later turning his attention to art. His adoption of the stage as a profession was purely an accident. A road company that came to town chanced to be missing a minor character, and young Gurney offered to play the part. The play was Tom Taylor's "The Ticket of Leave." He liked the part he determined to remain, and soon after joined as

Stage so well that he determined to remain, and soon after joined a Shakespearean company. Later he went to London and originated Toby Crocket in "The Lady of Ostend," Gaffer in "The Two Little Vagabonds," and a number of other rôles. He also played Bottom the Weaver in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," at His Majesty's Theatre, and then for two years at the Court Theatre played Shaw. In "The Doctor's Dilemma" he did so admirably with the character of Dr. Blenkinsop, which he original that the Character of the state of the character of the character of the state of the character of the chara he did so admirably with the character of Dr. Blenkinsop, which he originated, that Shaw made him a present of the book, in which he inscribed, "To Edmund Gurney, who made more of the character of Blenkinsop than I did." He played in two command performances; "The Second in Command" before the late King Edward VII, and "The Silver King" before the present King George. About eighteen years ago one of his plays, "Glen Dalough," was produced here.



It is to be expected that a daughter of John Drew should make a name for herself as a clever actress, purely on her own merit. This Louise Drew set about to accomplish, and she is proving her ability every day by the laurels she is winning in the rollicking farce at the George M. Cohan Theatre, "It Pays to Advertise." Here Miss Drew arouses hearty laughter as the phony Comtesse de Beaurien, who sends off streams of French volubility that does not betray, at the time, an undercurrent of Bowery slang. Her more than superficial knowledge of French Miss Drew owes to her education abroad. She was born in New York and went to a convent in Philadelphia. After graduating she studied in France for two years, and then, being a Drew, went on the stage. Her first appearance was with her father in "The Second in Command," followed by "Iris" in which she played Aurea Vyse. For a year and a half after that she played Molly in "Strongheart" with Robert Edeson, and then played with her cousin, Ethel Barrymore, in the Clyde Fitch play, "Her Sister," taking the part of Miss Minety. "Love Watches" came next, with Billie Burke, and then she returned to her father to appear with him as Isabella in "The Single Man." Again she appeared with Ethel Barrymore in "Midchannel," "Trelawney of the Wells," and "Alice-Sitby-the-Fire." Last summer she was seen as Sally Swift in Philip Bartholomae's "Kiss-Me-Quick," remaining in the part after it had been turned into a musical comedy, and later in the season played in "What Would You Do?"



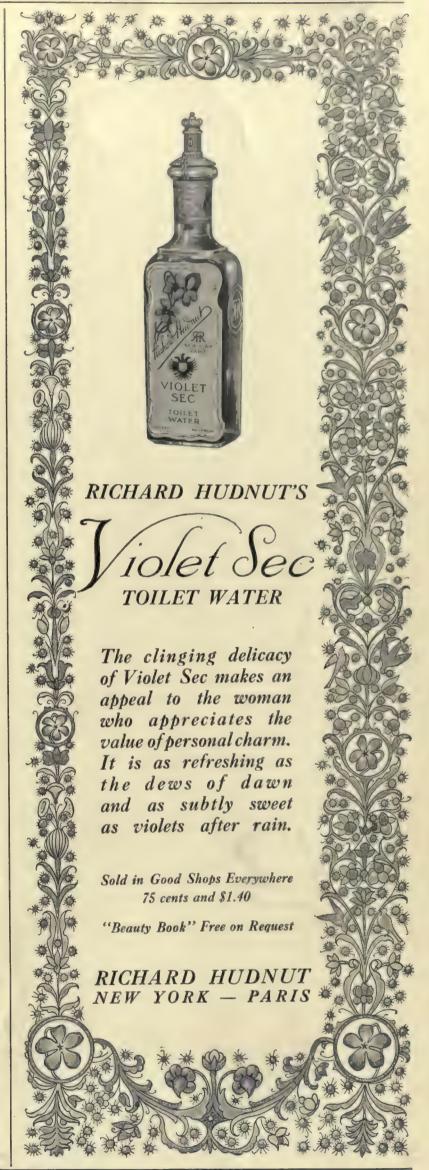
There seem to be more stage children playing at present than ever before, and not one of them apparently has any difficulty in "making good." In fact, most of them make bigger hits than many of the older and well-known players. Little Master Macomber, of "The Law of the Land," plays Bennie with as much seriousness and appreciation of his part as though he were trying to interpret Hamlet. He is a source of joy always, and his diction, particularly, is a pleasure to listen to. "Mac," as he is known to all his friends, has been a real actor for over three years. He was "born in New York, and intend to stay right here all my life!"—as he loyally and impressively puts it, and is attending the stage children's school at the Rehearsal Club. When he was about five years old—he is just ten now—he posed for several artists. His mother was persuaded to let him go on the stage with Henrietta Crosman in "The Real Thing," in which he created the part of Jack, and went from that into "The Stronger Claim" with Richard Bennett. After that he was under the Frohman management in "The New Secretary," in which he played the part of Georgie Garneau. Before his present rôle he was on tour for fourteen months with Cathrine Countiss in a vaudeville sketch called "The Birthday Present," in which he played Gerald. Little Master Mac has always created his parts.

has always created his parts.

There are maids and maids, good, bad, and indifferent, pretty maids and not so pretty, but all very ordinary—at least, all stage maids. That is, all except Laura in "Big Jim Garrity," the Owen Davis melodrama that ran recently at the New York Theatre. No ordinary maid is Laura, for she uses her regular job to good advantage as the "inside woman" of a gang of criminals, and is given several opportunities for real acting. Katherine LaSalle makes Laura a most appealing figure, with a quiet, forceful manner that gives life to her emotional scenes and makes the part very convincing. Miss LaSalle is a Chicago girl, who studied music for several years while cherishing a secret longing to go on the stage. She finally overcame her mother's objections and entered a dramatic school, where she studied for a year. Before she left the school, however, she was given the opportunity to play a small part in "The Upstart." That fall she came to New York, where she obtained the ingenue part, Helene, in "Madame X," and later played the young girl in "Mother."

Y. D. G.





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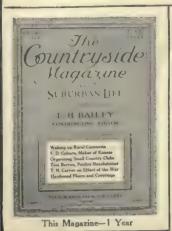
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Musical comedy in three acts founded on "Le
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Maurice Vaucaire. Music by Ivan Caryll; book
and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Produced on November 2d with this cast:

Achille Penpas, Frank Lajor; Sophie, Octavia Broske;
Germaine, Alice Dovey; Le Blanc, Fred Walton; Rolande,
Georgia Harvey; Zozo, Dorothy Jardon; Colonel du
Parvis, Frank Doane; Marcel du Parvis, Jack Henderson; Dorine, Edna Hunter; Mme. du Parvis, Lucille
Saunders; Lieutenant Maurice, Horace G. Davenport;
First Deputy, Albert C. Davis; Second Deputy, Peter
Swift; Marguerite, Bertha Blake.

Klaw and Erlanger, in producing operas at
their own particular house, the New Amsterdam,
naturally take a commendable pleasure in lavish-

their own particular house, the New Amsterdam, naturally take a commendable pleasure in lavishing upon them their resources and making them distinctive with their own mark. In "Papa's Darling" there is luxury in every accessory, and the eye is satisfied with the colorful and beautiful. If it was inevitable that there should be a scene in a Parisian café, we have not had an interior more tasteful and artistic. If it could not be helped that a husband should go to the city of pleasure for adventure, we could not take it too seriously with such a rare comedian as Frank Lalor to carry out the extravagances of the Professor of Experimental Moral Psychology. He has invented a son who requires his occasional care and a periodical outlay of money on his visits, and his comic experiences are as harmless as his fiction. Mr. Lalor has so many ways of being funny that he is entertaining without the appearance of effort, and that is very uncommon. The opera has a consistent story, but it is immaterial for record. That which counts is that the opera is everything that one could reasonably expect, and even more than that, in the way of an entertainment and a spectacle. is that the opera is everything that one could reasonably expect, and even more than that, in the way of an entertainment and a spectacle. Mr. Caryll's music is always pleasing, and of the song in particular, "Our Honeymoon," danced and sung by Jack Henderson and Alice Dovey, has a delightful swing. Dorothy Jardon, with her dash and beauty, makes the most of her several numbers, with chorus. In an opera of this kind, which is frankly intended as a delight to the senses an exceptional chorus is no small this kind, which is frankly intended as a delight to the senses, an exceptional chorus is no small thing. The chorus of "Papa's Darling" is exceptional in all that belongs to youth, beauty and gaiety. With this general commendation of the opera, which is successful at all points within scope, we may be absolved from going into the details of a production which is so elaborate that even a long account would be superficial.

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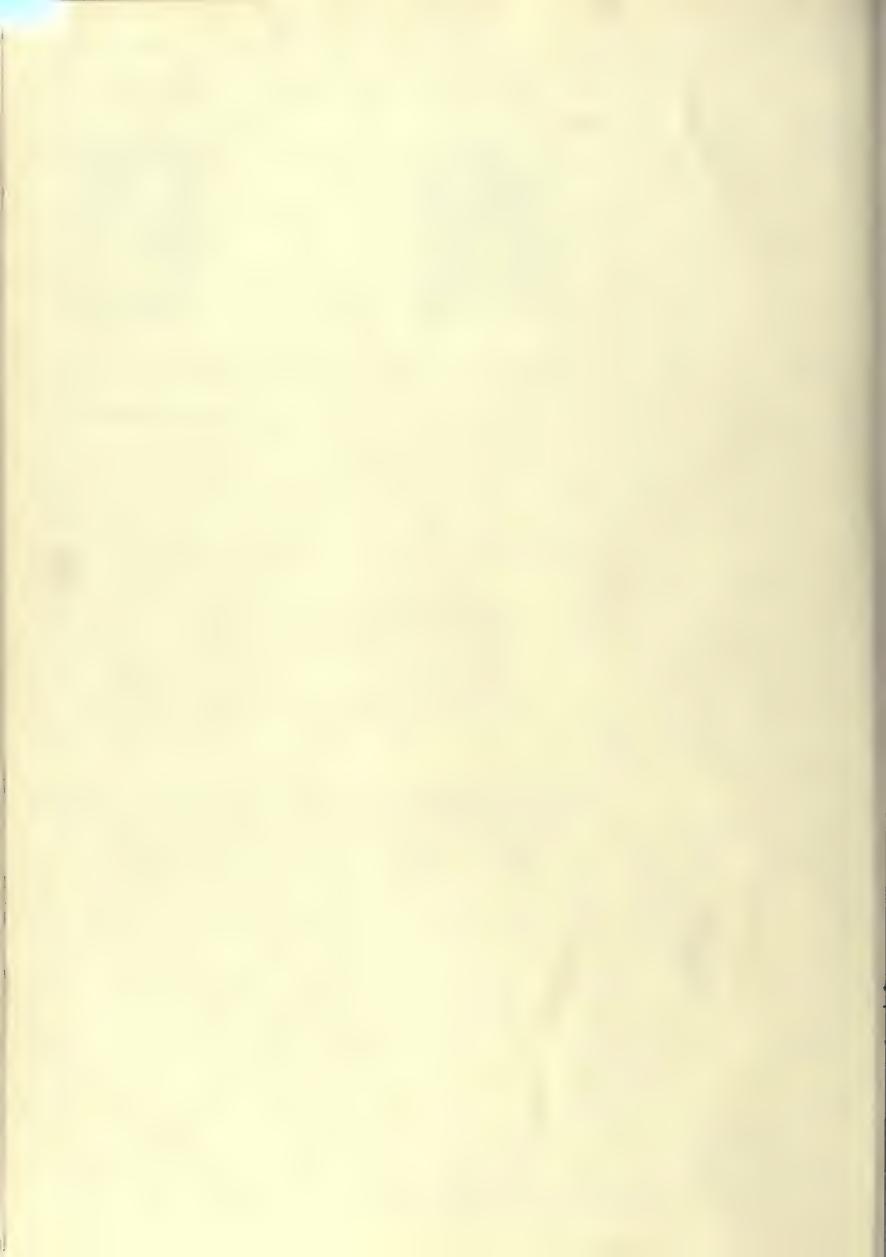
When the theme of "The Melting Pot" was When the theme of "The Melting Pot" was first made public there were those who questioned my judgment in relying solely upon it for a vehicle. I was told that its appeal was too limited to interest any considerable portion of the following I had acquired. To me its appeal seemed universal, its theme of unlimited interest, an opinion later verified in the splendid reception it received both in New York and upon the road

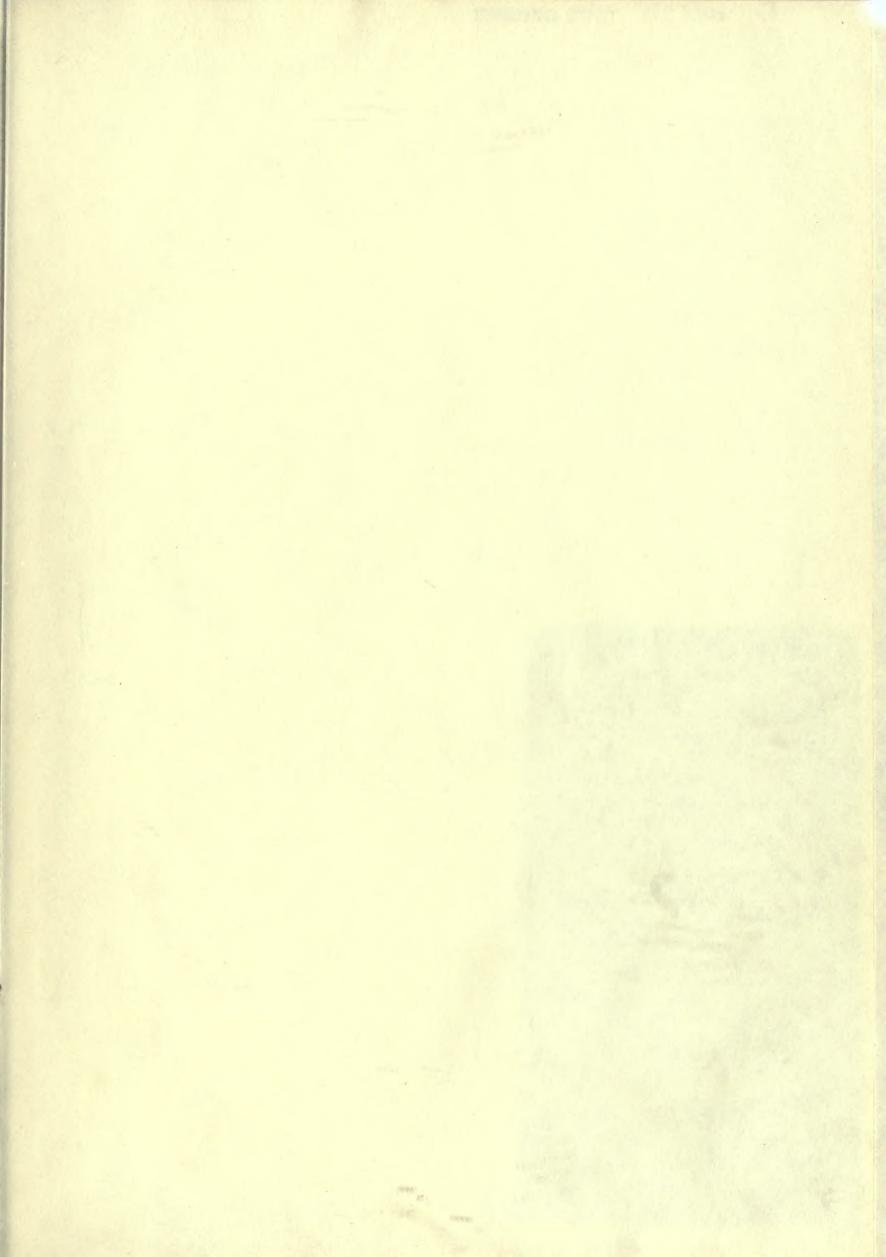
seemed universal, its theme of unlimited interest, an opinion later verified in the splendid reception it received both in New York and upon the road.

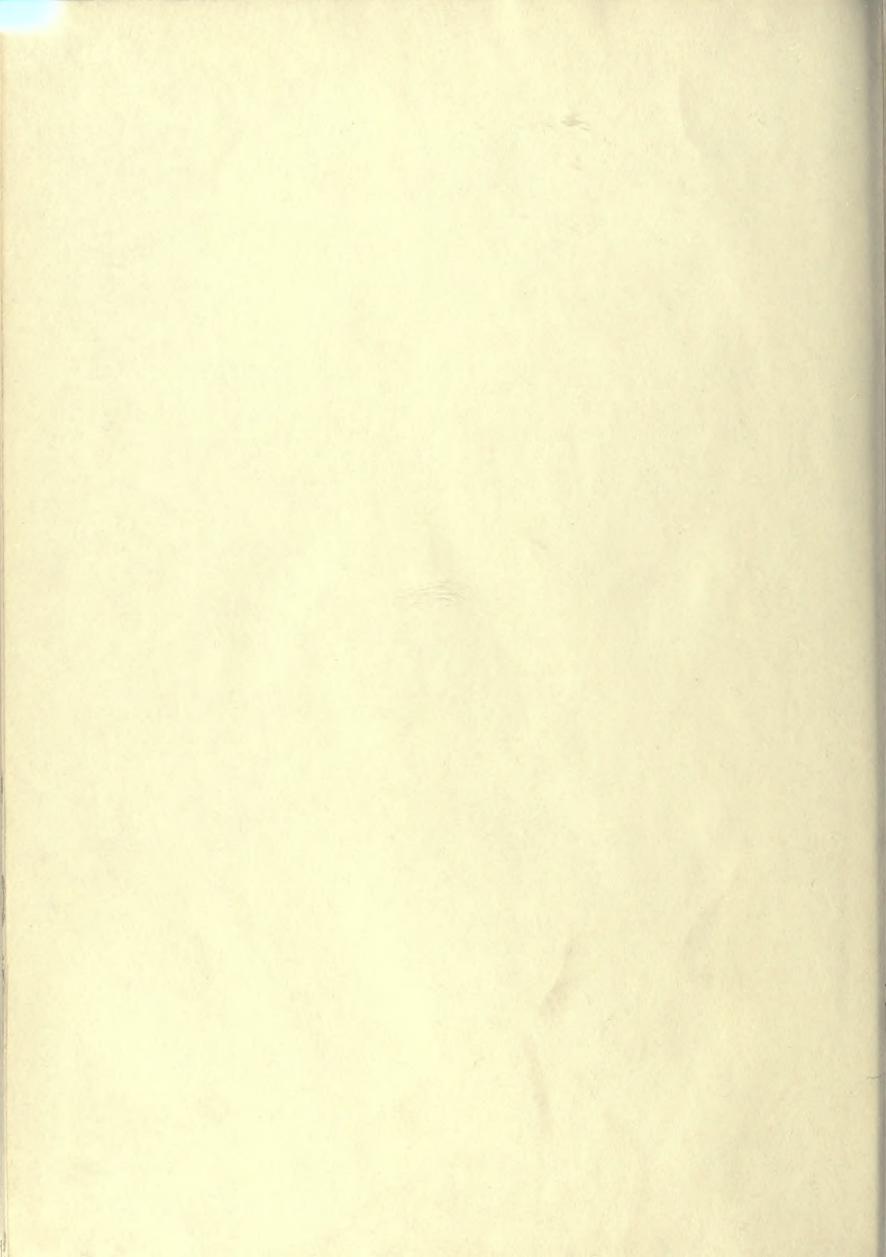
There is no positive means whereby a player can tell whether he is retaining his public from year to year. If season after season he plays to audiences of approximately the same size he can feel reasonably sure that a fair proportion of his public is made up of those who have seen him before but just how large that proportion is he cannot tell. So when I played "The Melting Pot" to larger audiences than I had ever offered Shakespeare to I felt that my former following was not only supporting my departure to an appreciable extent but that I was also receiving the encouragement of a "new" public. It was to my play that I looked for the answer of what was responsible for this increased support. "The Melting Pot" was attracting my own public and also a number of those foreign-born residents who have come to America in the tides of immigration. Here was a public our theatre had been neglecting, a people whose problems were ours through assimilation. "The Melting Pot" attracted my former Shakespeare following because of its message and it appealed to our foreign-born neighbors and their children because it recognized that they were a part of us. In my subsequent plays "The Typhoon" and "Mr. Wu" this same appeal has been made from different angles. Their themes have been of what might be called world interest for they delineate a composite picture of our own problems and emotions and those of alien races.

Do I intend to return to Shakespeare? Assuredly, but for the present I shall continue to present such plays as my public has demonstrated they want to see. As for the future—but then the future, as I have remarked, can be trusted to take care of itself.









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